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THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH,

OR,

SKETCHES OF MANNERS

AND

95734

REAL CHARACTERS AND SCENES

IN THE

DRAMA OF LIFE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRGIL.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE felicitous part of man's life is composed of the pleasures of hope and the pleasures of memory. Anticipation and remembrance occupy the page of human existence, from its commencing to its concluding leaf; the former is characteristic of youth, the latter is the solace of age. Exaggeration is apt to swell in the one, and partiality generally dwells with the other; the following account of

a portion of mature and declining years will touch both these periods, and it shall be the author's endeavour to divest himself, as much as possible, of the impressions attendant on each age; his youthful gratifications shall be weeded by experience, and, at a more advanced period, he will not be "*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.*" The scenes in Edinburgh will occupy the space of many years, varying with men and manners; but the ground-work will continue the same; the Scottish capital being at all times the centre of science, hospitality, eccentricity, and litigation: the law, the gospel, students, professional characters, honest men,

with many lasses figuring in successive in the living drama, strongly marked with national features, and gifted with no small portion of talent and arduous application. Where vice is lashed the remembrance may be painful, but the sunshine of the period is so disproportioned to its gloom, that the author is borne out in his device

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AN EXPLANATORY HINT.

AN EXPLANATORY HINT.

THERE are so few who have not visited Edina, the pride of the north, that it has been deemed unnecessary to give long explanatory notes, albeit, though such articles are very beneficial to Publisher, Bookseller, Printer, Author, and Co ; nor have a number of pages in the form of a glossary, been considered as requisite for making the subject matter of perusal before the public clear and intelligible; the admirable Scot's novels and so many other Caledonian publications having familiarised the eye, the ear, and the taste with what, in remoter periods, fastidiousness might have thought uninteresting local expressions and

even solecisms, no one who has travelled from the High School to the Abbey, and has translated "*Nisi Dominus frustra*," and "*Sic itur ad astra*," the devices of the one and the other, is not as well acquainted with "come ben, and gang but, come *into* the fire, wait a wee, the lum, the ingle, a creepie, and a mutch, rugging and riving," *cum multis aliis*, as a boy is with the declension of penna, or the declining of his task, and playing truant: no apology is therefore made for these oddities, nor is any one necessary for the lashing of folly, or the stigmatizing of vice. Should any one attempt to fix personality on himself, he should be answered, "and are you really *thus* bad," "*qui vult capere capiat*:" but waving these paltry considerations, the author considers Edina, not as Eden; and the pride of the north, his and the nation's boast, but not the glory of all the world.

With one more remark, this explanation shall conclude: there was a novel written, called Edinburgh, the author of these pages never saw it, and disclaims all connection with

it; so that if he should clash with it, which is not very probable, it must be unknowingly and undesignedly. Planted in his native soil, he must be favourable to it, he may *lean* towards partiality, but he never will deviate from justice. It is meet to chronicle national merit, and it is wholesome to pass in review personal and local defects.

AULD REEKIE.

"——— ex fumo dare lucem."

HORACE.

AULD REEKIE.

THE good town of Edinburgh has, for centuries, borne this name; but from its vast improvements within the last thirty years, this designation will soon become a *misnomer:* time was when *sweet* Edina might be *winded* at a considerable distance, like the spice islands, but it was from a far different cause. "*Incense breathing morn*" did not greet the approaching traveller's olfactory nerves, *cum odore suavitatis*; on the contrary, the stranger, nearing this city, might smell (not a rat, nor a plot) but something more offensive than either. The case-shot which flew at the midnight hours, or earlier in the canon-

gate, and from lofty stories and dark closes, were little less dangerous than a random cannon shot in the field of fight. In those dark days, the nobility were content to dwell in substantial stone-built edifices, in courts, crooks, and corners, nooks and holes difficult of access and abominably dirty, and titles and ancient blood were to be found dancing and banquetting in Wynds where the four *winds* blew a keen blast, and in closes and lands of uneasy, dangerous, and unseemly approach,* with turnpike stairs, back passages, and divers

The construction of the old and new town is such, that Edinburgh must have trusted for ages to its national honesty for safety. Long dark passages, *escapes* (if we may be allowed the expression) from back premises, common stairs and steep runs from one town to the other, the gloomy arches of bridges, under which no current, but one of air runs, convenient hiding places for depredators, a chaos of rubbish which was in former times to be found in many ruined, rookery-like looking situations, where loop-holes, instead of stair-case windows, would facilitate a dark deed, might fit old Edinburgh for battle, murder, and sudden death, and would present many an

impediments and indelicacies: then the old assembly close, oyster-cellars, subterranean ball-rooms, and sixteen-story mansions flourished in all their pride of altitude and profundity; whilst the library of that luminous body, the Advocates, seemed like a dark lanthorn, and there was nothing but offuscation about the courts of justice. In these olden times too, the sock and buskin figured on the boards of a paltry play-house, and the immortal bard, Shakspeare's name, was lent to a dirty square filled with stories and cellars constituting a flesh market, which might rival its neighbour on the other side of the *brig* (so was that bridge called) both in filth and black cattle: a roomy and suitable theatre now supplies its place, in an airy and elegant quarter, and the approach to the Caledonian metropolis,

opening for theft, assassination and for dark revenge; but the pure air of the north is free from these horrors, and barring one or two gentlemen who were fu' (*full* or drunk,) very few have been injured by these local inconveniences, even by the chapter of accidents.

at once announces an enlightened, industrious and thriving people, whilst the new town is extending its graceful arms so far as to make a *rus in urbe* of that side of Edinburgh, and so to eclipse the *ault toon*, as to leave it in a fog. Thus have the fumes of *Auld Reckie*, like melting vapours in the sky, almost vanished, and left little but the narrow issues of the canon-gate, the abbey, the dummy dykes, and the nor-lock to celebrate their stability and antiquity: the shops on the bridges and in the new-town now vie with London; but for the tinkling of the penny pye-man's bell, "to dogs* a terror and to man a shame,"

It was ill-naturedly reported that the flesh of those animals was found in one of these articles of food, of very dubious composition, which we could recommend as a cheap emetic to any one averse to the apothecary's dose; indeed it has been rumoured that some other animal "*had a finger in the pye*:" this *libel* on the penny-pye man appeared in a most sarcastic town eclogue from an honourable, reverend hand, now no more, and neither honoured nor revered living or dying: the work has disappeared, and with

a walking gentleman might fancy himself in Pall-Mall, or Bond-Street. The college of Edinburgh also is rearing its portly head and denying the charge of pride, poverty, and emptiness, with which its character was so long aspersed; its professors are actually in it,

it we hope the vile ingredients alluded to. We can, however, comfort Sandy by the following fact:—A servant travelling near Malines, in Flanders, called for a lunch, and having cut some bread and butter and a slice of cold meat, in the form of a sandwich, upon inquiring what was to pay, the cautious waiter consulted his master, and the traveller had to *stomach* the following account:—*Pour la tartine*, so much—*et pour la viande de cheval!!!* so much more, *gross total, four sols.* For the slice of bread and butter—and for the horse-flesh, total four pence. We are convinced that the penny-pye man will *swallow* this article with avidity, and we can pledge ourselves for the truth of it. No doubt the penny-pye is confined to a certain class of customers, but we could wish that it were confined entirely to the place of its fabrication, and that the little tinkling bell were no longer allowed to annoy the *belles* of the attractive and improving city, to which it is amongst the few remaining misnomers.

and fill up the vacuum with dignity and national, nay universal utility. The honest old town has not (to use a Scottish phrase) "*come the length*" of having an elegant retreat for the *liberales* who are too *free* with their credit and purse, (the first being most used) so as to make it necessary for them to take temporary refuge in the rules of a prison; there is no spacious extent of streets well provided with taverns, billiard-tables, reading-rooms, shops, ready-furnished apartments, &c. &c. for the accommodation of spendthrifts, exquisites, and noble ruffians: there is no cantering up and down the town with a brace of blood horses and a groom, and a day writ in the Corinthian's pocket; no driving to race courses and fights, and returning safe to the verge of a jail; when Sandy gets in debt and goes *discreetly* down to Holyrood House, or the precincts about it, he must be content with an humble lodging, and with the barrenness of what is called the King's Park, emblematical of the *waste* which most probably brought the debtor there; but even this *retiro* is improv-

ing, and there is no saying to what it may come to at last:—at the same time, Scotia has still milder debtor and creditor laws than ours in return for this disadvantage,—the *cessio bonorum*, a remnant of the old Roman law, enabling a debtor whose debts exist in Scotland, only to take the act after thirty days confinement, or after sixty days, if he has been practising upon tailors, and other tradesmen, and sporting WILLIAMS* in the south. The resemblance which has been discovered betwixt Athens and the Metropolis of fair Scotia, has been too often asserted and too floridly described to need any comment on that head:—it has had one advantage, however, over that proud city and over more modern London, in having had a very small proportion of *Greek* inhabitants or visitors within its limits; these gentry find the climate too cold for their extensive operations; the hand of Donald and Sandy do not open so readily to these tolerated depredators as the warmer palms

* A cant phrase for wind *bills*.

of the more southern cities: the concentration, however, of talent and of science, on the northern soil gives a colouring for the parallel alluded to, and where localities are imperfect, genius and invention may bear out the comparison. The progress which the graces and the muses have made on Scottish ground, aided by the operations of the arts and sciences, and powerfully forwarded by the sweet surviving voice of the border and other bards, by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," (appropriate name), and backed by the pen of satire and the sharp edge of reviewer's criticism, could not fail to bring Scotland and her capital into notice and fashion, into admiration and imitation; and so rapid has the rage spread, that on our theatres, in our novels, in our libraries, and in our dress, all is tartan, or low-land attire: the former, however, suits best the world of fancy, since the eagle and the rock, the mountain and the cataract, the blue-bell, the heather, and "*the long yellow broom*," the highland pipe, the hill-climbing warrior, and the humbler shepherd in the garb

of old Gaul, all combine in the chapter of romance and in the *picturesque*. Towards the close of the late war, when the Continent was shut up, the Scotch metropolis was a loadstone to our young nobility and gentry, and amply repaid them for their visit by the interest which it possessed, by the information which they gained, and by the health and amusement which a trip to the lakes or a short voyage to the islands produced. In the winter season a moderate degree of dissipation might be obtained, and the traveller might, (if determined on pleasure and hard living) dance and drink himself into a fever, general hospitality being every where to be met with on a fair introduction, and there being no lack of *active* partners of good families to be found, nothing slack in the Saltatorial art, nor averse to the measure of an union. I doubt if our intercourse with France in these piping times of peace, has benefited Edina, or improved her population.

Sandy has been accused of a taste for travelling, and so has his neighbour Pat; their views

have been the same, to better their condition; and we find the emigrants from these sister kingdoms, adventuring in the four quarters of the globe; Sandy looks to making up a purse and spending it at home, Patrick finds it difficult "*revocare gradum.*"

Touching the present intercourse with France, Sandy is led more by the interest than curiosity; he has his daughters to polish, and his finances to amend; imitations to import, and his neighbours to entertain with his travels. Accordingly his children learn quadrilles and waltzing, of which their aunts and grandmammas are ashamed; they get a smattering of the Gallic language, and they graft it awkwardly on the sedate modesty, or artless character of their earlier days. Misses Muckleman and Macdashmedame are higher dressed than heretofore, but it is not clear that they are more captivating; an Edinburgh matron, or Jessy her cook, learns how to disguise poultry and butcher's meat; and Messieurs Moneytrap, and Langclack the advocate, and W. S. no longer treat their friends with old

Port and Madeira in abundance, but condemn them to a *taste* of Vin de Grave and Burgundy, of La Fitte and Hermitage, exchanging quality for quantity, and varnishing over the *deficit* by a tune upon the harp, or an air out of the *Chaperon Rouge*, by their daughters; whilst the London gentry and the more southern inhabitants visit Paris instead of Edinburgh, or take a peep at Calais and Boulogne, and set themselves up for arbitrators in matters of fashion and taste. National discretion is out of its latitude in the *pas de zephyr*, and in the pressing and collision of the waltz, where national character is in danger of being compromised; Sandy is a heavy vis a vis *in* a French figure *and to* a French figure; the active Strathspey is another part of speech, as we shall see in the following comparison of Old and New Style, taken from a living commentator, by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

"Wisely and slow—he stumbles that runs fast."

SHAKSPEARE.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

THE qualities of prudence, precaution, foresight, and thrift, belong very decidedly to the lowland Scotch: the mountaineer imbibes them from mingling with the inhabitants of the plains and of large towns; or he exercises them, from the mistrust which he harbours towards the lowlander. Nature and locality are at variance with them; and, in primitive times, his heart and his habits were strangers to them. On the other hand, the latter has a feeling of enmity towards the rock and hill-climber; or he holds him cheap in the scale of estimation. The properties already alluded to draw on Saunders the epi-

thet of 'plodding,' which ought only to be termed patient persevering, diligent fidelity, and honest pride, which induces persons without fortune, to acquire it honestly and industriously. There is, however, a slowness about the Scot which is truly national; and it guards him against mistakes, temerity, thoughtlessness, and first impressions. The old style was slower in its progress than the new, and there are still remnants and relics of it all over Scotland, even in its highly-improved capital; nor can I help having a certain superstition of respect towards them. The tenacity with which the Edinburgian gentlemen adhered to powder and a tail, was one instance of it: the jealousy and affright with which the brutus-crop was first viewed, not far differing from the distance betwixt the Roundhead and Cavalier; the consideration with which the Caledonian receives a fashion; the fear of counterfeits; and the serious habits, external and internal, of men of weight and consequence in the Scottish capital, are

all incontrovertible proofs, that reflection is the incessant attendant on this prudent and thinking people. Even the cocked hat, exploded by all other walking gentry, survived its general expulsion elsewhere, and triumphed over prejudice in Edinburgh: the humane, the charitable Doctor Hamilton, preserved it to the last of his valuable life, as did other grave characters; and I think I yet see old Sandy Wood *bent* upon doing good also, and with a back like a relaxed bow, in his antique attire, and three-cornered beaver; and that pillar of worth, Sir William Forbes, in the costume of the last century, with a profusion of grey locks, tied in a club, and a cloud of hair-powder flying about him on a windy day: his tall, upright figure is missed in the circles of moral life; the poor miss him also; and it has been regretted, that at the Bank in Parliament Close, no faithful copy of his urbanity was to be found, and that there was no more likeness betwixt the old and new style, than betwixt

Banquo's ghost and the benevolent banker aforesaid. *

The High-street oracle, again, whose shop stood as prominent as himself, was a striking picture of the old school; but instead of the quaint bookseller in dittos, flapped waistcoat, &c. we find dandies dealing in books, and would-be-exquisites introduced into retail shops.

The spencer, happily some years out of fashion, was very long before it could be brought into general wear in Edinburgh; and I remember a venerable Lord of Sessions' lady calling them monkey-dresses. It was a

* There was a Sir John *Clover* (we will so call him) in this respectable establishment: he is supplanted by a *blade* of grass which has sprung up apace, but which has not the rich growth, as to amiable qualities, of his sire. The young and giddy, who are "tickled by a straw," may not perceive his uncourtly consequence, as modern taste is preferable with the ignorant to the antique, however high its value.

vile article, and ought never to have been admitted but for its use,—namely, for riding, when the skirts of a great coat are incumbrances. It was less ridiculous, too, when of the same colour as the coat, because it was less perceptible; but the inept imitator, fearing lest his folly should not be sufficiently manifest, always preferred a different colour. Then even, at this time, Sir Jemmy Jockey, who belonged to a horse-racing and hunting set, adopted a postilion-jacket, which he and his *intellectual* socii used to sport in the capital even.

Such was the old style: the new is not more dignified nor gentlemanlike, being the coachman garb and manner; yet the number of these fashionable whips is confined to a few: first, because extravagance is of stinted growth, and is impeded by prudence in boreal regions; and next, because Donald and Sandy look at their banker's account twice, before they overdraw it for a set of cattle, a break or a mail, a box-coat and a caricature of a hat. An impertinent ruffian from the

south, swore that he never met with a good whip from Scotland, except in the West Indies, driving blacks and piebalds. Be that as it may, Sandy seldomer comes under the lash of the law than his neighbour beyond the border.

In the olden times, excessive drinking was general. It had for its excuse, the virtue of hospitality: it was supported by generosity, and sometimes borne out by table-wit, rough, for the most part, like the cairngorum, or the other jewels of the rocks, and having some gross matter about it, but luminous to a certain degree, and of intrinsic value. The guest, seated at the festive board at set of sun, was frequently found there at the rising thereof, for there was nothing but heavy drinking, or (rarely) a *reel* made up above stairs for the youngest men, whilst a *set*-to was the amusement of the *elders*.

In our more modern times, sobriety is coming into vogue: beardless boys *talk* of intrigues, of female conquests, of foreign manners, and of polished dissipation, whilst *ecarté*

and *la boulliote* drain the pockets after dinner, and the captivating notes of the harp charm the ear, or the seducing attitudes and movements of the waltz set weak hearts a-straying, and mislead weak minds into all the errors of more sunny climes: a few young ladies dexterously finger the castanet; and those who warbled Burns's Scottish songs, now imprudently chaunt the soft melodies of Moore, or murder Italian *bravuras*, for which the power of execution has not been granted to them.

Honest Maister Dundas, a certain defunct Lord of Session, and a certain —— fire club, were amongst the last hard drinkers. There are now few left

"———— to toast their old glories,
As our sires and our grandsires oft did before us:"

nor do we see (as was the case, less than half a century ago) a worthy northern Duke getting fu' with the *baillies*, and giving a stimulus to loyalty by the juice of the grape. Public dinners are voted a bore, and are got

over, like a child's prayers, by routine, or by a fear of government censure. The old-fashioned toast puts down the liquor, and with it a man may swallow anything. Time was when Queen Charlotte went off to the tune of

"The bonniest lass of a' the world;"

and that able minister, Pitt, was drank with

"Up and war them a', Willy."

Now toasts are greatly on the decline, and a young clerk would rather listen to "Portrait Charmant," or attempt to sing "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," than join in any national air whatever. It is, notwithstanding, devoutly to be wished, that "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," may long hold their places in society.

With the change of fashion in singing, the dance has also experienced a new turn. For how many years did the grotesque Mr. Strange

lead on his capering legions in the high dance, minuet and highland fling, not without grace and agility! How many mothers' hearts beat high with tender feeling, as Bell or Ellen was taken out to figure on the boards! What crowding, what squeezing, to get a peep at a favourite at these prac-ti-sings! How many beautiful creatures, now sage mothers, or stricken in years, used to compete for the prize of general applause! How many departed heroes sought for partners at these juvenile assemblies! I cannot recollect them without an emotion of affection, nor can I refrain from exclaiming—

"How many a lad I have lov'd is dead,
How many a lass grown old;
Whene'er this lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart runs cold."

Then, too, female delicacy preferred a female instructress, in the person of Signora Rosignoli, to a foreign ballet-master; and this truly moral and virtuous character turned out some very perfect and finished scholars from

her hands. How the female pupils of the Italian and French school may *turn out*, remains for consideration; and into *what hands* they may fall, time only can determine.

Wives and mothers have been seen in the old style, whose virtues are chronicled by their grateful posterity; and I am bold to say that the "Scandalous Chronicle" never touched their names, nor sullied the honour of their families. It will be well if the exports from the Tweed to the French coast come back as chaste; they have my good wishes not unmixed with fears.

Buckism was a rough plant in the old style, as dandyism is a spurious one in the new style. There is nothing however to regret in the decline in fashion of Jock Such-a-thing, Frank Ambulator, Binny Monbother, and Jemmy Peacocktoes; nor even of the brass-spurred Highlander, the lady-killer. They were loud and obtrusive, half bred, and one-third polished: the vernacular *vulgar tongue* was not of a piece with their assumptions, and they had little to recommend them, except their

self-confidence, where such a quality may be deemed an advantage.

The Scotch ladies had, at the same period, a strange, *homely* habit of calling their husbands "*my* man," as if they were more of *men* than at present, or as if the pronoun possessive endeared them to their partners, and marked them as *solely* theirs. This expression is now quite obsolete, but whether and what be the reason regards not, although it may *concern*

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

" Et *vitula* tu dignus es et hic ? "

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

"WHO is that *grave*-looking man?" said a stranger to me, as we walked down Queen-street. "A physician of some eminence," replied I. "And that arch-countenanced gentleman, who wears a hoax upon his features, mingled with assumed seriousness?" "That," answered I, "is a counsellor of some celebrity, who seems to be smiling over a bundle of papers which has travelled to and from the law-courts for years, and which promise, from their bulk, to become an heir loom to his successor." "And the smirking-faced fellow who follows him?" "A lively writer to the Signet, who thrives upon disputes and

family contentions, and who has made a fortune from the *glorious* uncertainty of the law."

A pondering figure now passed us: — "What is he?" resumed my friend. "A Lord of Sessions' clerk." "And that knot of mourners (not *mutes*), who are congregated at the corner of the street?" "These are advocates and attornies, who will, in about ten minutes, cavil and attack each other in court, with the eagerness and acrimony of sworn enemies; but who now, as you see, are on the best possible terms, and prosper upon the violent and long-continued opposition which they evince towards each other." *

* As a proof of the good understanding of professional men, one gentleman of the long robe recommended a client to a brother in the profession. The recommending lawyer was at that time in the country; and the substance of his introduction was as follows:—

"Learned and dear Brother,

"I send you herewith two Orkney geese. You pluck the one, and I will pluck the other.

"Your's sincerely, &c."

And he was as good as his word.

We now crossed over to the old town, which was crowded with black coats, the livery of law and physic. "How can all these men live in so small a metropolis?" asked my companion. "By the diseases of the mind and body," said I; from which many fortunes are made in this city; where a man might fairly risk a bet of ten to one that every decent dressed man whom he meets was of one of these professions. Agents, *doers*, men of business and doctors, being so numerous, that a passer through Edinburgh might wonder how the other portion of the population could live in peace, harmony, or bodily health, with so many worthies practising upon them in the legal and medical art; but the national propensity is *to take advice;* and as nothing is given for nothing in the north, every family has its physician, and not the smallest transaction can be entered upon without the agency of a limb of the law. "I'll consult my man of business, I'll *tak'* a thought," being the usual answer to any question put to a Scotch man or woman, touching an argument, a bar-

gain, or a covenant; nay, it has not unfrequently been held as a doctrine by them that a tenure was scarcely safe unless it grew out of a law-suit. I remember an Irish student being asked by a companion, the meaning and functions of a conveyancer; his answer was, "These are people who convey other men's property out of their hands into their own pockets;" and the number of clients' estates, which fall into the possession of lawyers, would almost justify the definition.

But to return to my stranger: we sauntered backwards and forwards in front of the Parliament-house, where two ragged persons seemed waiting with eager expectation; the one looked half-starved, the other in the last stage of want: one had a tattered garment, the other was covered with rags; joy at last beamed in the face of the former, whilst the latter went off in despair; the one had gained his *suit* in his last coat, the other had lost both together; but each had the satisfaction to keep up this *civil* warfare for an immense time, and the losing man was solaced by the

assurance that he might *appeal:* it was what fairly might be called a good law-suit, for it was *dear* to the contending parties; and what with replies, duplicates, and rejoinders; what with burrowing up processes and going through the outer and inner houses, it had been *carried* on so spiritedly, that it became an equally good annuity to the plaintiff's and defendant's counsel and attornies.*

The court now broke up, and Mr. Money-gain came out thereof, arm in arm with his opponent Mr. Adjourner: "Can you for a moment expect," said the latter, "to gain the

* A law-paper is a faithful image of the profession; repetitions, amplifications, and expletives composing the one, delays, difficulties, and expenses forming the other, so that the one is paid for by the line and sheet, the other by the time and expenditure of breath, and the desideratum of the practitioner is to spin out both to the utmost possible extent, whilst means and money last to pay for them; this, however, does not prevent the *Cacoethes litigandi* of the North Britons, only equalled by our neighbours the Normans, who not unfrequently bequeath a legacy to the next heir.

cause which you have been so eloquent in?" "Certainly not," replied honest Moneygain, "but I am mistaken if it does not puzzle the whole bench to find out who is in the right before I have done with it;" here they shook hands and parted. "Keep us from the law and lawyers!" exclaimed I, yet that very day we dined in company with a dozen of the profession, and I never met with a set of seemingly fairer or more agreeable men in my life; indeed, three-fourths of society in Edinburgh is composed of them, from the Lord of Session to the Clerk of the Signet; and if it be admitted, that private worth has nothing to do with public character, better creatures do not exist. I remember one of them after walking me over his policy, which I should call a pleasure-ground, and his park, which was nothing but a field, told me in a political discussion, that he frankly and *honestly* confessed that he was "a' for money and corruption," yet as a family man and a friend, in all his dealings and transactions with his neighbours, a kinder, warmer-hearted man could

not exist, nor a more hospitable landlord; in private life he was all that one could wish, but in his forensic capacity he would squabble for a straw; and, as he said himself, he knew nothing and nobody, except the perplexity of the case before him, and the talent of involving difficulty in difficulty to the greatest extremity to which they could be pushed. Such is the practice of the law: the profession is made up of *professions;* law suits at the onset, are like young ladies on their matrimonial promotion, they are the most promising things in the world. Nor is the healing art freer from self-interest, quackery, stage trick, (all men are actors,) duplicity and corruption: but this chapter shall come in its proper place, as well as divinity; these three stand highly eminent in society, and require a greater portion of talent, principle, and incorruptibility, in those who minister to our comforts, our safety, and our health, than fall to the lot of ordinary men. It is the practice of these professions which is the object of examination: the theory of each is

sublime; the functions of the law and physic ought to rest upon truth and justice, and to be directed by feeling and benevolence: each was instituted for the wisest ends; the former is the Ægis—the impenetrable palladium of our rights—the shield and buckler of freedom and felicity—the impassable barrier opposed to any encroachment on equity—the protective mantle thrown by a masterly hand over the oppressed—the avenger of those who are wronged; a zealous counsellor ought to be the champion of the injured, a husband to the widow, a father to the orphan, a treasurer to the poor,—glorious titles! In the physician, the sufferer looks up for the efforts of a being who is supposed to devote his life, to sacrifice his rest, to watch and study for the good of his fellow-creature; one who is to relieve him in pain, to support him in weakness, to act with and assist nature in her regenerative operations, to allay and solace his sufferings, to administer advice to thoughtless mortals who mortgage and play away their health, to make life more easy, and even to smooth the

pillow of death. It is impossible to conceive two avocations more elevated; but whether the practice be in unison with the nature of the profession is left to the calm observer: on this head, *mum* says

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE STUDENT.

" Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE STUDENT.*

WHAT is the difference betwixt a doctor and a student? there is but a *degree* between them. On one doctor-dubbing morning, I seriously contemplated a host of young men in dingy habits, issuing like a drove of black cattle from the college. "It is awful," said I to myself, "to behold such numbers of all countries and complexions, just having taken out a licence to slay and maim his majesty's liege subjects, and to go about on foot and on horseback, yea, even, and in chariots of war, bleeding and blistering, physicking and sweating the patients who fall into their hands: what weighty duties ought to be imposed

upon these young practitioners, how anxious and solicitous must be their future lives!" I had scarcely concluded this monologue when I perceived these youths cross the South bridge in the character of dandies, having exchanged the black for a blue coat, (well may their patients look *blue* on the reflection thereof,) and laughing immoderately at their success. "Pat Lanigan has passed," said one Hibernian to another. "Och murder," replied his friend. "I was very near being sent back!" exclaimed a West Indian. "The old Professor let us off easy," cried a Philadelphian. "My grinder* did wonders for me," observed the fifth. "My Thesis, not one line of which I composed, will make my old uncle pay my debts," lisped out an elegant extravagant, who had graduated for no other

A grinder is a man full of Latin and physical tactics, who sharpens the genius of a student, puts words in his mouth and ideas in his head, who writes his Thesis for him, and enables him to pass his examination; the student being well satisfied that *qui facit per alterum facit per se.*

purpose. How can all these boys and men live by physic? thought I. How can those on whom they practise live? was my second thought. I lodged in the same house with one of these young graduates, who kindly asked me to a dinner given by a doctor *inter doctores*, of about twenty-one years of age. "I hope," said my acquaintance to me, "that you saw me with all the exterior and circumstance of physic about me, the old doctorial hat, &c." "There's a great deal in that," I replied in the affirmative, "and that he looked very well in it; but," continued I, "how could you find time to read: you whom, I understand, are every night at a ball, or a card party, how will that agree with the dry study of the healing art,—with poring over volumes by the lamp, and correcting the notes taken at the morning lectures of the grave and erudite professors?" "Oh! my dear Sir," very cheerfully replied he, "there is a way of doing every thing; I study by proxy, and *compare* notes, by borrowing them: the nasal *note* of one of our Professors serves as a nar-

cotic after being up at a ball, and the *concetti* and agreeable sallies of another refresh me under somnolence; I generally continue to slide in at the conclusion of a lecture, so as to be seen, for "*seeing is believing*," and as for *dry* study I know nothing about it; here are Doctor Greenplant, Doctor O'Marall, and myself, we always take lessons over a magnum of black strap, and I assure you each of us is '*non secus in bonis*,' as old Horace says, but pray let us see you at dinner." I observed that he was much more out in company than students in general. The reason is that the medical students, in general, are thought too wild, particularly the Hibernians and Transatlantics: street-rows, lamp-breaking and revelling, exclude them from soberer society; but when once the letters M. D. are added to their names, the give a *passe par tout* to the possessor, a master key to enter the most private apartments, a discretion proof against every thing; they confer knowledge on one who was an ignoramus the day before:—however a man must take good care not to practise at

home, or where his former wild pranks are known, for a prophet in his own country will never do. I accepted the invitation, and attended the graduating dinner, which was very splendid; there was no doctorial humbug practised as to dinner deportment, but all was jest and good-humour, and my friend proved to me practically that he was "*non secus in bonis.*" A great many jokes were passed on the lumber of the schools, and a sort of gay *badinage* was gone into in the way of mutual hits: in toasting each other they conveyed their mutual good wishes as to success, extensive practice, hypochondriac patients, a good neighbourhood of *malades imaginaires*; hoped that they might meet with lingering cases, drug-loving spinsters, low-spirited widows, rich gluttons, many instances of dyspepsia, nervous habits, debilitated subjects and the like:—one young doctor prayed that he might find some puny subject of quality with whom he might travel, so as to blend amusement with profit;—another expected to introduce the perfections of

his person to an heiress whilst feeling her pulse or writing his prescription. A third informed us, that he did not care a pinch of snuff about the profession, as he had only graduated to please his father, who was (to use Doctor O'Botheram's own words) a very *dutiful* parent, and on whom he had drawn enormously for books, feeing the professors, graduation, and innumerable incidental charges.

"If I can *practise* upon the old gentleman's credulity," added he, "so as to set me up in high style, a handsome house, carriage, horses, and an open account with a banker, I shall trouble myself very little with the profession."

"How does our rattle-brained Creole doctor come on?" enquired one of the party. "Ah! he has had nothing but *gratis* practice since he has set up; and he has been rather unfortunate in his experiments upon *living* subjects: he has killed an old woman by the cold effusion, and bled a black into his coffin—with two or three other trifling mis-

takes in his practice; but he may correct these in time, and as he has settled in a fine *unhealthy* neighbourhood, it is to be hoped that he will succeed in the end."* Something was added, about Doctor Lucius O'Rareyshow being in a fine line, and making practice for himself;—but I turned a deaf ear to that part of the subject which was obstetrical, and beyond my conception.

I was, however, very much edified by the account given of two young practitioners, Doctors Placet and Nihil. The former's manner was such as insured him a most lucrative practice: his inexhaustible store of technical terms was so immensely imposing; his white hand and gentle tone of voice so taking; a pondering look, to evince deep interest, so captivating; his encouraging tone and constant assurances that, *with time* and much care, the cure was certain to be effected,—had such a hopeful effect; his amusing con-

* Did he mean that of his patients?

versation, and happy knack of playing with children, and admiring their growth,—with a downcast look on a young patient of sensibility,—all this would be a fortune to any man. The Doctor holds it as an infallible maxim, that the placebo and a few tonics will cure nine-tenths of the diseases in the world, and that the rest must be left to opium, calomel, and to chance, or rather to nature acting for herself, and restoring health, in spite of the doctor, the apothecary, and the next heir.

Doctor Nihil was nothing more than a medical manœuvrer, who got practice from publicity. A large brass plate on his door shewed the man. He hired scores of people to knock at his door, and kept his neighbours awake all night, by the many nocturnal calls for this descendant of Æsculapius. If he dined abroad, he was sure to be called out; and if he made a common visit to a friend, he produced his roll of patients like a rent-roll, which procured him credit for eminence. His table, strewed with cards and letters, exhi-

bited how much he was in request,—although it is strongly suspected that he wrote many of them himself. Lastly, his ingratiating himself with upper servants, ladies' maids, and *own* men,—a good understanding with a few apothecaries, and some professional dinners, added to a superb stop-watch, and a new carriage, have forced him into fashion, and fashion is as necessary in a doctor as in a robe-maker; the one fits all constitutions, the other all manner of bodies.

A variety of opinion now existed as to the best means of giving an attractive appearance to a young medical man. One was for mourning, and a sedate style of dress. Another urged, that fashion, and cheerfulness of manner and of attire, were most prepossessing. One was for powder, to conceal youth and inexperience; another considered the wig as half the battle.

At length, the vinous fluid levelled all capacities, and the feast ended in topics of levity, song, chorus, and broad mirth. At this stage

of the business I took my leave, resigning the young doctors to their own care, whether to repair the injuries of Bacchus, by refrigerents, tonics, or stimuli, but fully determined that they should not try their skill on

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AN ODD RENCONTRE.

' Hæ nugæ seria ducunt."

HORAT.

AN ODD RENCONTRE.

"It will *no* do for us to be seen talking together, Mr. Epitaph," said a learned physician to a rich undertaker, whom he met in Prince's-street; "it looks as if there was a mutual understanding betwixt us. A man of my profession may fairly cut out work for an apothecary, but must not seem to get subjects for you."

They both agreed in the propriety of the remark, and the doctor stepped into his rhubarb-coloured carriage, seating himself in the centre thereof, and looking out of each window for accidents, or windfalls, for (fortunately for the doctor) the season was stormy

and unhealthy, and the streets were dangerous and slippery. The undertaker also had an eye to fractures and diseases, as it is fit that a man should live by his trade: despatch was the fortune of the one, long-protracted illness was food for the other; yet a friendly understanding existed betwixt both of them, although prudence forbade frequent greetings in the market-place.

It is no unfrequent thing to see a physician's or an apothecary's empty carriage follow the funeral of a deceased patient. This may be deemed an *empty* compliment, but it is a very sincere one. The loss of a good customer is a grave and heavy loss; and the doctor is not unfrequently more concerned, not *in* the death, but *at* the death, than the next heir, or the green widow of an aged and infirm gentleman.

Mr. Epitaph, whose carriage is *the carriage after all*, has a quite different interest in the business. It is his province to stimulate the survivors of the head of a family to pay him all possible funereal honours, that they may

have the honour to pay his long bill afterwards, which, for its items, resembles not a little the apothecary's. No man knows better than Mr. Epitaph

"What means this idle mockery of woe."

So that it may be remarked in the capital of Scotia, that the lawyer, the doctor, and the undertaker, are the most thriving of her citizens, — not forgetting John Straw, the coachman, with his long black-tailed horses, who is literally Mr. Epitaph's whipper-in, as he takes his work (not to say a word about the doctor) home, aye, and to its last home. By the way, (not to the church-yard) this John Straw has contrived, by thus *setting down* half the population of the city, (at least the higher class) to *set up* his son as a gentleman—no less than an officer in the army; and we remember him honoured by the Duke of Kent's arm and patronage. Bob sinks the hearse and *papa's* trade, sings a good song, and may be mistaken for a man

well-born. He was once on the staff of an honourable general, and figured as an evening star, lounging on the South-bridge, Prince's-street, &c.; but he cut John Straw, who considered his son as going to *rack*; coachey having thrice paid his debts. How many deaths this must have taken! The idea is frightful. John Straw has been known to drive job-coaches; but Mr. Epitaph's job was considered the best job, and latterly John was never seated on any other than a sable coach-box.

Talking of carriages in general, a very lengthy argument was sustained betwixt some professional men, as to the colour suitable for a physician's, a surgeon's, or an apothecary's carriage, and the subject suggested many difficulties. Green was considered as a token of a novice; blue smelt of the pill; yellow looked plasterish; red was considered as sanguinary, and like a bleeder; brownish yellow brought the idea of *basilicon* into view; the Spanish fly bespoke a blisterer; dingy yellow was considered still more dirty; lead-colour gave an

idea unfavourable to the head of the practitioner; black only fitted the undertaker. The matter was not settled when I heard it brought forward, and probably "*adhuc sub judice lis est;*" for

"Who can decide when doctors disagree?"

In spite of this, I remember, a few years ago, a mercurial chariot, a rhubarb-coloured ditto, a white-ointment coach, a blister-plaster ditto, a hemlock-mixture vehicle, the ensanguined panels of one practitioner, and the regular pill-box of another—whilst a witty novice very judiciously assumed the fall of the leaf for his colour, and (being in little or no practice, except what was given gratis) he took for his motto

"Non prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus certes."

We cannot conclude this subject without noticing the dispute for precedence between the coachman of a lady's doctor, and that of

a non-obstetrical performer. The latter held his master's as the nobler art; the former claimed "*place aux dames*," and observed, that his master brought subjects into the world, whilst his opponents sent them out of it.* "After him," added he, "came Mr.

Two very famous doctors, of the same name, once practised in Edinburgh: the one was an accoucheur, the other a physician in ordinary. Without intending it, they played into each other's hands (not as Doctor Blunt and Johnny Clapper did), for they were often mistaken for each other. It was highly distressing to a lady about to be in the straw, when the physician appeared instead of the master of the ceremony, and *vice versâ*. If an old maid, or a doubtful damsel lately made a wife of (a job easily done in the North without ceremony, orally or verbally, by a promise or an act), was astonished by the appearance of that Lucinian ambassador and *charge d'affaires*, her character was at stake, and she was sometimes frightened into fits, which made work for the other medical gentleman. In order to avoid mistakes, the one wore a cocked hat, and the other a round one, but still blunders occurred. A tribute of praise is truly due to the former, now no more, whose warm and benevolent heart prompted him to

Epitaph, and the red-whiskered lecturer once near Hope-Park End, who can leave no *subject* at *rest*. This gentleman, if *gentle* can be called such transactions, looks very like the Saracen's head; but his lectures are more valuable than his appearance."

Here whilst

> "Law, Physic, and Divinity,
> Are in a strife—cannot agree;
> To find the which, of all the three,
> Should claim the superiority,"

we will take our leave of the *grave* professors,

innumerable deeds of humanity; and many a one entertains a *lively* sense of the merit of the other, for his introduction into this nether world. *Touching* Doctor Blunt and Johnny Clapper,—the former belaboured the latter for making too free with his pen; and the professor, being a robust man, had the best of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Poor Doctor Blunt!—how strange he looked, when he assumed the appearance of a *man of war*, and visited the sick in a grenadier's cap and a scarlet-fever coat. How dangerous a man might make himself both to friends and foes in this double capacity! But enough about doctors.

and the *grave* tradesman. To keep as long as possible out of the way of both will be the hope and endeavour of

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MINISTERS.

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

GOLDSMITH.

MINISTERS.

THE term "minister" has something uncertain in it: we have prime-ministers, ministers of state, ministers of the gospel, foreign and cabinet ministers, and those who in private life minister to our comforts, our pleasures, and our vices.

A minister, in Scotland, is the minister of the gospel; and, in general, an humble, meek, and well-meaning man As I war not on men's creeds, but leave those matters to far higher authority, I shall merely consider the profession as it stands in Scotland, and leave to my reader to determine whether riches are, or are not, an advantage to a clerical man, and whether his riches are a benefit and a

blessing to his flock. Ecclesiastical riches do not fall to the lot of the northern church: still less is the majority of the clergy in Ireland possessed of property and pecuniary influence. The disproportion betwixt the Catholic and Protestant population is such, that the numerical strength must be with the Catholic pastors; whilst the flocks of the opulent clergy are comparatively very small. The fatigue and exertions of the former, however, are such, and so zealous, that it would seem natural to infer that riches did not benefit the pastor's congregation unless they were devoted to the indigent class thereof; in which case the out-going might reduce the reverend's income, at least, to mediocrity; but as I do not know a single instance of this kind, it would be a loss of my reader's time to dwell on the subject.

With riches, pride is very apt to creep in—a high carriage, distant manners, and a commanding air. These are not evangelical—they have no value with the wealthy, and they are repulsive to the poor. It has inva-

riably struck me, that men of ordinary abilities, always more or less blinded by self-love, had a difficult struggle betwixt pride and duplicity, and that they very often mistook haughtiness for gravity, and an assumed dignity for propriety. Grace, in every acceptation of the term, is suited to the altar and to the pulpit; but the moment that the minister of the Most High quits the one, or descends from the other, humility, meek-eyed charity, a modest conviction of his own frailties, and a sympathetic feeling towards the poor, ought to shed the smile of beneficence over his countenance—added to a moderate cheerfulness welcoming his neighbours, and an outstretched hand to indigence, sickness—to the woe-worn wretch, whose conscience consuming him with the worm of upbraiding, seeks for holy comfort, and for salutary advice. The frowning eye of the pedant or solitary scholar, the upturned lip of the morose or sarcastic man, the thundering pulpit-thumper, and the upbraidings of the self-supposed just man, are at variance with the pure,

simple, gentle, and genuine principles of religion.

These are very rarely, if ever, to be met with in the Scotch clergy, whose purses and whose habits are moderate and humble; and in Ireland I have often stood aloof, to admire the kind-hearted parish priest retiring, after divine service, to his lonely residence, amidst the prayers and salutations of his numerous congregations. How arduous are his duties, how many sick he has to visit, how many degradedly ignorant and uncultivated to enlighten and direct, how many resentments to allay,—how much and how many remonstrances has he to make, to beings in a rude state of nature, with quick feelings, poverty, envy, wrongs, hunger, and want of employment goading them on to acts of violence and injustice; how scanty are his means, yet how willingly are they bestowed to relieve want as far as they can go

When, at another period, my mind turned from this poor priest, and I beheld the sturdy footmen of a dignitary of the Established

Church brushing with their canes the paupers who pressed about his equipage, and when I beheld him enter, with a stately step, the temple of prayer, I acknowledge that I saw that he was an *upright* man, but it was not the *uprightness* which I looked for in such a character. How unlike was he to an old curate in Flanders, whom I often remarked, assailed and surrounded by little children, plucking his skirts for a look, for a smile, for a kind tap on the cheek, a paternal blessing, or some little presents of fruit and cakes with which his pockets were filled. * Do riches produce happiness in the Church?

I have done:—with one more remark on the conduct and conversation of the clergy, this subject shall be concluded. When the preacher is seen quitting the church-porch or chapel, to repair to the bed of sickness, to attend to the petitions of the cold and hungry —when he converses with those around him in

The "worthy old clergyman" had been an officer in the dragoons.

the language of kindness, anxious for their health and happiness, and performs the duties of hospitality at his friendy board, every one will rejoice with him in his share of the good things even of this world; but when we hear the smart parson impart the circumstances of the chase to his parishioners, tell his neighbours how many birds he bagged in the week, or simperingly enquire after his dancing-partner at the ball,—his deportment, and the subjects of his discourse, appear little more decent and in unison with what is supposed to be his vocation, than the demeanour and small talk of a certain Hibernian judge, who would, in the same minute, pass sentence on a criminal, and inquire of a neighbour what sort of a run he had with the subscription pack of hounds. It is related of this more witty than humane character, that, upon being asked how he came on at the last assizes, he replied, "Very rapidly, indeed—we went on at the rate of *nine knots* an hour." Not that mirth can be considered as a sin—Pat must have it, be his profession what it may; but the choice

of time and place is certainly very necessary; and it can never be decent "*ludere cum sacris*," nor humane to sport with human feeling and human sufferings.

The Scottish minister, however, does not approve of broad mirth, or any kind of levity; and although he can make excellent *toddy*, and will take a becoming share of it with a friend, yet you will not catch him singing a drinking or a hunting song like the jolly rector of the South; nor will he play at cricket, or deep at cards; nor is he a charioteer (fegs because he has no chariot); nor a buck, a blood, or an exquisite: he is accused of being demure, but he will take his chance for that. With his gravity the Scottish Sabbath is strongly tinged: Sunday seems in the North like the funeral of the former week; the population is poured forth in such numbers, and the majority of them so clad in the hue of the raven's wing, that they seem either to be in mourning for their wardrobe, or for their sins; you see no droves of human cattle almost as bare as quadrupeds frequent-

ing places of worship as in Ireland, but all is discreet and orderly: long faces are made up for the occasion, and the Psalm book and Bible are carried about publicly, even by some individuals of each sex who can neither read nor write, or who can only read the Bible and large Roman text, without understanding either;—they consider that there is a propriety in the thing, and thus proceed with the Old or New Testament *at their finger's ends*, as a proof that they cannot be suspected of being Sabbath-breakers or irregular people:—some, however, have the scriptures completely by *rote*, whereas poor Pat must have them in general *by heart*, if he have them at all, so scanty is the portion of education divided among the many poor. Towards the close of the evening the worthy mi-nis-ter, (so slowly ought the word to be pronounced) unbuttons a little, and meets his family or his patron with a smile, and enters into politics (always on the right side of the question), or into general conversation with his acquaintance, after kirk-time. The magistrates, relieved from

a brace of beadles waddling before them, pour out the generous libation, whilst Maggie and Chirstie, (not *crusty*) unbend and relax in the distance and severity of their looks and lay down the Bible on the shelf. The tale of ill report has hinted that some of these Caledonians have quitted the kirk to meet a *shooter**, or sweet-heart; that the psalms being *laid on the shelf*, the book has been forgotten altogether, and that the auburn-haired lassie has lost her red morocco volume and her character both at the same time; if this be true, it is a great pity; but affairs like these regard not

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Suitor is so pronounced.

BOB DEVIL.

" Vos exemplaria græca nocturna versate manu versate diurnas."

HORAT.

BOB DEVIL

"Is that Bob-adil, or Bob o'deel?" asked a spendthrift young man, addressing an old stager, on whose arm he was leaning, and who might be considered as *having taken him in hand.* "It's neither," replied the *child's guide;* "but Bob Devil, as honest a fellow as ever lived—a cheerful, pleasant companion, and a safe one too; he is a real steady fellow, and I'll do you the favour to introduce him to you, and he'll do you——" here a short cough stopped him; he resumed—"he'll do you justice in appreciating your good company; I dare say we may prevail upon him

to take a friendly dinner with us, he has a deal to say for himself, belongs to a noble family, and is an old soldier." (A term by the bye dubious and much misunderstood.) This took place at the pastry-cook's shop at the corner, where the structure of the old town is so different from the elegant architecture of the new one, and where the high stories were in the olden times famous for sky-larking and star-gazing, which are now practised in more modern and elegant apartments:—these gazebos are eclipsed now by the new town elegancies, and the stars are out of fashion, many of which too are fallen; the sun of power being the planet which attracts the adoration of all, even of the insect and reptile train. Now this shop has long been known by the waddling family who kept it for so long a period, and whose puffs, preserves, cherry-bounce, and pastry, have made them upper-crusts amongst the cake and confectionary world. It is said that the *flower* of the family made out the bills thereof, and from that took to doing bills in another way; and

a scandalous tale is related of a tall maiden decoyed away by a Mr. Sitstill, who drove on at a great rate in the round of fashion, but is now driven off life's race course in full youth. "Colonel," cried the friend of the youth, calling after him; and on the Colonel's drawing near, "my dear Bob," resumed the former, "let me introduce a friend of mine, Charles Artless; will you have a cake, Bob?" motioning him to come into the shop,—the Colonel entered after him; and as they passed, a young fellow said to his arm companion, whose name was Richard, "Dic mihi, cujum pecus?" *Dametas* was omitted in the line, but a *demictasse* was substituted in its place by the Colonel's proposing half a cup full of *noyeaux;* looks were exchanged betwixt Bob and the bear-leader, after which it was agreed to look in at the billiard-table to recruit for a dinner, which was to be ordered at Oman's; (we believe) but the place is of little consequence; it was however subsequently arranged to take a scramble at the mutual friend's lodgings: a pigeon-pye was commanded amongst other things, some

high-priced wines, and Bob promised to make a rare devil after dinner, to raise the appetite and inflammation, so that every thing looked promising, and the triumvirate of Cæsar, (not *Seizer,*) Pompey (the proud of his acquaintance) and Crassus, his dirty companion; for if

"Handsome is that handsome does,"

we may justly infer that

"Dirty is that dirty does— "

moved off in ordinary time together. The triumvirate proceeded towards St. Andrew's-square together, the Colonel placing himself in the central position betwixt the novice and his conductor:—we may suppose what followed—the billiard-table was very attractive, a very pleasant party was made up, a great many pleasant things were said, and the youth went home like Lydia's description of her fickle lover, Horace, "*cortice lævior*," singing—

"The gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast;"

and well might the youth sing, for all was light about him, even the twilight itself, and "*cantabit vacuus.*" Was the young man done? certainly not. Had he enough of such company? No. Was he sick, sore, plucked, fledged, or winged? None of them; he was very handsomely treated,—he was only tickled —his taste for play and for good fellows was raised to an agreeable pitch—his appetite was whetted—he could have stood another dish—the wine was still in his head, and money at his bankers; and since

"Hic placuit semel——"

he finished the sentence which is doubtless known to the classical reader: in plain terms, what pleased him so much then, might please ten times more—he was to meet his friends again at the billiard-table and to give his dinner in return, for he was not allowed to pay for that of the former day, the Colonel, who was the winner, taking that upon himself; the

second dinner was delightful also, and gentle, moderate play formed a part of the *soirée*; the luck, however, did not turn, and the novice changed his tune. It may now not be wholly out of place to give an outline of the noble Colonel's portrait.

Was the Colonel a Greek? No; he had none of the eastern levity of warm climates, no sunny brilliancy, no dash at all in the ring, no pugnacious, gladiatorial propensities which bear out the play-man and fit him for all scenes, dangers, rows, tournaments, and rencontres, and blend in one character the gambler, the sporting man, and one of the fancy. We do not say that the Colonel was not a fighting man, that he showed the feather, or turned his back upon a foe or the ladies; by no means; he did the needful *cannyly* and discreetly, yet might be considered as—

——"a slow-fighter and a keen guest.
SHAKSPEARE.

Far different from a set of rantipoles who mis-

lead youths, bring them into difficulties and scrapes, into tavern-brawls and the flooring of watchmen, take and give acceptances, and ultimately drive on to ruin after winning immense sums of money; this worthy is capable of giving the best advice to a friend, can warn him against dangerous and marked characters, and is himself as steady in his line of life as if he was practising in one of the grave and learned professions, adding the method and slowness of the Carthagenians to the enterprize of a consummate commander: from these rare and precious qualities, unknown in the *hazardous* career of other men who amass and squander riches at the billiard-tables and all the haunts where cards and dice are the order of the day. Sedate Bob has given a respectable appearance to a rather degrading traffic, just as a mountebank empyric, or a field preacher, gains reverence from the *profanum vulgus*, from a black coat, a very sanctified look, the title of Reverend, or an M.D. (meaning mountebank doctor;) and whilst we see daily the

dupes of their own cupidity, either having over-done and out-done themselves whilst doing others, or scattering with one hand what was wrested from wealth and thoughtlessness by the other, we have to admire Bob Devil piloting his bark with caution and the nicest calculation; so as to keep clear of those quicksands and rocks on which others have foundered, and prudently keeping what blind fortune or blind hookey has thrown in his way; or what the blind goddess may have poured upon him in reward for his prudence, courage, and perseverance. It may be his pride never to have listened to the soft whispers of female allurements, so as to affect his purse, or to derange his plans, nor to have committed himself in some moment of weakness, so as to have served a friend to his own undoing; he may also give himself credit for that admirable worldly management which never verges towards extravagance, or is deluded by a love of taste and elegance, so as to trench upon the savings intended for *honorable* old age: he,

very properly, when other young or middle-aged play and sporting men lodged in splendid apartments, poured the generous tide of wine to numerous guests, and took pleasure in a stable full of high-bred cattle; on the contrary, lodged modestly, fared economically, unless the feast had some useful end; and assumed a decency which checked inquiry, and pronounced that all was right. In no other character is to be found a sobriety and method in even dissipation; other adepts rattle and dash away with an apparent contempt of money, in order to entice fashionable simples bent on *seeing life*, but honest Bob is such a happy mixture of the companion and the mentor, of the prudent yet dangerous acquaintance, that his impenetrable designs are clad in propriety, by which he has insured a decent retreat from the field of——— let who will conclude the sentence, and fill up the blank left to their consideration by

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EASILY CONTENT

"Contentement passe richesses."

EASILY CONTENT.

So says the French proverb, which the Scotchman exemplifies particularly when at home: it is this quality which enables him to put up with so many privations in every station, and to persevere with such unwearied endeavour, until he has obtained the object of his aim. In the army, in the navy, in commerce and trade, we see this constant quality of patience and of being content with a little; but whether meekness or avarice be the cause, appears frequently very doubtful:—is the Scotchman averse to the pleasures of the bottle? certainly not; in the olden times excessive drinking was quite the fashion, and even

now, in these more moderate and refined days, the affairs of state are often settled over a plentiful libation. Lord Melville had so strong a head at the bottle, that he was more than a match for the great Pitt, and, to use a vulgar expression, used to knock nails in his coffin: the provost, the baillies, the town-council, the grey-beards and elders of the land conclude the concerns of the city and the most important affairs, at gorgeous feasts and heavy drinking bouts, and (as we have already stated) a late Lord of Session burned his lights out by his *ardent* pursuits of the pleasures of the table: any man who would not sit with him until that period so admirably described by Burns, when—

> "The cock may craw,
> "The day may daw,"

was considered by his lordship as a poor thin brained, pippin-squeezing, milk and water, fidgety, restless, unmeaning num-skull. Poor Burns himself was a victim to drink, which

brought him to an untimely grave; his enemies assert that this cause and a love for low company reduced him to neglect and disrepute; but the fact is, that his mind had none of that tinge of servility which form a man for low fawning and flattery, for waiting and bowing at great men's gates, for selling his principles and opinions (whether right or wrong), and for doing the dirty work of a patron, or being the hireling and slave of the bookseller; his muse could not stoop to chronicle the family history of nobles and of thriving men, and to becoming a guide through the country, painting the estates, describing the *ci-devant* castles, and detailing the feats and connections of the border nobility and gentry; of the lowland great and ancient landholders, or of the highland chieftains and their clans, who are daily losing the characteristic of mountaineers, and descending into low country manners, and imitating those of other nations: lastly, he committed the mortal sin of joining independence to poverty,

and wrote himself out of the books of the flourishing men by his—

"A man's a man for a' that."

Poor Burns's heart was broken, and he like other authors of all countries obtained post obit honours and fame. From these examples it is evident that temperance is more the child of economy in the north than the offspring of icy chastity. It is stated there are* five

"*Si bene quid memini quinque sunt causæ bibendi*
Hospitis adventus, presens sitisatque futura
Aut vini bonitas aut quælibe altera causa."

"If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five causes why men drink,
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and bye,
Or any other reason why."

PER CONTRA.

"There's but one reason I can think,
Why people ever cease to drink,
Sobriety the cause is not,
Nor fear of being thought a sot,
But when good liquor can't be got."

reasons for drinking and only one for not drinking; the Scotchman has, however, five for abstaining: the want of money; of time which makes money; the fear of offending against the laws of society, or of custom; (if from home) the pull which the sober man has over the sot, and the absence of good liquor. Now the sons of Hibernia are of a different clay, the *hospitis adventus* is every thing to them, and they leave to good fortune the settling of the reckoning, being still more pleased to treat than to be treated; the Scot is fully as thirsty a body as his brother Pat, and he will drink because he is dry, but Pat considers that—

"——— He may be by and bye;"

and it is a standing joke with him on, finding a parched tongue in a morning, to exclaim, "Faith and I would have drank more last night, if I thought that I should have been thus dry in the morning." But the great motive for abstinence in this way with the

Caledonian is, that temperance is the door-keeper of secrecy and discretion, and that a man ought not, in his opinion, to let out his mind and his passions unless he be well paid for it; for these reasons only Sandy is easily content. His privations in the army and navy, in the counting-house, or in the eastern or western hemispheres, proceed from the determination of realizing something worth while, and the perspective of a comfortable old age; and it is truly this being content with little that makes, in the first instance, contentment better than riches if not well taken care of, and which ultimately promises the certainty of obtaining them; he is also not backward in giving plausible reasons for self-denials, so as to make them appear as matters of choice instead of necessity; and still further to give credit and currency to the statement, a grain of good sense or *dry* wit is mixed up in the dose: one man will plead his health for abstaining from strong liquors; another his engagements which shorten the repast; a third his arduous avocations; but the best plan is to turn it off with a joke.

I remember once observing to an Edinburgh man that their Tolbooth, or prison, was a disgrace to humanity and to their city, and he drily replied, after taking a thought, "I dinna ken, but we've little use for't." On another occasion I was expatiating on the dirtiness of the streets in the old town, on the filth of the Cannongate, and on the horrid indelicacies about the *then* small paltry theatre, when I was answered by, "You Englishmen are unco' fykey about those things; bless you we expect a heavy rain hourly which will save trouble and carry a' that away. I've seen your city (the city part of London) no muckle better." Now the fact is, that the city, from the press of business and its narrow streets, is at times very dirty indeed, but there are immundities in *sweet* Edina only to be equalled in Paris, and that in her vilest parts, her *Rue basse des Ramparts, &c. &c.*

To turn off a failing by good humour is never blame-worthy, but the quality of order, or of abnegation with a view to do credit to a man's affairs needs no excuse, the motive is

laudable, yet it can only be a negative virtue as long as *dura necessitas* inforces its practice; and when we find the abstemious man at home nothing averse to excess, when another pocket and another roof or country spreads the board and furnishes the price of the feast; and when we see, in glaring contradiction to this convenient sobriety, the most boundless excesses, when once the barrier of prudence is thrown open, and when fortune favours the health-ruining orgies. In the good town of Ayr a scene of bacchanalian phrenzy was exhibited unequalled in the annals of drunkenness. The ——— fire club, composed of some of the richest and best born men in the country, and of which a certain lord by courtesy, high in military command afterwards, and the eldest son of a peer of influence and riches, was a member, kept their midnight and matutine revels in a certain inn; and in order the better to give an idea of the nature of the club, the chimney was deemed as a very proper place for some of their dark operations; for the *common* fumes of potent liquor were

not considered obscure enough for their over-clouded brains, so that a seat above the fire was thought upon, perhaps by some *prophetic* spirit, amongst the black spirits and grey, blue spirits and *green;* in this situation a choice spirit of the latter order was crammed up the aperture towards the sky, and in this perilous position endeavoured to protrude his dusky form at the top and to *cap*, tally-ho, or hoot at duller mortals not lit up by gas or spirits of wine, on their sober way to the kirk: the feat was effected, but the arch fiend *that would be* was nearly suffocated in the attempt, and the mason was obliged to be sent for to extricate the great man from the *lum* (chimney), which he did, not without fear of having been guilty of Sabbath-breaking. Well done! Ye sons of

"——— Caledonia, stern and wild,"

what nation could beat this? Tales are afloat respecting a fiddler who was blinded, a jeweller who was ruined, the interposition of a surgeon in very dangerous symptoms of some of the party; since which, two instances of

suicide have occurred in a military and a medical man, and the majority of the junto has died in middle age, their nerves, their constitutions and their intellects having gone before them. These shades are in strong opposition to the national character for temperance evinced and borne out in so many instances abroad and at home; the only thing therefore to be ascertained is, whether this virtue is of genuine northern growth, or whether it depends upon the mere agency of circumstances, the frosty air of poverty, and the circumscribed means of the possessor, which shall be left to wiser heads by

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A LOVE FOR LITIGATION.

" Chacune dans sa croyance egallements obstine."

A LOVE FOR LITIGATION.

A LOVE for litigation must arise from one of the following causes; obstinacy in our own opinion, right or wrong; dishonesty, which inclines a man never to pay until he is forced, and to have recourse to legal shifts, when equity condemns him; or to a timid caution grounded on suspicion, which holds a pusillanimous being in constant doubt and uncertainty, sends him seeking advice of every one, and makes him imagine that a judgment in court, or a decree in chancery, is the only way to make him safe; and that if he enters into a simple contract or bargain, a stamp and a lawyer, and two subscribing witnesses are

absolutely necessary to render the former valid and the latter safe.

"I think that I have paid this bill before, Mr. So-and-so, but I will refer it to my lawyer," was the invariable answer of an acquaintance of mine on the most trivial account. "I ken naething about it honest man, you bid just to tak your *document* to my man of *business*," replied old Hector Hagglewell to every claimant. "I'll meet you in a court of law," is a very common reply of litigious persons on the slightest difference, when a court of conscience (not the petty small debt one, but the *forum conscientiæ*, which costs him nothing but honesty) might have settled the matter: on such characters do the gentlemen of the law principally depend; for if men will ask advice they must pay for it; and if they will have law, would a lawyer prevent it? The fool or knave determined to litigate a point, will employ another attorney if his own should advise him against the suit, and the infatuation of this *amor litigandi* is such, that the disputant never calculates the probable

termination by defeat or a prison; he is either certain to win, or his revenge (provided his purse be very long and weighty) is satisfied by costing the other party much time, money and vexation. What a triumph it is to a bad man when the defendant gives up a suit for want of means to carry it on; or when an error in his counsel, a decree in absence, a nonsuit for want of evidence, or a fortunate quirk or quibble wrests his just right from the opposite party: how delightful to rogues are knotty points, the right of possession, statutes of limitation, judgments by default, writs of error and well managed insolvencies: to the just man they avail nothing, for he would give up the former if he considered himself in the wrong; and he would never take advantage of the latter, unless ruin made the measure both justifiable and unavoidable. I do not pretend to say that in Scotland people are fonder of law than elsewhere, but the great number of persons in the profession who inhabit its capital, make it natural to give and

to take advice, and the profession must be doing a little.

"Il faut que je vive,"

as Piron said: as a proof of this, a certain foreigner got so fond of law, from a long residence near the Scottish courts of justice, that it was his delight, his amusement, his chief occupation; he took the *cessio bonorum* once, thrice compounded with his creditors when in prison, five times retired to the sanctuary of Holyrood House, and put off his tradesmen *à perte de vue*, as he used to call it, and lastly became a bankrupt in England. The forms of law in Scotland being mild and merciful to the creditor and affording time, he used to avail himself of his favourite resources of disputing and procrastination: if asked to pay, he would consider of it; if summoned, he used to reply "a fig for your summons;" when pushed hard, he was in raptures; "the charge of horning was stuck up as an orna-

ment to his room, a decree provoked the defending of the action, and a caption or execution only drove him off his ground; and when he had skirmished and bush-fought with the claimant, he made an *arrangement* for payment; and before it was completed, his lawyer had to sue him for his bill and costs; this was peculiarly agreeable to him: to be at law with a lawyer was a matter of glory to him; and if he could strike any thing off his bill, his triumph was complete. By his tricking and sinuous path through life, the litigant never paid less than forty shillings in the pound when he did pay, and yet his creditors lost considerably by him: he lived partly laughed at, and partly despised; and he died, as might be anticipated, in indigence. It was curious to see his little crafty ways in playing one lawyer against another, and in deceiving each in turn; and it was revolting to contemplate him gaining credit on the speculation of throwing over the unsuspecting dealer. But these characters are not confined to the north, nor to the east, west, or south of our island.

Unprincipled men there are of all ranks, and dreadful to behold! Many in youth and of high education, whose sport it is to defraud their creditors, in a variety of ways, passing from one professional man to another, to uphold them in their rapine; to these legal advisers they tell half their story, or deceive them with a false statement; and when he can no longer protect them by delays and forms of law, nor carry on a threadbare unsustainable action, when justice must be done, and the attorney's bill is brought in, they call him a d—d rascal, try to tax his bill, arm another lawyer in vengeance against him, stir up two rivals, or employ men at variance with each other, and then commence *de novo* with them, and end in the same *honorable* manner. Then the whole profession is set down by these *worthies* as a set of robbers, fellows who would take *up any cause.* "*You* may say that," might be given in reply; but the fact is, that in a thousand instances the clients vitiate the legal agent; they make him what he becomes, interested, suspicious, crafty, and shifting.

Ingratitude dries up the source of humanity; being deceived, creates a deceiver; the taking up of one bad cause, unknowingly gives a desire to bear it out; and the custom of scoundrels injures the professional man's name and practice, at least such is the opinion of

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FOREIGNERS AND FOREIGN MANNERS.

" But nae folk like our ain folk."

SCOTCH SONG.

FOREIGNERS AND FOREIGN MANNERS.

If there be one thing more than another to reproach the children of *Albin* with, it is this ultra-nationality. As long as the love of country goes no further than to give national pride and a national character, it is most praiseworthy; it supports man in a variety of temptations, emulates him to deeds of fame, restrains him from compromising the honour of his native soil, and holds him up as a worthy example to others striving in life's warfare for reputation and a competency. But when this northern prejudice, this clinging to clanship and township, to kin and *kintry*, to friends

(meaning relations, who do not always merit this name in the south) and to *family*, (purporting to be a highland or lowland name,) arrogates a right, to the exclusion of others, or gives a preference grounded merely on the titles above-named; when Jock Merrilies, or Chairlie Douglas—when Rofie Mac Farlan and Ronald Mac Tavish, can scarcely get their feet under a stranger's mahogany, without bringing in their numerous relations to pick a bit of the feast; nor can mount from a desk to a partnership, without smuggling in cousins and cousins' cousins into the concern; it then looks very like a matter bordering upon injustice: and it is fearful to other competitors to think how prolific "*the land of cakes*" is, and how few *bannocks* there are amongst them, which force them to seek *bread* elsewhere, and (as far as in them lays) to keep the loaves entirely to themselves.

Nationality, with an Irishman, is a mere boast—it exists not. He will fight for it, because he is a pugnacious, gladiatorial fellow; he will talk for it, because the gift of the

gab is the property of the populace (circumlocution that of the middle rank, and eloquence the portion of the educated Hibernian); but he is too light of head and heart to act up to it, and too keen in his passions not to feel jealousy at a brother of the soil; and, lastly, too thoughtless to stand much about the matter: any good fellow is a good fellow to him. The Englishman is cold and calculating, firm and unalterable, interested, yet just, and he does justice to all. Sandy does so to three orders of persons,—self, relations, and countrymen.

For these reasons the introduction and cultivation of foreigners is slower and more unfrequent than in the mother and sister kingdoms. Scotland is no hot-bed for exotics; and when strange plants are nurtured there, they may be said to be forced indeed. Foreign manners are more easily introduced, and cost less to maintain; yet they sit awkwardly on the shoulders of a home-bred Scot, and nothing but the example of the great, fashion, the idea of improvement in his chil-

dren, or the pride of being like *ither folk*, could induce him to tolerate them.

For half a century there was nothing in the way of Italian vocal and instrumental music, but *Urbani* and *Stabilini*, (both moderate in price and talent,) and poor Corri, who passed his life in experiments to direct the taste of the modern Athens, and failed in concerts, promenades, and masquerades, and who having also failed in trade, died broken-hearted on the continent. He was so unlucky, that he often used to say, that if he set up as a baker, he was convinced that the inhabitants of the *guid* town of *Edinbro'* would cease to eat bread; and he had a life of experience of one fact,—namely, that however delightful might be the musical powers of the vocal or instrumental performer—however difficult and chromatic, or sweetly flowing and enchanting, a variation bringing on "Jenny Nettles," "Jenny dang the Weaver," or "Jenny's bawbee," would prove electric to the untravelled audience, and bear off the palm.

As an example of this, a certain border lord imported and kept an odd piece of furniture in the shape of a singer, whose manner, at least in singing, was that of the first school; yet so prejudiced was the national feeling against the *falsetto* style, that a respectable lady, upon being asked who sang such an Italian air, replied, with a shrug of her shoulders, "It 's just *Nelly*," meaning *Justinelli*, but there was more in the meaning than in the word.

National affectation (a weed of slow growth) is leaning towards foreign arts; but the thistle is an unbending plant, and sincerity is not of the party, and it will be next to a miracle if Italian operas and public masquerades ever become common in the Caledonian metropolis.

With all these facts before us, it is not with a view to blame that we state them—we state them as mere matters of fact supported by experience. Theatrical amusements even are not so generally sought after as in the south: the few frequent them, the many go

rarely, occasionally, and with some secondary view—fashion, curiosity to see a new actor, or a great man; but the habitual attendants of playhouses, &c. would not pay the expense of lighting them. The theatre and coffee-house, the amatory assignation, and not less hazardous gaming-table, are the delights, and form the habits of our continental neighbours: his home, his fireside, his fiddle and his pipe, his reel and ballad, his bottle and his *frind*, these are the Scotchman's pastimes and enjoyments. They are safer, and less expensive than the others; and they are more suited to his nature and to his taste.

Candour and philanthropy condemn antipathies and selfishness; whilst compassion and hospitality ever welcome the stranger seeking maintenance or protection in the land of freedom. Donald is not backward in giving his hand and a flowing bowl, and Sandy will strain a point, and let him in; but he must be moderate in his expectations, modest in his demands, and very discreet in introducing novelties and articles of expence. He

must not make too free, nor be too much at home, as in London; for he is viewed with a watchful, if not with a jealous eye. It will be long before a foreign caperer can so *keep up the ball*, as to gain a rich *partner for life* in Scotland, even although backed by a fife, a drum, or the devil to pay.

As far as morality goes, the scale preponderates in favour of Caledonia. Although the balance of taste and high-breeding may gravitate with Britannia or Hibernia, a happy medium would best please

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NOTE.—The Scotch are much indebted to Haydn for the introduction and arrangements of many of their popular airs; but had they not been introduced, Haydn's music had never been popular in Scotland.

GAMING.

" Protinus irrumpit venæ pejoris in œvum,
Omne nefas ; fugere pudor, verumsue fidesque ;
In quorum subiere locum, fraudetque ; dolique,
In sidiæque & vis, & amor sceleratus habendi."

OVID.

GAMING.

We owe the importation of this vice to foreign climes, just as we do a number of dire and disgusting diseases; indeed, I consider the rage for gaming, as a malady of the most malignant and incurable kind; drunkenness may be overcome by misfortune, remonstrance, example and precept, or change of fashion, local and accidental circumstances, but when once a love of play vitiates the heart and mind, the disorder is incurable.

On the continent, all gamble, from the prince to the peasant, starvation and rags are the portion of the latter; gilded ruin, and the grinding of their subjects, (or at all events,

injustice to their creditors, and the general consumption of the state) is the fate of the former.*

In the polished south of Britain, avarice has assumed the *negligè* dress of a gamester, and artful men have introduced the fashion of gaming to gull, to ruin, and to plunder the artless and unsuspicious; youths there are idiotical and infatuated enough so to look up to a marquis, or other noble, to a

* *Quicquid deliruntreges plectuntur archivi,* has been often quoted and verified, and perhaps in no instance can a prince err so grossly, as by the vice of gaming; it lowers him, it demoralizes him, it sets bad men on suggesting ways and means beneath his mind and education. Persius says,

"*Magne pater divûm sævos punire tyrannos,*
"*Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido*
"*Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno;*
"*Virtutem videant intabescant que relicta;*"

but the thirst for play makes deeper ravages than the libidinous habits in question; time and disappointment may cure the former, whilst they only confirm the latter; from time springs inveterate habit; from disappointment malice, resentment, ruin and destruction.

black-leg baronet, or to some seemingly rich and expensive commoner, as their example in all things; and, not content to follow one of them to the race course, and other places of public resort, they accompany them to the gaming table, whether public or private, and there stake their fortunes, their independence, their future ease in life, and lastly, their character, to please my lord, or a dandy, by passing whole nights in throwing the dice, or in abiding the turn-up of a card, or the whirling round of a ball of a little more magnitude than a boy's marble; children would be flogged for this, grown up persons sometimes come to the gallows for it; for the thirst for gold on the one hand, and the phrenzy of despair at beggary on the other, engender hatreds, domestic jars, revenge and suicide; we need not quote examples, this would be a loss of time, and alas! they are daily increasing.

Cold and cautious Caledonia produces few of her offspring who are tainted with this vice, because idleness is not the habit of persons

of small fortune, or who must live by application in some line or profession; and when once a man acquires industrious habits, they render him an enemy to play. If Sandy were *half* sure of winning, you would see him fond enough of the game, but he will not trust to chance what he has with difficulty obtained; he is too *sicker* (safe, secure) for such folly. It is true that a man very high up in army rank, once left an overgrown fortune to his daughters, the fruits of cards and dice, and that he was a native of the land of cakes; and there are some tarnished characters of the same country, who pick pockets by wholesale, and practise their legerdemain in splendid apartments, but the number is very small, and of them, the totality almost practise in the south, since the good order of their own metropolis, the vigilance of the magistrature, the sober habits in these points, and the smallness of the theatres to perform in, would defeat such infamous speculations: there was a dirty *little go* there, despised and limited in its mischief; but your splendid resorts of play,

your plundering nobility, fleecing their visitors abroad and at home, your downright regular hells, are not yet established beyond the Tweed. What the modernising of Auld Reekie, and the visiting of the continent may produce, we have yet to learn; but it appears probable that a great lapse of time must pass away before the genuine Scot be brought to the stultification of the habitual gambler, or to the hazardous lot of being reduced to an hospital for support, or to a tread-mill for a period of punishment: the little play that existed, or exists in Edinburgh, is upon so small a scale, as to be more contemptible than reprehensible:—one may laugh in the olden times, at a Mrs. Elephant, (so we call her from her size) displaying such avidity and perseverance at a card-table; at a few tabbies and superannuated spinsters winning a little money, or loosing their temper entirely at brag; and we can scarcely pity a modish young clerk, or a boy entering life, for paying smart money to a high titled dame now no more; those venial sins vanish before the mortal transgressions of

other capitals, and of higher spheres, and long may it be so!

After these prefatory remarks, the truth of which no one, acquainted with Scotland, can deny, the following brief and faithful narrative will astonish the reader—time, place, and name must necessarily be omitted, but the melancholy remembrance of it is fresh in the minds of many whose imprecations were drawn down on those who caused the tragic scene: let the guilty consciences look to it.—A youth of small stature and less mind, was one amongst the number of youths who convert a few years destined for study, into a period devoted to low pleasure, and common dissipation, giving their days to the billiard-table, their nights to the tavern, and their *early* mornings, before *their* bed time, to cards and dice, on a low scale, but (in the present instance) sufficient to produce a fatal effect: this simple young man, the first letter of whose name was not far distant from V., being in the habit of visiting a certain coffee-house, used

to recruit for dinner, companions with whom he might pass his evenings, and reap that amusement which the vacuity of his mind required: for these *worthies* he had often to pay the score, so that it frequently happened that he fell short in his pecuniary calculations at the end of the quarter; one quarter soon got anticipated, and a loan became unavoidable: this was procured from a very honest bill doer, who seldom took more than 20 or 25 per cent. *indirectly*, and a bill was negociated for one hundred and fifty pounds at three months after date; but, as the youth's habits did not alter in this short space of time, he was as unprepared to meet the payment of the bill when due, as he was in the impossibility of living without money, when he was forced to raise it.

In order to give an additional security to this bill, a friend of his, a *real* one too, kindly lent him his signature without any interest or participation in the produce thereof, and was, of course, liable either to payment or arrest on its becoming due: a great deal was said by the money-lender about the inconvenience

of renewing the bill, much self-praise was assumed by him for lenity, complaisance and accommodation, all of which were not at all in the way of business; at length, however, the renewal was agreed upon for another three months, the second bill being drawn for two hundred pounds. In order to cover incidental expences, a *douceur* and a trifle in merchandize, the Major was again called upon for his signature, and warned, that if the young man did not punctually take up the bill, he would be looked to for the money, and neither himself nor the youth, for whose sole benefit the negociation took place, could expect one moment's further delay of the operation of the law. The besotted debtor protested that he would be punctual, and the fear of involving his friend did so far weigh with him, that he procured the money from his relations, not unaccompanied by severe lessons and admonitions to be more prudent for the time to come. The pecuniary relief did not arrive until the day before the bill was payable; and, as the young man retired to rest

by daylight, it was dusk before he was in a state to read even a letter.

With his heart brimfull of pleasure, and his pocket lined with cash, he made the best of his way to his accustomed haunts, informing his associates of his satisfaction. He did not call upon his best friend, for he hoped in the morning to greet him with the sight of the bill honoured, and to thank him for his kindness: the fumes of liquor were still potent, he dined, he drank, he was inveigled into a little *chicken* play; the result was that he lost his last pound, was liable to arrest, and had left the Major in a liability which could no longer be parried or put off: feverish sleep sunk him in the oblivion of a few hours, when remorse and despair seized upon their victim. The horrors of a prison had nothing in them equally agonising to the idea of having deceived and deeply injured a friend. His nerves were too weak to allow him to throw himself once more on the mercy of his relations, and he had no pecuniary resource in store. Would his gaming friends support him

and save him from sinking? They were probably at that moment laughing at his weakness.

Thus bereft of reason and religious resignation, he staggered to an outlet of Edinburgh, not a hundred miles from Duddingston, there, armed with a pistol and a destructive draught, he communed with guilty self as to the easiest mode of suicide, his uncertain hand grasped the pistol, but timid resolution refused the power of execution; the other trembling palm inclosed the fatal cup which he applied to his parched lips. Sinking beneath the weight of misery and transgression, he imbibed the deadly fluid, and with a ghastly, distorted countenance, sunk on his mother earth with each means of self-destruction in either hand. Thus was he found, deplored and recognised; death had no effect upon the usurer, his prey was the living, and he accordingly used all the rigour of the law to coerce a brave man to pay a debt which friendship alone had fixed upon him. The gamesters cried "poor fellow!" but one such poor fellow weekly to

feed and clothe them would have been a welcome sacrifice; such instances pass almost daily, unobserved in such a metropolis as Paris or London (to the former the preference is given in this way.) In Auld Reekie it was considered by all ranks as *awfu'!!!* That it may so be considered by youth in general is much to be desired: the only alleviation of a *national* sorrow was, that he was "no our ain kintryman;" that he was from the land of the oak instead of from the land of thistles. This could be none to a citizen of the world, to a philanthropist, and therefore none to

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

AN EXQUISITE IN EDINBURGH.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM my quiet habits, and a number of books which always travel with me, I was considered, in my lodging, as a man of some mind; mine hostess consulted me about her choice in a future husband, but her suitor saved her the trouble of electing him, by removing his *corpus* after six weeks' residence in her premises, only two of which he found it convenient to pay; his had been what is commonly and vulgarly called cup-board love, so he boarded and lodged with the good lady upon the strength of a matrimonial proposal for one month, and madam was too blinded by flattery to see through his scheme until he set

off to make some family arrangements in the south, and forgot to return. In the same lodging was an exquisite from London, who, conceiving that he was gifted with wit, taste, and judgment, used to show me his correspondence with a friend, of which the following is a specimen.

AN EXQUISITE IN EDINBURGH;

Showing, in two Letters, the happy Changes and Improvements in the Metropolis.

LETTER I.

FROM BERTIE BLANCBEC, ESQ.

TO

THE HONOURABLE HERVEY HATCHLANDS,
Long's Hotel, London.

Edinburgh.

DEAR HERVEY,

WHAT a bore that the continent should be thus shut to us, and that a man should be condemned to exile instead of travelling, and to having his excursions confined between Leith Harbour and Johnny Grot's house;

nay, worse, that a gay fellow should be forced to pass a winter in this cold capital, attending a parcel of stupid lectures by way of satisfying rich relations, and of completing his education; I am here quite like a fish out of water: how I envy you a lounge in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Pond Street, when I am tired of the two bridges and of resting at the confectioner's corner (Waddels) or of looking in at Pool's Coffee-house: the Edinburgh dandies are half dressed, half bred, and half dissipated; a student is a being avoided by every one, and I cannot persuade the people that I am not of that class, and that I am merely here in order to escape from home, and to be my own master.

I have been at an hotel, at a boarding-house, and in private lodgings all in one month. I left the first from its extravagance without comfort; the second because it was kept by two ancient maidens, the Misses Mac Faradiddles, who talked me out; one advantage was, that I did not understand one tenth of their discourse, but the noise of it drove

me mad, the subject generally was the respectability of their family; how many knights and judges, colonels and captains had belonged to it, and that but for the death of some of them, and the *misfortins* of others, they ought to be at their family estate, I was literally driven out of the house to avoid, "the tales of my landlady." Then Miss Chirstie (or rather Miss Crusty) used to say a grace before meat of half an hour long, so that the dinner was stone cold before we began it; and Miss Betsey used to set her cap at me, so decidedly that she tired my patience: a high-boned, hard-featured damsel of half a century, with an accent enough to frighten a nervous person into fits, and a foot more like a rood in extent: the party too made up of Yankees and Irishmen, suited me not; and Jackey the waiting woman with a broad freckled complexion and flaming locks, put me so in mind of the sign at some fire office, that I had the idea of being burned out always before my eyes; she too was rather *coming* than otherwise, which made my *going* away absolutely

necessary, so I left the Mac Faradiddle family, their emblazoned arms and family tree hung up together on the wall, and am now *solus* in a ready furnished lodging in Prince's Street, in a flat as it is called, and *flat* and insipid enough: Oh! for some fashionable mode of killing time, and for dear London once more, or *even* my father's fens, fox-hounds, and hum-drum life. I have taken tickets for all the lectures, merely to make the old boy believe that I am not losing my time, and at the same time giving an additional cause for an encreased allowance; but I assure you that I use these tickets of admission just as I should a ticket for a play or concert, merely to look in at the last act or scene, and to quiz and find fault with every thing and every body; I have, however, cut the anatomical class because it is offensive to delicacy, and neither musk, nor aromatic vinegar can render it supportable: the political economy annoys me from its stupidity; d—— n all economy, say I: Professor *Esperance* is a solemn coxcomb;

old. Nasal is a sleeping draught, and the botanical is not worthy notice.

"Non omnibus arbusta juvant,"

as we used to decline it in old Horace, and as I *decline* the course of lectures altogether; in a word, I do not know how to dispose of my mornings, and I am not well enough introduced to get into the native's houses in the evenings: apropos, I understand that there is an idea of making some of the professor's chairs hereditary, the wisdom then, will doubtless be in the wood; what a happy discovery: a man then may *address the chair* pretty confidently, and a *seat* in it will require no more abilities than a seat in parliament; *party* will be every thing, and the professor will have it all his own way. The youth of this country drink hard, this I avoid because it spoils the complexion, gives a shaking hand (by the way the Scotch are always shaking hands), and a *migranic* or sick head-ache; but gaming in an elegant way is unknown:—I have luckily found out two usurers here, and have dis-

covered that the *caddies* (so called I suppose from being *cadets de famille*) are the most useful bodies in the world; these animals (chairmen I mean) will do any thing for money, and carry your *corpus* or your letter any where or to any person; but I do not admire a *Venus Septentrionalis*, and the only use I can make of these hand-barrow men is to transport me to the play and to procure money for me: one of their confraternity is a regular X. Y.,—how droll! There is no Hyde Park here, Leith sands afford a good gallop, but, comparatively speaking, no company; my old Diomed is in high order and much admired, but I cannot find any one who will give a couple of hundred for the animal; the fellows here look at a guinea a dozen times before they will part with it. There is a coffee-house dangler about town who is a complete Trojan; his practice, however, is very limited,—he invited me to his room the other day, but I am *down as a nail*, I prefer his *room* to his *company*, yet I generously leave it all to himself: a pretty joke indeed for a

fellow to be frozen up here, and to be *Greeked* in the *polar* regions.

I have just expelled the female attendant at my lodgings for a want of cleanliness, and for deserving to be set down with the *legs* from a bare display of a pair of colossal pillars: mercy defend us, what *supporters!* and what *red arms!*—the creature is however quite *crest*-fallen since this indignity, and I am considered as extremely proud; my groom is therefore put on double duty, and I must beg you to send me a decent sort of fellow, one whom my clothes will not fit, as I do not wish them to suit myself and him at the same time: let him be a sort of a thing who never answers his master, one who can understand a nod, or a dumb sign; extremely well dressed and affected, and moderate in thieving. Before I I conclude, I must give you the outline of an evening's entertainment at the Miss Mac Faradiddle's; it was one of their birth-days, which they might as well forget at their time of life. We began the evening in *hot water*, (alias, tea) —proceeded next to cards; played ridiculously

low, so that after labouring for an hour, and always having seven *trumphs* (as mine hostess called them) in my hand, I pocketed some seven and sixpence of good and lawful money of the realm. I had the felicity to be introduced to a score of brothers and cousins of these *young* ladies, lawyers, doctors and officers in the service of the East India Company: the latter decent fellows enough, the former very hum-drum indeed; after a very plentiful supper we were left alone, (I mean the males) with an ocean of *plot/y** (hot wine) and whiskey punch before us; we drank like fish, and in consequence Major Mac Faradiddle called for a *rizard Haddie* (a broiled haddock), which tasted not very unlike a drum head salted and smoked, but which was considered as a high relish by the rest of the company. The fellows were certainly very kind to me, but you know my way, I hate these

* Well called from plotting against man's reason,—to me it appeared like the gunpowder plot, as it nearly blew the roof of my head off.

warm demonstrations; when we all got a little *in regard*, one of the rustics (a provincial lawyer) was called upon for a song, and *favoured* us with what follows, which I send to you to be framed and glazed as a curiosity, and which I think you may fairly bet a *rouleau* will not be understood by any of your acquaintance—

THE SONG.

There liv'd a lad in *oor* (*our*) *towne*,*
There liv'd a lad in oor toune,
And they ca'd him Akendrum
And he play'd upon an old razor,*
And he play'd on an auld razor,
Fiddle, fiddle, fum, fum, fum.

Now there liv'd a lad in ither toune,
And there liv'd a lad in the ither toune,
And his name was Wully Wud,
And he play'd upon an auld ladle,
A ladle, a ladle,
And he play'd upon an auld ladle,
Fiddle, fiddle, fud, fud, fud.

Loud bursts of applause followed this *Scot-*

* Thrice repeated.

tish Melody, and a neighbour of mine at table assured me there was *mare* in this song than met the ear—doubtless some happy political, or *ale*-gorical allusions; I cannot conclude without mentioning to you that Miss Betsey Mac Faradidle, by way of making an *impression* on me, showed me a gold family seal, the motto of which is—

"Touch not the *cat*."

How happily it suits the wearer! Adieu, my good fellow; pity me, I pray you, and believe me yours very truly,

BERTIE BLANCBEC.

P.S. Will you be so good as to give me an account of my stud and of my dogs; has countess pupped? and what is the breed like? (this might be asked respecting more than one countess) is the Miller's daughter as handsome as ever? and is my old uncle likely to turn the corner? let me have all the scandal of your neighbourhood, and once more, adieu.

A MASONIC LODGE.

" 'Tis this, and 'tis that,
And they can't tell you what;
Yet the very first lords in the nation
Will aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted mason."

MASONIC SONG.

" Nunc te Bacche canam."

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

A MASONIC LODGE.

ALTHOUGH the solemn obligations of a mason render it impossible for him to reveal the secrets or mysteries of masonry; yet there are qualities inseparable from the craft, which ought to be made public, and which it is lawful to reveal,—namely, the principles of masonry; its utility, tendency, and submission to the laws; its order, morality, and union: and there are two points of view under which it may be contemplated,—namely, as a secret, mysterious society, and as a convivial confraternity: for which reason I have given the head-lines above, as descriptive of what it is, so far as a brother is allowed to communicate

to readers unacquainted with masonic rites and institutions. The masonic song speaks for itself, and has been sung in and out of lodges: the quotation from Ovid's Metamorphoses will suffice to shew, that when the brethren rest from labour, friendly conviviality is the order of the day; it will also serve to prove that a *metamorphosis* takes place in a lodge, which has often been known to turn the heart of indifference into that of melting charity, and to make the proud man humble and benevolent.

I must add no more, but to assure the reader, that loyalty, order, and submission to the laws, are characteristics of a mason; and that there cannot be any transaction of a lodge, which interferes with church or state; and when it is known that all ranks, from the prince to the peasant, are admitted as brothers, no doubts or fears can reasonably be entertained on this head.

The fraternal obligations of masons are every where the same; but no where is the antiquity and popularity of the order so ma-

nifest as in Edinburgh. The number of lodges is very great, indeed, when compared to the extent and population of Auld Reekie; or, in language more polished, the great northern Queen * of Cities: the attendance of the lodges is also greater than in most cities; whilst Scotch masonry is allowed, all over the Continent, to be pre-eminent in rank and discipline. "*Etes vous du* RITE *Ecossais?*" is the first question which a foreign mason will put to a brother abroad,—in so high estimation is the order held in all those countries where the liberty of the subjects cultivates or tolerates free-masonry.

Being one of the brethren myself, I very often used to quit my hermitage, in order to attend lodge-meetings; and I had occasion to observe, that Scotch masonry was so interwoven with hospitality, (a national virtue in

* Since the language of fancy styles England "the great Water-Queen," the epithet of Northern Queen may be tolerated.

Scotland and in Ireland,) that the masonic meetings led to other friendly feasts; and that the principles of upholding and supporting a brother went beyond the limits of the lodge, and conduced to the aiding a fellow-creature in all his necessities and circumstances in life. Men clung together in the voyage of existence, the strong propping up the weak, and aiding them to stem the current of an adverse tide, and to find them a port of shelter in unprosperous gales.

Amongst the many lodges to which I was admitted, and, I might say, to which I belonged, there was one, of which a medical brother was the Master. Here, in a most eminent degree, were the feelings of philanthropy fostered and matured; and it has been pleasing to me to follow this benevolent character, through different stages of public and private, of masonic and professional life, for the space of twenty years, without marking the least change of character, without tracing the smallest deviation or verging from the

laws of humanity, or the principles of free-masonry. I can fairly say of him, in the language of the Latin poet,

"Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior æqui
Vir fuit."

Yet it will surprise all my readers, when I shall have the painful task of relating the brutality to which he was exposed, by the conduct of a being, who called himself *a brother* mason and a *man*. This will come in its proper place; for the present, I shall close this chapter by a very short outline of my friend and brother's character, and I shall introduce him to the reader's notice by the name of Doctor Benvoglio.

At an early period of life, the Doctor gave his mind to the studies of medicine and masonry; and he contrived to make the one promote the interests of the other, and each to serve the good of mankind. He was always at home to the suffering and the sick, to the indigent and encumbered, to a friend

in need, or a brother in difficulty: his purse and professional skill were at their command; his masonic influence and authority were made subservient to the purposes of charity and philanthropy. Long did he reign as a high favourite amongst the brethren in Scotland, and when transplanted to a larger field (England), he altered not his course; and although extensive practice, the cares of a family, and a more active life, withdrew him from a constant attendance at masonic lodges, he carried his brethren in his bosom, and never fails to assist them, in and out of his profession, to a great extent. Never did he, for a moment, neglect a patient whom he attended gratuitously for one who brought a fee in his hand. Never did he turn his back upon a brother in the hour of trouble, from self-interest, or worldly gain. His habits and quietude, his love for home and private life, are more English than Scotch; yet, when it is necessary, he will prove himself to be a patriot and a Caledonian.

I shall conclude his portrait by the features

of an affectionate husband, a tender father, and a kind friend; and as there will be occasion to mention him again, only add, that what I have advanced by this statement could be proven by the oath of

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JEMMY GIBLETS.

" Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit;
Incipiam." VIRGIL.

JEMMY GIBLETS.

A VERY wise and able man asserted that a great book was a great evil. As a *general* remark, this statement holds good. How many bulky volumes and voluminous works we have, either full of pernicious doctrines, immoralities, or other evil matter! How many more exhibiting the *plenum vacuum* of the mind: the same observation holds very generally good when applied to men, whether as to their stature or circumstances. A huge frame is particularly subject to be disproportioned, cumbrous, or useless; the former offends the eye only, the second is an inconvenience to himself and others; the last is offensive to so-

ciety; but when altitude is accompanied by pride, when strength engenders bullying and cruelty, when bulk gives confidence to a fool, when powerful and prosperous circumstances enable a man to do extensive harm to others, and finally, when weight falls upon the feeble and defenceless, the man resembles the monster and requires restraint, punishment, and abstraction from other men; he ought to be avoided like a beast of prey, and excluded from those circles where humanity, benevolence, sympathy, and man's other good feelings preside and direct the actions of society.

Nevertheless, truth compels me to draw the outline of such a biped, a thing tall to a defect, awkward to disgust, overbearing to a crime, republican to folly, ambitious beyond description, dull as the stagnant pool, and cowardly to contempt.

"A dog in forehead, but at heart a deer:"

one who would crush the dove, or annihilate a harmless insect; but who would not

meet a bold boy if weapons of defence were placed in his hands to chastise bloated arrogance, ever trusting to bulk and size: such a description of being is an animal chaos, answering to the delineation of Ovid. It is *oppressive* weight without consistency or stability, magnitude without proportion; in a word, a useless and frightful mass of matter.

"——— pondusiners, congestaque eodem
Non bene junctarum *discordia* semina rerum,"

and in another passage—

"Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus."

But we must quit the regions of fancy for those of sad reality; the fabulous for a plain tale.

It happened in the winter months, when the town is crowded with company, and when masonic meetings are frequent and numerous, that the philanthropic doctor (whose popularity and influence amongst the craft were daily increasing) took it into his head to min-

gle loyalty with fraternity; and as the first man of the nation is a mason and a prince at the same time, to testify a feeling of personal attachment of the grand masonic body towards him whom they looked up to as the head.

Now Jemmy Giblets was of another creed, the loyalty of which exceedeth not. This lengthy quantity of garbage or offals, although it belonged to the masonic body, was divided from it in sentiment, kingly and brotherly love existed not to him, he had not been paid for supporting government, and he was too much of the vitiated part of a lawyer to do aught from generous or disinterested motives. He threw his blockhead amongst the whigs, expecting that fortune's wheel might take a turn, and that with (what he called his friends, or rather his party,*) he might come in for something.

The short reign of what was denominated the talents, of which he was a follower, as the

* "He was so assiduous in applying to those in *brief* power, that Lord ——— in writing to one of the party, styled him "your importunate friend."

bum-bailiff is of the law, proved Jemmy's avidity, which indeed was a quality not quite foreign to the party: he wanted to *stamp* a more important character on himself; nor has the *impression* of fond hope yet left his weak mind. In opposing the views and wishes of the kind-hearted doctor, who then was the master of a lodge, he scorned to confine himself to argument; the eloquent and persuasive were unknown to him; he had heard of "knock me down arguments," of club law, and of that *argumentum ad hominem*, which deals not in judgment and rhetoric, in genius and conviction, but which proceeds directly *à la Billingsgate*, "*manibus et pedibus unguibus et rostro.*" Full of empty pride and vindictiveness, party prejudice and bad feeling, he proceeded to gross language, and accompanied it by a brutal assault. This was the first time that blood was ever drawn under the roof of a mason-lodge; the first time that the abode of brotherly love was defiled by an assassin-like act; the first instance of such disgraceful conduct taking place before men,

who are the organs of mutual support, and ought to act upon the square in every transaction of life where was fair dealing:—the man mountain against a (comparatively speaking) diminutive creature; the fist of the farrier against the person of the gentleman; the attack of the butcher and bullock-slaughterer against an unprepared and defenceless man. But mark the end, there is a balance which reduces all pugnacious characters to a level, the appeal to true courage, which equalizes strength with bravery, and brings down oppression to the trial of spirit. Jemmy's spirit was below proof; the feverish flush of vantage ground, the inflammatory distempered rage of liquor and licentiousness was lowered and watered down to baseness and pusillanimity. He was challenged but came not forth. No cry of "Bully come forth,"—

"Come forth thou fearful man,"

could bring him to *fightability*.

The name of coward raised not the little

manhood of the huge gigantic animal; he suffered himself to be posted, exposed, held up to public view in prose and verse: yet with a total oblivion of decency, still continued to carry his obdurate head as high as ever about the streets, and had the consolation of being on sufferance with his party.

The practice of duelling is at variance with religion; but when a man has none, this excuse avails him in nothing; moreover, when we see a clumsy devil running from a little man of spirit, it has all the appearance of the huge ox, flying before the boy who drives him; a dangerous animal intimidated and put to flight by a minor one, who has mind and determination. Ere we take leave of this character, it is necessary to give a short account of his origin and of his success, which will be an additional proof that dame fortune is blind. His papa was a haberdasher and a bankrupt, yet was enabled (it matters not to us to know how) to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, in spite of his failure; one of his sons set up in the thread and tape line, the linen vending

and stocking selling retail trade, (not a very manly one, although he too had something of the bully about him, and used to talk of boxing) whilst long Jemmy was brought *up* to the law; he very early in life avowed himself to be a *democrat*, proud and poor at the time: or, if otherwise, could papa's hands be clean? He had the good luck to sell an estate by parcelling it out, which proved a lucrative job to him; he then got other job work, and made a job of party. He was next heard of as a pugnacious animal, and next as a fighter in a mason lodge, a thing celebrated for its novelty; he was lastly seen in print, and in writing as a coward, and the Irish students looked up to him as a shame. A little lame fellow of the green sod, a medical student, of most sociable and tranquil habits, and who belonged to the doctor's lodge, swore by St. Patrick that if such a fellow offended him, he would place a ladder against him, and mount up upon it to pull his nose; and if, trusting to his size, he attempted his assassin-like tricks with him, he would treat him like a

mad bull, and stick a knife into his *jugular.*

The violence of this procedure may not admit of defence, but there was more point in it than in Jemmy's argument in the lodge, and the Hibernian had already a proof that this bruiser would not give gentlemanlike satisfaction to an injured party. Perhaps, however, long Jemmy may, after the indignity (of posting) offered him, enjoy his *otium cum indignitate* as peacefully as his late papa, for fortune has thrown another wind-fall in his way by inheritance. Gold may be hidden under a *midden,* or in the filthiest mass of earth: it may be concealed in a ruffian's pocket, or thrust into a dirty sack, still will the dung, the mire, the muck, the pocket and the sack remain the same; the coin may purchase any thing, but it can confer no merit or honour on what it is drawn forth from. The name of Jemmy *Giblets* is given to this man because he is already notorious for it in a spirited novel written by a *woman,* who has handled him pretty roughly.

She perhaps chose it as descriptive of his awkward, unconnected person and limbs, or as being parts belonging to a dissected goose: that he may be the only one of the kind, would be an advantage to posterity, and a matter of hope to

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EXQUISITE IN EDINBURGH.

AN EXQUISITE IN EDINBURGH.

LETTER II.

From Bertie Blancbec, Esq.

To Hervey Hatchlands, Esq.

At Long's Hotel.

It is Sunday, my dear Hervey, so that you are the less indebted to me for this letter; it is indeed (in Scotland) a *dies non.* I have just seen my landlady, who has informed me that a very fine young man was drowned this morning, which, she added, "served him right for bathing on the Sabbath day!" I asked her if she thought it would serve me right to cut my throat for being shaved on a Sunday; she replied with an angry countenance "I dinna ken, sir;" indeed she looks upon me as lost mutton, for singing

on the Sabbath, and I have got warning to quit, for a musical transgression, by playing on the flute; what puritanical hypocrisy! However, Hervey, these Gothic prejudices are confined to the middle class, and I have had much pleasure in being introduced, last week, to a certain half mad lord, who has entirely changed my opinion of Edinburgh; there is a set here of ultras, (as the *moderates* term them) who set public opinion very properly at defiance, and who carry on the war in very good style; Lady ——, is a female whip, a thing not common in this rustic capital; my lord laughs at the natives, although he belongs to the country himself; this patrician circle turns day into night, just as we do at home, and I have found out one gaming club, and a house called the finish, where the lady thereof is at home to her guests until four in the morning, nor do we ever think of breaking up until day light: here too one is not obliged to look all flurried with their d——d reels, whereby, (from ill judged complaisance) I once broke my stay-lace, and which make

a man's hair all out of order, and render the active performer not an *aspiring*, but a *perspiring* hero; what a d———d state to be in! For my part, I would not spoil my appearance by being put in a heat for the finest woman in Europe; at Lord ——'s, however, we dance nothing but waltzes and quadrilles, and a man may be as inactive as he pleases, by lounging up and down the room, and playing at *ecarté* when the dance becomes a bore to him. This house certainly is liberty hall, and will prove of great benefit to Edinburgh society. Luckily for me, I got acquainted with my lord, by purchasing a horse of him, and he has introduced me to a number of decent people, young men bred at Oxford and Cambridge, and girls who have seen Paris; some of the nobility also, who attend parliament, and only pass four mad months here; the *daft* days of the mechanic, or professional man, only last during the Christmas holidays, but the higher class is *daft* (mad) for sixteen weeks together, and then visit London about April or May, for variety's sake.

You see that these are people of good taste; but as for your high school-bred gentry, and your lecture attenders, (except like myself as a blind) I would not give a pinch of snuff for them; there is a plain, vulgarly honest, broad spoken vernacularly accented tone and deportment about them, that I detest, and it sticks to them through life;—by the bye, I met an ex-brewer, or distiller, and his wife, at the Peer's; I did not think that quite according to *Hoyle*, but I was told that these people had once figured away in great style, and gave great parties, and that the man had been an M. P., and was unfortunate: as for myself, I cannot bear your *has* been; but there are so many family connections here, such political relations, that a man must be on his guard for fear of insulting a peer's full cousin in an attorney's clerk, or a great man's blood relation, in the person of a tradesman. I can easily perceive that Edinburgh must be greatly improved; indeed, within these twenty years, for one carriage, (except a doctor's prescription cart, or an

apothecary's pill box.)* which you met then, you now meet with twenty, and the women are h——ishly improved (a strange expression!) I am informed that a very striking change took place when a certain marquis was commander of the forces here,—he introduced two or three dashing aide-de-camps from the 10th Hussars, two titled men, the witty Tom Brass, and a fighting man of great celebrity; the women were all in love with the staff, and this knot of good fellows stuck together

"Like the bundle of sticks in the fable O!

Before this, the troops were commanded by Lord Eve Straight-lace, an old man, not very unlike an old woman, under whom prim-propriety was the order of the day;—the marquis was a very moral man too, but then, the merry staff kept up the balance of *fashion's* power:—a propos—I have found out some

* Disparaging epithets for the equipages of medical, chemical, and galenical gentlemen.

good fellows in the dragoons at John's lodge, vulgarly called Jock's, or Jack's lodge,—a pretty name indeed for barracks!—a seasoning of these worthies is like a *sauce piquante* to society; I have half a mind to persuade the old folks to let me go into the dragoons; but after all, being nothing is best, a fellow is so independent.

It is a great pity that a certain lady Charlotte no longer shines in this metropolis; she used to do a great deal of good by drilling the people into good hours, and good customs, by banishing barbarous early hours, Sunday faces, and illiberality in every form; poor lady C.! she is now as fat as the Hottentot Venus, so that it is wise for her to retire from fashion's circle. If I had an absolute authority over the fashionable world, women should never be seen after thirty years of age, and then only, provided that they retained their good looks; large families should be abolished, and children should never be introduced into company; marriages should be dissolved after a seven years' apprenticeship;

money should be lent at one per cent., and all Jews should be hung. There Hervey! there are laws for you,—Solon and Licurgus would be nothing to me.

One thing I must mention whilst on the subject of large families; there are a great many here which I consider as a nuisance, it however answers my purpose, for there are so many young ladies to marry, that I shall have a number of invitation cards, now that I am once introduced by a right honourable master of the ceremonies; as for marrying any of them, that is another affair, catch me at that, and hang me if you like. I have my own fortune to spend first, a world of debt to incur, and then an heiress, or a dowager for an honourable retreat. I certainly begin to be taken notice of, but I anticipate speedy disgust; I shall soon get tired of all this, but must take special care not to let the natives know it: these people are very *touchy—vide* their national motto. There is another circle here which I shall never get into, a literary one:—now people talk of the

republic of letters, and that is precisely what I abhor; a man may meet a poet, an author, a bookseller, and a peer, all in the same ring, not forgetting a critic and a parasite; this is too great a *melange* for me, who hate all republics, and men of letters, except the post-man, when he brings me my *rents*, or rather what I can extract quarterly from the parental coffers. Talking of men of letters, there is a dry fellow in this house, a hermit-like being, who gets into corners to make his observations on mankind; I have astonished his weak mind more than once by my rattling way, and I shall shew him this letter, as he seems to take me for a character; in this he is devilishly mistaken, I have very little at present, and in a few years the odds are, that none will be left.

I have had the good fortune to sprain my foot; I say good fortune, because the surgeon's bill will be a fair pretence for another draft on home, and although I flung old Ollapod's sleeping draught out of the window, the *draft* now before me will have a

fine composing effect on my spirits. What do you think? the apothecary has asked me to dinner,—I suppose he too has a large family: poor man, I would not be seen at a bull-bait with such a *quiz—bein obligé*—unfortunately engaged—so now adieu. I think that I shall slip off to Doncaster per mail, to get a day's hunting, and thence per *post*, to the little village, to get some money on *post obit*; my return will be uncertain, but you shall have due notice of the motions of

Yours truly,

B. B.

Very much obliged to the exquisite for his good opinion, and for the perusal of his letter; I retained it in memory nearly word for word, and have not considered it as unworthy of a place in this volume, since it will shew the kind acquaintances of such descriptions of beings, what persons they have to deal with, and may put fathers and mothers who have large families, on their guard as to the strangers whom they may admit under their roofs. The very unnatural feelings of young

Blancbec, with regard to age and infancy, education and matrimony, would have been considered as the language of insanity, had not *pretty* much the same ideas been sported by a cornet of *heavy* horse, with the addition that he so much disliked old women, that he wished every one of fifty was shot! "Monstrous!" quoth then, and repeats now,

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE REMAINS OF FRENCH MANNERS

"Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula si volet usus."

HORAT.

THE REMAINS OF FRENCH MANNERS.

THE fastidious fop who may carry his acquired *ennui* about him through the streets of Edinburgh, might, in time, do so any where; the fatigue of pleasure creates a kind of *tædium vitæ*, only known to irrational, and (in some degree) immoral people. A man thrust into the maturity of pleasurable enjoyment in boyish days, becomes satiated with vanity and luxury at the age of manhood, and is an antiquated being in constitution, a mere wreck, a modern ruin in the summer of his life: London and Paris *even* may pall upon his appetite, and Edinburgh will seem like a village to him; a long walk to Arthur's Seat

to inspect its botanical productions, may suit a ruddy young chemist, but would affect his lungs; a dreary stroll to St. Bernard's Well would put him in the vapours; a ride to the sands of Leith or Porto Bello, would have nothing of attraction in it; and as to the buzz of the streets, so well calculated to abstract a being from self, and to drown care and thought, there is scarcely the semblance of such a thing in the Scotch metropolis. Street lounging too is so confined, that a man's person, habits, and dress are known in a fortnight; it is scarcely worse in the smallest market town in England. For these reasons, your people of *supreme bon ton*, assert that the Caledonian capital is a century behind London, but many of the charges of uncivilization laid at the door of old Edina, may be equally and more strongly applied to the gay, the polished, the *soi disant* incomparable Paris; her narrow streets (few of which exist in Edinburgh); her "cloud capped" dwelling-houses; her flats, or chambers, where so many families are packed together under the

same roof, like pairs in the ark: her steep and dirty staircases; and above all, the *old* town *Frenchification* of dirty walls and street indecencies common to the two capitals; in these particulars, as well as in her rope harness and caricature postillions, Paris and France in general, has been at a *stand still* for the last half century, whilst Edinburgh is looking up in *this way* yearly; and, since the admirable lesson given by the Cottage of Glenburnie, and the just personification of Mrs. M'Clarty, the citizens of Auld Reekie are out-growing their unrefined tricks, and deserting their closes, wynds, and cock-loftical chambers, to lodge neatly and like Englishmen in the new town, with this additional advantage, that the new town excels many of the most polished towns in Europe in situation, cleanliness, architecture, and wholesomeness. "Fair play is a jewel," as Pat says, and it is but fair play to state that the remains of French manners are amongst the greatest antiquities of Edinburgh, and are accounted in the number of those which are

regarded as the most inelegant articles of the rust of time, which still adheres to the ancient Scotch; the low *booing* (bowing), the saluting of grey-headed, china cupboard figures in the shape of grandmammas and superannuated aunts on each side of the churches; the terms *asshet*, (so pronounced) for a plate, *assiette*, *servetle*, or *serviette* for a napkin; the *cadets*, who are the *commissionairs* of Paris; the high stories, the general use of bad broth daily amongst the middle classes, instead of soup *strong* of the *water* as in France; the *would*-be remains of the ceremonies, with many other peculiarities and observances, mark the great intercourse betwixt the two nations but instead of being admired in Scotland, are growing daily obsolete.

Amongst these declining customs are the *foy* and the *drage*, evidently derived from the word faith, which is *foy* in ancient, and *foi* in modern French, and *trajet* or passage, see the French song.

"Tiens voila ma pipe,
Prens mon briquet,

Et si la tulipe,
Fait le noire *trajet*," &c.

The foy is an entertainment given on some memorable occasion; a coming of age, promotion, or the like, but most particularly, and (probably) originally, on the eve of a journey or voyage, when the departing friend pledges his *faith* to his favourite companions, to his most intimate associates, and to those nearest and dearest to him; it is a proof of faith, truth, and constancy; a pledge to be redeemed by future adherence, or a sort of promised hope of return, or meeting again, a token of the intercourse of kindnesses at an after period, a day to look back to, a moment of affection; sometimes too it is the form of dues paid on such an event, and a footing gained, like *wetting* a commission; the *draje* is not so unexceptionable and will grow out of use with less regret; it is even now more confined to the highlands, islands, and remote parts, than to cities, towns, and highly cultivated lowlands. "*Drinking the drage*," as

it is termed, signifies the dedicating the cup to the memory of the deceased, the mourners solemnly pledging each other in a votive glass, purporting their wishes for the future bliss of him or her to whom time and earthly ties are no more; the refreshments given to those who attend a funeral are the remains of this antique ceremony; but in the highlands and islands, this practice is extended to a banquet, where eulogies are poured out with the sparkling liquor; tender tears and intoxicating libations mingle in the same bowl; hymns or songs accompany the gloomy feast; nay, feuds and contests are sometimes revived on these intended solemn occasions.

In green Erin, the wakes and burials are marked by bell, book and candle; by sighs, moans and intoxication: the lament, there, proceeds with the corpse, called the Irish howl, or cry, the purpose of which is to express deep regret for the departed, and to commemorate his or her good qualities whilst living, the mourners not very unfrequently separating

" With their hearts soft with whiskey,
And heads soft with blows."

This is evidently an observance of the same species and complexion as the *draje;* the mountaineers add to this ceremony the lament played on the bag-pipe, and the firing of pistols over the grave of the dead, provided his rank be such as to entitle him to such a mark of respect; a chieftain receives great funeral honours, whilst in the lowlands, although burials are performed without the solemn rites of the episcopal church, yet the mourners take off their hats with great solemnity at the grave when the coffin is lowered into it. This form is impressive, for although the object to whom this respect is paid, is unconscious thereof, yet it is an act of grave morality, and is a tacit lesson to the living: the tomb must always inspire awe except to the frivolous and profligate. If we look back to far remoter times, these last tributes were paid (amongst the Greeks, the Romans, and the Celti) at very great length, and with

immense formalities, even games accompanied these sepulchral rites, and the imposing ceremonies of military interment are decidedly derived from the former. We could give endless quotations to this effect from the Greek and Latin to prove this.

So much for external matters, which are fast fading away to give place to more modern customs, and, perhaps, which may (in a lapse of years) either revert to similar circumstances, or be changed into continental novelties, daily increasing in England, but which will be received in Old Albin more slowly and discussed *cùm grano salis* ere they suit every palate and opinion. To prove, however, the more tenacious adhesion of the Scotch to French manners and old fashions, I can assert that for one cocked hat which appeared in the streets of London within the last forty years, a dozen passed *current* in Auld Reekie, (the population being compared with that of the mighty metropolis); nay, it was but the other day when the benevolent Physician H. and the long Surgeon W. were

so wedded to their *auld faren'd* beaver, that nothing could induce them to change it: then again the formality of the *baillies*, and the *dittoes* to which the High Street bookseller stuck whilst life stuck to him; the *strange appearance* of *Strange* the dancing-master, one of the Edinburgh old school, some formal lords and ancient maidens as stiff, erect, and unapproachable as the national thistle: hardy plants, on which the winter of many years had so little effect! These remnants may probably owe their existence, not only to the intercourse of many, many years with France, but more peculiarly to the reign of the lovely unfortunate Queen Mary, and to the migration of the faithful followers of the House of Stuart, who resided so long a time at St. Germain-en-Laye, and near the French court, and who, on the return of peaceful times, imported French fashions in dress and manners, and transmitted them to their successors; be that as it may, they are easily discovered by an observing eye, and are not without interest to

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH

ACADEMICAL ERRORS;

OR, THE

BAD HABITS OF CLASSICAL MEN.

" Now we're free from college rules,
And systems out of season."

COLLEGE SONG.

ACADEMICAL ERRORS;

OR, THE

BAD HABITS OF CLASSICAL MEN.

When a man leaves college, as when a youth quits home, he should divest himself of local prejudices and habits as much as possible, and endeavour to become a citizen of the world; neither assuming any superiority which education may have bestowed on him, nor betraying the ignorance, which being unacquainted with life and mankind might put forth. A stranger is always at a loss in his onset in the world: to live and learn should be his prime objects ever kept in view, whereas a self-sufficiency and stubborn adherence to first impressions and nationalities, will close the door on improve-

ment; even the gay and graceful military man is unfit for refined society if he carries about with him always the *ton de garnison*, and thinks himself at parade, or at a mess-table; nor is one man much less ridiculous than another, whose behaviour, tone, and accent are very far from those of the circle in which he has to move: John Bull in Paris is on a par with *Mounseer* in London; but these are not the objects of present animadversion: the errors of the academical and classical man are now before us; the love for quotations, the too frequent introduction of Homer, Sophocles, Anacreon, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Persius, Terence, Juvenal, and other good company into private circles, is what is complained of, although it is not less ill-bred and affected than our more modern and more general interpolations of French and Italian in modest conversation; and these sins against good breeding become the heavier and more grievous, where Greek and Latin are exhibited before ladies, and French and Italian sported before decent

humble persons not conversant in either language.

From the dead languages the scholar can derive little or no advantage in mixed company, for when he meets with a classic or two, with whom he can converse apart, he runs no small risk of being laughed at for an accent and pronunciation which may appear barbarous to the brother scholar of a neighbouring country. The Wickhamist and Etonian turn Sandy into ridicule for his pronuncing *causas*, *cawsass;* the word *laus* (praise) *louse*, (how could such a thing have come in *his head?* say these); the verbs fero, fers, fert, *faro*, *farce*, and we can go no further—the end of which, however, is *tooly lawtum*, &c. for tuli latum; then again the "nil consciere sibi, nil *conschiere* sibi," which would horrify a Frenchman, at the same time the *mihi* of the Englishman, accented like *my eye*, is as far from the conception of a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, and all the other continental people, as *louse* is from the ideas of propriety of the

Oxonians and Cantabridgeans;—for these and many other reasons, your quoting gentlemen are great nuisances in society, and are less tolerable because many of these are very shallow scholars: mere dippers and gleaners, skimmers and borrowers, fellows who have only had a lunch of learning, *spooneys* who have scarcely tasted a *dejeuner à la fourchette* of Greek and Latin authors; or who, perhaps, owe all their *small* change of classic lore to a dictionary of quotations, or to school exercises. Having now condemned this patch-work conversation of mixed materials, these tacked together phrases, consisting of the staple commodity and foreign manufacturing, this home-spun and far-fetched mixture, a few examples may furnish a better idea of the thing than all discussion on the subject.

"How are you to-day?" said a plain country gentleman to a young Academicus Horner, Esq. "Pretty well," replied the latter. "'*Nisi ut cum pituita molesta est.*' A little troubled with the bile, Mr. Green-

field, but otherwise not so much amiss, always gay, of high spirits, free from care and

'——— Cortice levior,

as our old friend Horace says." "Yes, I know that you are free from care, but I hope that you was not much troubled about that bill, and that the holder allowed you to renew it." "That's a sore subject Greenfield, I did renew it, and I may say to you '*jubes renovare dolorem.*'" "Well, but how have you passed your time since you came to town?" "Oh! the gayest in the world; but allow me to send off this *billet doux* to a charmer in Paris, with whom I got acquainted during the vacation; there, let me seal it, and say to it in the language of Ovid, as it goes to the dear city,

'Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo?'

The country gentleman was *non plused.* "I I have had a strange morning of it," resumed the scholiast; "first I was tormented

by a dun, a tailor, whom I kicked down stairs, indignantly exclaiming to the pleb.

'Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;"

so he removed his *corpus*, and was succeeded by that d——d Crispinus, the boot maker, who also exhibited his bill: I swore that I did not owe him half the money, I did not believe a word of his long account; so, showing the door, I said to myself, '*quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*,'—a pretty fellow indeed to insist upon seeing me, and intruding his unwelcome company on my presence; he takes these liberties no more with me, for *Cerberus*, my father's porter, is to consign him to the outside of the door, '*ne sutor ultra crepidam*.' I had next a visit from a delightful female, to whom I asked—

'Cui flamam religas comam simplex munditiis?'

I was aware that she did not understand Latin; but *n'importe*, she brought me a letter from Mary Tiffany, my old flame at Oxford,

who is coming up in the *mail* to see me; hem, to be sure it is not '*Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella*;' but it wont do, I have been taken in this way once before, and as the proverb goes, '*Ictus piscator sapit.*' O! d—n me I have too much *res* to be had that way; but *paucis tibi*, upon another subject; the old gentleman, *id est*, dad, my father '*vous m'entendez bein*,' begins to wax old, he grows weak and peevish, or as my favourite author describes it

'Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti,
Se puero."

He don't like to feel that he is going off the stage, and yet every thing clearly evinces to him whilst he wants to play the young man, that

'Obrepit non intellecta senectus.'

So, you see I want to raise a little cash, and you can serve me by procuring it; but you must keep my secret '*alta mente repostum.*' And so, dear friend, farewell; not a word of

my Galatea, nor of the loan, nor of a certain Senex; but see what you can do for me in this *res angusta*, and so '*iterum, iterumque vale.*'" These classical assumptions, these shreds and patches of school and college materials, this affected (to many) unintelligible jargon, will be sufficient to disgust any reader at this common, although offensive practice; but, without going into so lengthy a detail of the intruders of Latin and Greek whole lines into English conversation, the town is overrun by elderly men not less boyish, or affected in this particular: men, who with grey beards and bald foreheads, can scarcely speak five minutes together without calling into their assistance a number of Greek and Latin words in ordinary conversation, such as "if so and so goes on *pari passu*," or "we may judge of the propriety of doing so *consideratis, considerandis*," "if he were judged *in foro conscientiæ*," reasoning "*a priori*," "on a *prima facie* view of the subject," a person sporting *pseudo* jewels, "the *auld* man is quite *abagendi*," "ay, ay, very

true, 'tis *similes cum similibus*," "he has a *panacea* for every disease," with a thousand other quackeries in this way, which, instead of showing the scholar and the gentleman, the person of taste and refinement, only betray vulgar habit and hacknied familiar phrases, which many get by heart, or pick up like a parrot from custom or the frequenting of pedantic society. This springs from conceit and a desire to appear more learned than the transgressor (in this kind) really is, from a hope to be thought superior in acquirements to those amongst whom such persons move: these sins are not so frequently committed by deep read men as by those who have only tasted a liberal education, and for this reason, we seldomer hear quotations from Homer, Sophocles, &c. than from Ovid, Virgil, and the school exercises; indeed a few Latin proverbs, or expressions, and the quoting dictionary, are the great resources of such men, who are held very cheap by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

"Invenies aliquem qui me suspiret ademptum,
Carnima nec siccis perlegat ista genis."

OVID.

THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

THE lines we have taken for our motto, were penned by the bard whose creative fancy flowed in such melodious numbers, and they were written under exile. The same lament might be engraven on the tomb of Robert Burns—an honour and a reproach, at the same time, to his country, since he partook of the fate of the sublime Homer and the witty Butler,—of the talent-gifted, unfortunate Savage, and of the ingenious Cervantes. Those who had slighted him in his life time, did honour to his memory: those who might have afforded him *bread*, bestowed on him *a stone*.

The hands which reared the pillar were never extended in friendship and benevolence towards him: the eyes which poured out the (probably deceitful) tear, never smiled in patronage on his humble birth and high abilities, which sprung up to great magnitude in spite of the nipping frost of adversity.

Dibdin, in one of his matchless patriotic sea-songs, after enumerating the many noble qualities of the heart, the bravery, the generosity and tenderness of "Tom Tackle," and after observing that,

> "If honour bought titles,
> Tom might be a lord,"

grieves to say, that

> "Tom had a failing,
> If ever man had,
> Which, good as he was,
> Made him all that was bad:—"

we need scarcely add what it was, as our reader, doubtless, has heard the song; but

lest he should not, we give the last line of the verse:—

"Tom Tackle was poor!"

Poverty was also the mortal sin of this Scottish bard; to which he added one of a nature still less easily forgiven, particularly when superadded to the former,—he had a bold, manly spirit, which recoiled at all mean flattery, low submission, and which knew nothing about non-resistance of pride and oppression. He had also, in the small catalogue of his vices, two other defects: he wanted worldly prudence to pinch and narrow his concerns under privations,—to withhold his little from a companion or friend; and he lacked national discretion, so as to hold his tongue, and to abstain from satirizing and stigmatizing prosperous corruption and arrogant folly. Thus he shut many a door upon himself,—was self-banished from the gilded and painted chambers of the proud and great, prejudged as a democrat (although he wrote many a loyal verse), and destined to neglect

whilst living, and to applause when dead. The tales which were told against him,—the temper of the times in which he lived, when party run high, and a demon-like revolutionary spirit was stalking abroad,—a little time-serving, which *aye* mingled in certain circles, all combined against him, and contributed to shorten his brief career.

The place which he occupied under government was a paltry one: it was every way unfit for the high spirit of Burns, and had better suited some retired *flunky* (footman) or invalided sycophant. The lower departments of the customs and excise, together with all employments where seizures are made of persons and properties, and where informations and *espionage* are required, are incompatible with the feelings of free-born men, and, however great the emolument, savour strongly of John Doe and Richard Roe,—of pounding, distraining, and thief-taking, and must be irreconcileable to the feelings of him who wrote these imperishable lines of

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"

Had Robert Burns imitated the polished flattery of Horace to his patron, Mæcenas, by addressing him

"——— attavis edite regibus,"

and allowing himself, in another place, to be

"De te *pendentis* te *respicientis* amici;"

or, like Virgil, had he *deified* a prince,

"*Deus* nobis hæc otia fecit,"

he might have won a protector for himself, and have enjoyed worldly wealth and prosperity; had he even descended to the minutiæ of some duke's or lord's ancestry, and set heraldry and family history to verse, his might have been *rich* numbers, and his talents might have turned *to talents of gold;* but he was a stranger to this blending of worldly and interested *reason* with his *rhyme*, and when his genius took her flight, she soared above all the little contemptible objects below her. Not

very dissimilar has been the lot of another northern poet, the harmony of whose verses is of no common stamp, and the correct finishing of which marks a masterly hand. But as the tomb of Burns is the present melancholy object of contemplation, we shall pass by the other object of worth, hoping that *present* high encouragement may reward him, and not destine him to *post obit* honours, and unavailing praises and regrets.*

The monument of Burns is a pillar of national (we had almost said of retributive) justice. It evinces a sense of propriety, and of

It is not the writer's intention to shew that this living author's talents are either unfelt, unadmired, or wholly unrewarded. The many rank him high on the pinnacle of Parnassus; the tasteful *few* delight in his poesy. His labours afford him an honourable existence, fraught with privations, which his social virtues demand in sacrifice to feelings of philanthropy and tender ties of nature; but from such an existence to a title and a fortune, the distance is immeasurable, yet an address, or a lucky novel, might obtain both.

that gratitude which the living owe to the deceased: his name will be justly inscribed on the roll of national authors, and his writings will be quoted with national *honest* pride, (for pride has many garbs, and is oftener guilty than praiseworthy:) it must also prove a tender though sad consolation to his widow, and his offspring, who has not trodden life's path (as far as mental abilities go) *pari passu* with the departed: and he may rejoice and feel elevated at this inheritance, since it is a lasting, although mute chronicle of his father's fame, and one which gives value to a name; which else, might remain obscure and unnoticed until the conclusion of time. Nay, why should it be called a *mute* chronicle?*

To illustrate this, we give the following extract from Shee's beautiful production, "*The Elements of Art*:"—

These lines are descriptive of the statue of Apollo:—

"Majestic rising from its ample base,
"The polish'd neck uniting strength and grace,

The marble and stone, the canvas and ivory, the graven metal and the printed page, all speak: they glow with the flame of heaven-given genius—breathe the feelings and sentiments of the soul—proclaim the perfection of the mind, the heart, the hand, the discerning and penetrating eye, the graceful light touch and fancy of the children of immortal science. The pensive author and the fabling poet will here have an opportunity of sojourning near this merited and well won monument, with the hopes of receiving inspiration (not from its external properties) but from the associations of thought, which so frequently present themselves to those minds in which the vein of genius is rich and productive: to quick conceptions, such as embody lofty and noble thoughts; to warm imaginations gifted with

" Bears the bright head aloft and seems to shine,
" The column of a capital divine!
" In each light limb elastic vigour proves,
" A power immortal, and in marble moves.
" A form divine, to heaven's proportions just!
" In grandeur graceful, as in grace august," &c.

sympathy and sensibility; and to such frames as are most impregnated with the celestial spark.

The few friends and surviving acquaintances of Burns will frequently resort to this spot, and recollect the humourous companion and kind-hearted creature, who partook with them of

> "The fancy-stirring bowl."

They will call to mind his admirable song of

> "Willie brew'd a peck of malt,
> And *Rob* and Allan came to prie;"

nor rehearse, without a sigh,

> "It is the moon, I ken her horn," &c.

The "mountain daisy" will appear to their view; nor will the "mouse" falling a victim to the ploughshare be an object beneath their remembrance, since the sentiment attached to this humble incident and lowly animal is fraught with the most exquisite sensations of

a sensitive mind, and linked with a moral as simple as sublime, forming a miniature picture, yet striking resemblance of the poet's style.

Poor Robby! I knew thee well—but my pen cannot do justice to thy memory. Straying, however, sometimes near this hallowed spot, I shall invoke great Shakspeare to my aid, and exclaim, in his language—

> "Accept this latest favour at my hands,
> That, living, honour'd thee, and, being dead,
> With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!"

This is a tribute justly due to thy memory, and is the only one which can now be paid thee by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES ARISING FROM PROFESSIONAL HARD WORDS.

——— risum teneatis amici ?"—HORAT.

THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES ARISING FROM PROFESSIONAL HARD WORDS.

THE female servant of my lodgings was indisposed, her mistress was fond of medicine —she had a connection (a remoter link of relationship in Scotland) who was a young practitioner in the healing heart, just off the anvil in this way, and he was glad to try his skill on poor *Bawby* (Barbara;) he was sent for accordingly, and I overheard the following dialogue.

"Hem! well, Barbara, do you want me?" (Bawby.) "He, he, he; I dinna ken."

"What do you complain of?" "I dinna complain muckle, but I am no weel." "Let me feel your pulse:—ha! (a stop-watch in the other hand) full and irregular: what are the symptomata of your disorder?" "Wha's he, Sir?" "Have you *tremors*, *rigors*,—a *tension* of the digestive organ, tumefaction of the abdominal parts—" here Bawby stopped him—"Dear Sir, you just mak' a *fuil* o' me; I never *acked* an abominable part in my life, nor meddled with the organ." (There was one in the parlour.) The doctor—"Poor rustic, are you troubled with *dyspepsia*, *eructations*, *flatulency*, *nausea*, or bile?" "Oh yes, Sir, the boil; but I ken naething o' the other things." "Very well,—yes,—and (looking steadfastly at her) you have an aridity of the cutis, are subject to insomnia, you feel a degree of *lassitude*." "What, na lassie, Sir!" "A kind of *prostration*, depression of spirits." "No, Sir, I never tak's spirits." "Were you ever subject to hysteria?" "History, Sir? what na history." "Let me see your tongue—(shakes his head) *venesection* will be

necessary." "Dissection ! ! ! but I'll no be dissecked; what, made an otomy o'?" "Silly girl! bleeding is what I mean. I see that there is a degree of *pluria* in this case; you are of a *plethoric* habit, of a high, sanguine temperament—you must be reduced—(interrupting him)—"What for, doctor? what ha' I done?" "*Cathartics* must be administered—great tranquillity will be necessary—a cessation from *corporeal* labour." "The corporal, Sir; no I assure you ye mistak' my case, I'm none of your ——." "Stop, Barbara, your ignorance of technical terms betrays you into an irascible state, which may augment your distemper. I felicitate you that the *prognosis* and *diagnosis* of your malady are such as to obliterate from my mind all dubiety as to your case—you have no irregularity—" "None at all Sir," interpolated Barbara. "No vitiated action of the *viscera*, no *pulmonic* affection." "I never had *onny* affection but for *puir* Jemmy Saunders *wha* was *droonet*" (drowned.) "There is," continued

the learned man, "no mental depression, no *fibrous* relaxation, no *vitiated* action of the liver or biliary duct, no internal obstructions." "Eh feekins doctor, I scorn your words: in*fernal* destruction, no indeed." "Be calm thou barbarous Barbara, else may your disease increase to a fearful extent: a determination of blood to the head, *serous* rupture." "Yes, Sir, serious enough to be taken for a mad woman, and a cast away."—(The doctor in continuation) "*extravasated* blood on the brain. By the way, are you subject to somnolency, lethargy, involuntary sighings, heaviness?" "As for indolence, Sir, I ken it by name; mistress sometimes accuses me o't, but I am a stranger to the other folk." "Had you ever incubus—or what is vulgarly called the night-mare?" "Kinckibus, I ken naught about; and I never rode the knight's mare in a' my days." "Stultification! perhaps a hydro-cephalic disease, an incipient—" "What, Sir?" "Let me ponder." "Pound her, what for?—is't in the mortar ye mean?" "No,

child: upon deep cogitation, I am convinced that obstructed perspiration, *febrous* affection, *repletion*, and a tendency to inflammation are all the complaints under which you suffer: we must set the *prima via* to rights, reduce, lower, dilute: we must administer first alteratives, and then sedatives; and, in a short time you will be a *convalescent*." "Hey, hey, Sir," exclaimed Bawby in a rage, and flew out of the room like an arrow from a bow. Her grave mistress now came in and asked how that *puir*, illiterate, *uncultivate vretch* was. "Is she dangerously ill?" "Not absolutely so," replied the doctor, "but she requires care and attention, *regimen*." "What regiment?" said the prim mistress in a fright. "Diet, *refrigerents*, quietude, a cessation of her manual occupations, repose, gentle *aperients*, and something to *dilate* and *lubricate* the lungs; *sudorifics* to create a determination—" here the good lady's patience left her—(the doctor's *patient* had flown off long before)—"I dare say," concluded she hastily, "I

dare say, doctor, you'll follow your own determination, and you *buid* to do wi' the lassie what ye will."

The doctor prescribed, but Bawby threw the medicine out of the window: she refused to be bled, and a blister was sent as a substitute: this travelled the same way: *air* and *exercise* being considered as essential points, Bawby misunderstood the doctor, and the doctor mistook Bawby's case for the want of plain questions and simple directions. All went off in the natural way, and the doctor went off daily with the *palm* of merit, namely, the metallic matter dropped into the palm of his hand.

Had Bawby's been a more dangerous indisposition, the mistake might have been fatal: a misunderstanding on such occasions would have been a tremendous affair. With all due submission to the learned profession, it appears possible to divest it of much of its solemnity and pomposity; and that something might be done to familiarize it with humble capacities,

and to simplify its language and operations; but outward forms and hard words astonish and interest weak minds, just as the mysterious and romantic claim attention and applause from inexperience,—a higher price also attaches to each; is this the reason for their use? the answer is left to who pleases by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

RETURNED TO THE COUNTRY FROM EDINBURGH.

" Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!"

" Is that the gallant, gay Lothario?
Ah, how changed!"

RETURNED TO THE COUNTRY FROM EDINBURGH.

WHEN the winter-season is closed in our metropolis, the votaries of pleasure are not very unlike an army at the close of a campaign: some are more successful than others; some come out of the contest (for life is a skirmish to many, and one constant scene of emulations, rivalries, and strivings to out-do) in high feather and unhurt; whilst others limp off, disappear, and retire, without beat of drum, to their country-quarters, and distant homes, some having their purses and baggage lightened—some, of whom it may be said

> "The hale o' his pack
> He has got on his back;"

some stripped of every thing, and wholly defeated; some retreat in good order; some by forced marches; others retire upon the Abbey, and take up a position until the length of a law-plea, to resist payment of debt incurred by the winter's engagements, may tire out their enemies: nor can this be wondered at, since some come from curiosity, some on speculation, some to get married, and others on law business: some from idleness, and numbers from pride:—now the curious must pay for peeping; the speculator's and the gamester's fate are the same; marriage is very uncertain, and law ten times more so; idleness is the root of all evil, and pride must have a fall.

Besides, those who come from the remote parts of Scotland to its capital, have not the resource of the adventurer in London: he may be lost in the crowd for years; but in the olden times, David Williamson, and Archy Campbell, and little Grant would nose them out in four-and-twenty hours; and their successors keep up the same scent, and are as high-bred hounds as themselves. And, lastly,

you see less of retiring to watering places from Auld Reekie than in England, the thing does not pay; nay, even the Continent, which is now open, requires a long run.

But I am particularly speaking of the days of yore—of the two wars. The town being much thinned, its winter-inhabitants take sea-bathing quarters in its environs, and often confine themselves at home, pretending to make a summer trip, but shut their doors against visitors, and put their establishment upon half allowance, avoiding the public walks and places, where it would be vulgar to be seen, and repairing, by rigid economy, the ravages of fashion, and pouring forth their regrets in secret. Puir Bell has not yet got a husband, although she dressed *at* a border youth with all her skill; Annie let the rich English visitor slip through her fingers; sister Maggie was greatly disappointed in the Highland laird, having found out that his property was deeply dipped; and it has been diamond cut diamond betwixt bonny Jessy and the Irish adventurer: she has *gotten* a

husband, but they are mutually deceived; Lady M'Tabbycat's card parties have not paid the rent; and a bankruptcy must be the fate of a certain merchant, for presumptuously mixing with the aristocracy of Scotland.

Thus far for the interior: the list of departures does not exhibit a more prosperous appearance. One *walks* home for the sake of exercise; another's acres are in the market; a third is involved in law, to his undoing; a fourth has been jilted by a gay flirt, and must return to celibacy, poverty, and obscurity, for *overacting* his part on the *winter* theatre: the *moderates* must go home, and make up for their outgoings, by feeding on sheep's-heads and barley-broth; by wearing coarse clothing and russet cloaks; by working their acres to the best advantage; and by trudging about to market, worse dressed than the domestics of the *braw-toon.*

I could not have credited this change if I had not been eye-witness to it: a perfect metamorphosis was operated upon the winter visitors, now on their own ground and habita-

tions. No lofty apartments hired, ready furnished, in the New Town; but just a *but and a ben*, or an ill-built, half-furnished mansion, full of emptiness and wind; whilst the landlord had come down as much in his importance, style, and dress, as his living and his quarters had assumed an humble appearance. Many of the dancing and card-playing partners of the aristocracy, whom I had seen in painted chambers and highly-dressed, were now mere rustics in appearance, and had lost all those attractions which drew the attentions of gambling dowagers, and made the young lasses set their caps at them. What were the highland and lowland *lairdies* * now come to? To the appearance of drovers and of country drudges. The white-gloved figurers in the reel, who had, but a few weeks before, cut capers opposite the daughters of peers, were now glad to cut their own kale, and

* By a lairdie is meant, no chieftain, or large landholders, but the many aspiring little lairds of small estates.

to take *parridge* for their suppers; the *beaux* whose lofty-sounding *patronymics* had re-echoed from room to room, when announced by my Lady's or Sir David's groom of the chambers, were now digging in their garden, to make the pot boil, or following, with watchful eye, the produce of their little farm to market. To what was the Commoner now fallen, who owed his consequence to the name of his moderate, not unencumbered estate? Why, he was fallen down to a very common man, perhaps on a *common*, or on his own little bit of ground, which was as like a park as a piggery,—as similar to woodlands as to a wooden leg,—as much of a hill as of an inclined plain; and his habitation more like an Irish mud-edifice, than the Spring-house, Whitehall, New or Old Castle, which its nominal representation seemed to imply.

Thus were the mighty fallen; and those who boasted it away, and *hectored* (to use a vulgar expression) in the coffee-houses and supper-rooms, now sung small at the door of their humble roof, with the agreeable sight of

their midden-stead in front. Then, again, how many half-built, aspiring houses must come to a stand still, for the want of what was expended in false appearances in the Caledonian metropolis.

On one occasion I remember passing through a borough, where an ill-dressed man, in a jacket, had been weeding: he threw a heap of most unsavoury matter in the middle of the road, part of which had nearly fallen over me. I expostulated with him for such conduct, and threatened to inform the provost, or other magistrate, of the nuisance. On which he looked contemptuously at me, and exclaimed, "What care I? Why, man, I am provost myself."

I now recognized his features: he had been two winters before in Edinburgh: he had so *rubbed sleeves* with great folks, that his own had grown threadbare. He had *flitched* and flattered all the people in office, and had been the complaisant of every old maid, who could not get a place in the dance without him. He had played at whist with the deaf and super-

annuated; had handed out all the family antiquities of the town, and never missed kirk on the Sundays, but all to no purpose, and he was self-condemned to be rusticated, perchance for the rest of his days, and all this for "a Winter in Edinburgh." It formerly struck me that the curious and ambitious *lairdies*, would do better to visit London in search of pleasure, as their circumstances would be wholly unknown; but I found, upon enquiry, that this would not suit their views. They had county interest to promote, connections to form, credit to obtain, a chance of promotion: the small game and minor theatre were sufficient for them: their territorial assumptions and patronymics would have no effect in London; and their defeat would be tenfold, after travelling so far away from home, and spending their *siller* amongst strangers, a thing that *Saunders* is *no* very fond of; when he travels south, it is to pick up siller, but not to scatter it; and he has not the same facilities in society as in Edinburgh.

Season succeeds to season, yet the same

game goes on, and the little will buzz about the great, like the moth and the candle; and they may expect to burn their wings. It is all, however, well, as long as the rigid system of economy can bring up matters; but heavy sacrifices must be made, and the laird will have to tell his wife and bairns, wanting shoes to their feet, or a looking-glass to their parlour,

> "Clout the auld, the new is dear,
> My jo', Janet;"

and again—

> "Keek into the draw-well,
> My jo', Janet;
> And there you'll see your bonnie sel',
> My jo', Janet."

Nor will the husband or father be much to be pitied, if he can get off thus, after the imprudencies of the town season, which it is but justice to say has very often been enjoyed,

without evil consequence or alloy, by one who has grown grey in its parties, and has no complaint to make of his treatment,—that person being none other than

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

CAPTAIN FELIX M'FLUTTERWING.

"Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos."

LATIN PROVERB.

CAPTAIN FELIX M'FLUTTERWING.

POPULARITY is a point of ambition at which many have aimed; but it is not that one which has ever attracted the truly wise. The good and great are well aware that, like pleasure, it is a mere phantom; and that, even if it were substantial and permanent, its value must be but trifling, since it has been prostituted, on so many occasions, to the worthless and the hypocrite. A frantic demagogue, who harangues the mob on their violated rights and privileges, who exalts the sovereign people, and preaches sedition, will also be popular, until some new pseudo-zealot, or misled fanatic, supplants him in pub-

lic favour. The pulpit-thunderer and cushion-thumper, whose stentorian voice astonishes and alarms, will lead the crowd for a time, and become an object of popular admiration. The successful empiric will have his share of popularity, whilst he is in fashion; but like a decayed beauty, he will be neglected and forgotten for some other novelty.

Nevertheless, popularity was the Captain's idol. It was the opinion of the *many*, that M'Flutterwing was a man of lofty talent; but the *few*, who dive deeper than the surface, pronounced him to be merely a man of accomplishments. At an early age, Greek and Latin had been laboriously forced into his head, and a retentive memory enabled him to retail it through life, on all favourable occasions. Thus he passed for a deep-read man, whereas he never read at all. In infancy, almost, he had been compelled to study; and he lived upon the remains thereof, until the evening of life. For languages he had an uncommon facility, because the acquirement of them fitted him for society, and society

was his everything. To be looked up to as a man of taste and of letters was more to him, than to be considered as a sage, a philosopher, or as one at the head of any profession. Naturally immeasurably idle and pleasurable, the rapidity of his perception is inconceivable, since it seems strange that he ever examined anything. At an early age he was designed for the law, and had made himself frothy, not eloquent; but he never could have given a solid opinion, if it depended on his poring over books and parchments, records and examples: he must have gained his cause haphazard by a blaze of language. But he saved himself that trouble, by turning his back on the profession, and by becoming a red-coat. There, again, popularity was his only view: to be the favourite of the officers, and to spoil and ruin the discipline of the men, was the result of his exertions, leaving tactics (as he had done by his law-books) to be a dead letter on the shelf.

His versatility of mind soon led him from heavy-horse to light, from cavalry to infantry,

and from the line to the militia, partly, it is believed, from vanity, and partly from voluptuousness and inactivity. Change of country and of quarters were always welcome to him; but, above all, the continent, where he was bred, suited his habits more than all the rest of the globe.

Although he was never a particularly dutiful son, his fraternal affection stopped at no pecuniary or other sacrifice. He adored an only sister; but whether this was because she became a woman of quality, or because he had but one, is doubtful: had the number been extensive, each would have run a great risk of being a favourite and a forgotten one in turn. On the article of quality, he certainly was ambitious of being in high company, yet no man treated them with so much ease and familiarity. No man ever was so much at home at court, or with a title: this ease was mistaken, by the inexperienced, for a superior polish of mind and education, but actually was nothing other than the effect of volatility, and a line which he had chosen, in

order to save himself trouble; whilst this conduct on his part was never offensive, because his great flow of spirits, his French vivacity, and a shewy person, carried off any thing which he said or did.

It would be as hard to say of what country he was, as to ascertain his favourite science or steady pursuit: he had dipped a little into most of them. His birth has been stated to have taken place in London and in Dublin; his name owed its derivation to the Land of Potatoes; his education was foreign; his acknowledged country and residence were English; and his wish was to be a Highlander, although he had nothing of the mountain about him, except its wildness and romance.

Very soon tired of celibacy, he ventured on matrimony; but, with him, it was not "repent and marry," but "marry and repent;" so that if he did not slip the hymeneal noose, it was not his fault, but that of a tenacious spouse, who, doubtless, would rather have a gay husband than none at all,—half a loaf

than no bread. But why should we say *half?* He was remembered to have quoted a French dramatic piece one day, and to have said,—" *On m'accuse d'etre inconstant, moi? qui suis fidele à tout le monde.*" Never did quotation suit him better: " Pleasant to all, constant to nothing—to nobody."

Originality was, at one time, his hobby-horse: in *bon mots* he was original, but in other respects, the greatest copyist in the world: Lord Chesterfield, Sheridan, Anacreon, and Don Quixotte, had all their share of his imitations. In friendship he was a knight errant, at table a bacchanalian, at all times a wit, and a courtier of the old school even in youth. Personal vanity was not a stranger to him: in extravagance he was boundless; in good-humour inexhaustible; but in reflection nothing,—so that he was a boy until old age, if near sixty may be so called. Of poetry he was very fond; and he really did read it. When in bed, or at his dressing-table, on a journey, or in some such vacant hour, it suited the temper of his mind,

and was convenient to produce to the fair sex, to whom he was most completely devoted, and whose foibles his flattery was well calculated to increase.

To the old he was polite; to the young attentive and dangerous; to a wife he was gallant; to a widow assiduous in his services; of the unmarried he was the protector; and of the frail a ready apologist. His favourite device was—

"D'etre doux pour tout autre et rigoureux pour soi;"

but he only acted up to the first part of the line, as he was never known to *correct* anything, and, *ergo*, why should he correct himself?

He wrote some poems, but they were merely *trifles* in verse. For money he had a contempt which bordered on madness: he used to assert that he could make a guinea go less far than any other man. His purse was any man's, any woman's, or any child's; for he loved men, women, and children—his neighbour as himself, and his neighbour's

wife not less. "Get out of my sight!" he once exclaimed, on receiving a large sum of money; and we doubt whether he was wrong, for he might be afraid of making a bad use of it, and it certainly was of less use to him than to any other being living.

His very numerous acquaintances assert that he had no pride; but it is rather presumable that it was his pride to have this said of him. No man was fonder of elegant appearance, nor aimed more at external perfection. His conduct was of a piece with his changeful mind and varied qualites. He would quit a masquerade for his morning devotions at church; go from a field-day to a philosophical or anatomical lecture; pass from a *rendezvous* with a lady to be second to a friend in an affair of honour; and perspire off a night's dissipation, by writing a moral letter to bring about a reconciliation between relations at variance, or by framing a memorial for a brother officer, or by assisting one of his many children in a Latin school-exercise. He would part with his last pound to

a ruined companion, and run the risk of bringing a tailor, a horse-dealer, or a jeweller to equal ruin in the same day, by a huge order for self and friends.

Thoughtlessness *might* be the cause of such contradictions, and of evil intention he is acquitted on all hands; but thoughtlessness belongs to infancy: in an adult it is faulty, and at forty unpardonable.

When, however, all these mixed works were performed, M'Flutterwing would dress, dine, drink, sing, talk law and logic, anecdote and chemistry, sense and waggery; would smoke, make love, dance, trifle, and pay the piper for all and sundry. For gaming he had a rooted abhorrence; yet would he play for fashion's sake, and allow himself to be cheated, in order to evince good-nature, a mind above trifles, and an equal dislike to a strenuous exertion to do himself justice,—nay, he would gloss over the vices of those who plundered him, and even associate with those whom he condemned. But it must be observed that he never suffered materially, because he had

neither time nor patience, calculation nor ability to play deep, or for a long time.

The sports of the field had not the same attractions for him as for other young men, because (he used to say) they were not the pursuits of men of mind; but the truth is that they were too laborious for him, and they would have occupied too many hours which he liked better to dedicate to fluttering from pleasure to pleasure, from change to change, from one extreme to another, the gay, the sentimental, the sensual and intellectual, the lights and shades of life's uncertain picture. If charity covereth a multitude of sins, he had a cloak for his; but it would have required to possess most enormous dimensions to have answered his purpose effectually, nor was he backward in avowing them.

* * * * * * *

Just at the moment when the pen was about to trace a variety of errors and adventures inseparable from this singular character, whose lot it was never to be able to keep the favours which fortune bestowed

most lavishly on him, to learn others, or to repair, in any shape, the repeated dilapidations of imprudence, it was the effect of accident that produced an *exposè* of much adversity, ill-treatment, and sufferings, of which the person in question had been the victim, and a generous feeling forbids this hand to insult the injured.

The proverb with which this article began is true, in one point, since M'Flutterwing has seen his sunshine friends forsake him in the hour of need; but *literally* speaking, his name is *another* contradiction in the portrait, since he still bears it amidst the desertion of these pretended friends and self-interested flatterers. The shaft of satire should drop its point at the bosom of affliction, and should never assail the already wounded heart. This shall be the conduct of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH;

OR,

SKETCHES OF MANNERS

AND

REAL CHARACTERS AND SCENES

IN THE

DRAMA OF LIFE.

" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse jurabit."—VIRGIL.

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TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

In this volume will be found strictures on Lady *Mordante's* travelling vagaries, and some useful hints to authors.

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A TRUE HIGHLANDER.

"Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis."

A TRUE HIGHLANDER.

BETWIXT the Highlander and his next door neighbour of the plain, or valley, the distance is great; (I mean the real resident Highlander: the laird living with his clan) nor is the distance nearly so perceptible betwixt a Glengarry, a Gleneagle, a Glenmorrison, a Lochiel, a Lochbury,* or the like, and the citizen of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Ayr, as there is betwixt the Lowlander on the skirts of the Highlands, or the prosperous townsman of the plain, who may be purse proud,

* These chieftains are only mentioned on account of their names.

whilst the laird, and all his clan, looks down upon him not only from the, often, rugged, uncultivated elevation of their cloud-capp'd hills, but also from their altitude of mind, which is unfit for trade, and naturally leads them to war, or the sports of the field. There is a love of command imprinted in every Highlandman's bosom, although habit teaches subordination to his chief, but to nobody else.

A remnant of feudal times is visible even in a Highlander's person, and when they enter the army, no men know better how to command, and to obey: hardships, cold and fatigue, are nothing to them. From early habit the gun and the broad-sword are their old companions: he that has often shot the roe, will make no bad rifleman; and he who has wielded the broad-sword, will make a good hand of a sabre, or a bayonet in a charge. The clansman will follow his chief's son with alacrity to the field, and the young laird, all haughty as he appears, will have a brotherly feeling for what he calls either "*my father's men*," or "our people." The wiles of war-

fare are also not unknown to the mountaineer; marking his game, circumventing his prey, watching for his enemy, or a deer, flooring a cuirassier, or an eagle, come all alike to him; and if he be not contaminated by associating with the people of low countries, or his mind be not poisoned with the love of lucre, he will save what he can, and return peaceably from piking a Frenchman abroad to spearing a salmon at home, or from chasing a black rebel in the West Indies, to following black game on his moors. He who thinks that the Highlandman's mind is vacant, knows him not: his pursuits may be confined within the ridge of his hills, the shore of his island, or the boundary of his craigs, rocks, passes, defiles, and black sepulchral pines, but his thoughts are ever busied until fatigue, whiskey, and tobacco bring him and his shaggy companion, his faithful dog, to sleep and prostration before the same fire. The Highlander is never a smart soldier, but he is always a good soldier, and soon made one, if not too harshly treated; but place him in a

Highland regiment the *twa and forty-second*, (so called by *Tonald* and Alpin) or a corps bearing the name of a clan, and above all his own, he is as if in his own family, and you have him for life and death.

The mountaineer has a natural aversion, (which, however, time and travelling cure) to controul and to the Lowland Scotch, and most decidedly to lawyers; these they consider as blood-suckers and intruders amongst them, although, of late years, the Highland lairds often bring up one of their sons to this profession, in order to take care of the property, and "to *keep his ain*;" but the natural bent of the Highland chief, or landholder, is to have his eldest son a gentleman, doing nothing, but amusing himself, and being looked up to as the chief's successor, and to get the rest of his boys into the army, and into regiments which wear the garb of old Gaul, if possible; however, at the same time, that the Highlander dislikes his neighbour in *breeks* (breeches), he is hospitable to the greatest degree to strangers, and whoever has

enjoyed a Highland welcome will attest the truth of this. The lower class of Highlanders love money, although naturally *not* lazy, but averse to the labour of the handicraft. Roderick and Malcolm, Aliser and *Phatric*, like to get money and to hoard it up; but the heart and the habits of the higher classes, the chieftain and his numerous kinsmen, are quite at variance with such a propensity: there is, really, something of the lofty and magnificent in the style of a Highlander, even when his house or castle is running to decay, and his estate is mortgaged to its utmost possible bearing: the idea of the banner of his house, the family piper, and the piper's son, (two privileged and important personages in his establishment) his colours, his dress, the tartan which belongs to his name, his title, bearing a glen, a clan, a loch, a craig, or a promontory as a part of its composition, and by which the chieftain is always addressed; for it is only when he travels south that he is called, for instance, M'Donald of Clanronald, Campbell of Glenfalloch, &c.; at home no-

thing is heard but Lochgarry, Kinlochaulin, Glenmore, and many other high sounding names: then again, the particular distinction of the bonnet, bearing, for one clan, the heather, for another the broom, for a third the wild myrtle, for a fourth the ever-green pine, and so on; the minstrel (in the olden times) of the family, the fiddler of the new, who is occasionally, and who has been known to be sometimes a *domine*, or private tutor, sometimes a domestic; the laird's galley-men, or fishermen (if his property lie on a sea-coast); the reverence paid to the young laird, to customs, to precedence, to birth-days and state days, together with the rude ornaments of his halls, which, independent of family arms and portraits, exhibit, sometimes armour, and always hostile weapons of some kind, and often of many kinds,—guns, rifles, broad-swords, dirks, Lochabar battle-axes, spears, and tridents for fishing,—together with old muskets, or matchlock guns, to which are added stuffed eagles, hawks, bitterns, the heads of deer, fox's brushes, and occasionally

a seal skin. When in one of the Hebrides myself, the whole fortnight was one scene of hunting, shooting, banqueting, dancing, fiddling, and piping; fresh fish was caught daily by the chief's fishermen; game in abundance supplied the table, at which the laird presided with all the dignity of an absolute, petty prince; and what added to the romantic appearance of the mansion and the scenery, was a tower covered with ivy, the ruins of a distant church, a peep at the sea, and the piper's walking in a stately manner up and down before the window. When my friend came south, I saw him daily in Edinburgh; he walked about town with all the majesty of a scenic king, although he came up to Edinburgh to raise money; for he had so many clansmen and kinsmen, *friends* (connections), foster brothers and dependents, that he was much straightened in his affairs, although this did not appear at home, where he bred and grew every thing for his family's consumption, and had nothing to pay for but his liquors and his clothing. His person was

erect, his complexion fresh, but sun-burnt, his eye as keen as a hawk's, his voice loud and authoritative, his manner distant from pride, but warm and kind to a degree when in private, and when entertaining his friends. He complained bitterly of the narrow heartedness of monied men, of the scarcity of the d—— siller, (which he despised) of the tricks of lawyers, (generally more lenient than in England) of the times, the taxes, the excise, customs, and high price of provisions in the south; and he hinted at the ingratitude of those whom he acted towards with boundless generosity when in the north, but whose memories were found to fail them when a return was looked for. There is nothing that the mountaineer detests so much as the duties on the articles of his pleasure, for he must have his dog and gun, his *sneeshen*, (snuff) and tobacco to smoke, his dram, which he likes to smuggle, and a free give and take in the way of hospitable intercourse; when turnpikes were first erected they were a great annoyance to the Highlander, of which an admir-

able description is given in the song called the *turnemspikeman*, (turnpikeman) and in which, when the man seizes Donald's beast by the bridle, Donald tells him sternly—

> "I hae seen the day
> You had na sic command."

The true Highlander is generous, hospitable, proud, intrepid, cheerful in *his* way and *lawless*; but if he is so, it is from his pride, but not from a want of principle; he will do as he would be done by, nay, more than he would ask, or expect of another; but he cannot bear your tax gatherers and excisemen, the writers of lawyer's letters, and the pounders of cattle, king's messengers and their concurrents, bum-bailiffs, and their followers; whenever my friend Mc ——— used to speak of them, he would say emphatically "The deel take them, I hate the whole boiling of them." Such black cattle are rather shy in making their appearance on Highland property, and particularly in island estates; but alas! modern times have rendered these intrusions

more frequent than heretofore: time was when such an attempt would have been a deadly one; at present the Highlandman can only look back with a sigh to the day "when *they* had na sic command."

The ruin of the chieftains and their families arose, in many instances, from the transactions of the year '45; and when these have not been the causes of the incumbrances on their property, *original sin*, as it is called, *i. e.* a grandfather's having dipped the estate, and mortgages continuing on with the inheritance, undermine the finest lands and most antiquated mansions in the north;—the natural artlessness too of the mountaineer leads him into errors of his own, for he is only artful and crafty with a foe, or he becomes so from ill usage and sad experience: a true born Highlander cannot refuse his sword, or his purse, to a friend, and as the appeal to the first is no longer in fashion in these days, and the latter is often very light with the laird o' the castle; his name and his credit are the next readiest means of serving, whereby he is often ruined

by a relation and clansman, by a brother officer, if in the army, or by some designing cold-blooded animal whom a Glenmore, or a Clan-Alpin meets with in an evil hour, with his heart open, over the flowing bowl, or with his sympathies excited in some other way; all things compared together, take him all in all, he will ever have the best wishes of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE.

" risum teneatis amici ?

THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE.*

ALTHOUGH I have observed, at starting, that there would be no occasion for a glossary attached to this work, I cannot help stating the difficulties into which a dandy student was thrown, for want of being acquainted with the lowland Scotch language: and here it may be proper to observe, that the highlander, when he speaks English, speaks it with propriety, only retaining a kind of brogue, different however from the Irish brogue. The mountaineers is a loud nasal note, a false accent, a kind of grunting tone, added to the laying a strong and sometimes wrong accent on certain words. Whereas the lowlander

has many words of his own, many obsolete English words still preserved, strange constructions and meanings for things, wholly different from correct English. The word affronted, for instance, is used by the lower classes, where ashamed is the meaning intended to be conveyed.

"I was *just* affronted being called in before so many company," would say a bashful servant maid, or a rustic. "I am just at my ordinary," would reply an honest dame from the country, or my landlady; instead of "pretty much as usual." Then, the word *wife* is used for *woman*; a fish-wife, a *salt* wife, a *pig-wife*, the latter being meant for a vender of pigs, (not swine but earthenware) which is sometimes classified by white pigs and brown pigs; sometimes, too, I have heard it pronounced a *peg-wife*, which does not make the matter much better, nor more intelligible; but a midwife is called a *hawdey*, or *how do you do?* (it is presumable.) The clerk who makes the responses to the parson is the *presenter:* a chimney-pot is an auld

wife; our foolish phrase of "raining cats and dogs" is more humourously and more eccentrically rendered by (provided it be a promise to be punctual in keeping an engagement, or the like) "I'm sure to come unless it rain *auld wives and pike staffs*." But let us now come to the dilemma of our dandy.

Having taken lodgings in the old town, and come home "*pretty well to live*," as it is called in the lowlands, he was awakened by a loud noise at the door, and on ringing to enquire the cause thereof, the *lass* (servant girl) replied, "it's the *bairn* wanting Ben." "D—n Ben," replied the student, "who the devil 's he?" "I dinna* fersta you," said Jenny. Another rumbling noise now began. "What's that?" enquired the student. "What's yon?" said she, as if to correct the language of the question; "It's just the *sootie-man* up the *lum*," meaning the chimney-sweeper up the chimney, (which be it said in praise of

* Doubtless derived from the German or Flemish.

auld Reekie is swept by machinery, dropped down from the top.) "You *bid*, or *bid nae* to *gang ben thon apœrtment*," (so pronounced) continued she, "or ye'll be *smured*, (smothered) it's a *reek* and *stoor*, smoke and *flying-dust*" (for dust in a fixed quiescent state is *duist*, and dirt is *drite.)*

"What language are you speaking?" quoth the dandy in a rage. "Toot, there's *nae mack-ing* you sensible," cried Jenny, not over pleased. Jenny went *but* at this moment, and returned saying, "there's a *body speering* for you." "Spearing!" exclaimed the surprised student, "that is bringing matters to a point—what do you mean?" "*Axing*, I believe ye ca't amangst ye English folk." "Oh! axing, that's sharp work; but what does he *axe* for?" "I dinna ken; the lad was *havering* something *aboat* being a *flunky*, and *speering* if ye *needed yane*." "All that's Greek to me," observed he with a shrug of the shoulders. "Tell him to go to the devil and shake himself; only let me sleep, and keep

the house quiet, for I have got a vile headache."

At this moment another noise was heard, and a second. "There you go again," cried the dandy; "and pray what is all that racket?" "I dinna ken;" (then looking out at the chamber-door) "it's the *beesom* that gat a fa', and maister's bairn's *luggie* that played *crack* upon the *creepie*;" a kind of vessel with a spout like an ear, for *lugs* are ears, probably from the *use* made of them at school and elsewhere in the way of correction: the name of *ears* is given to kidnies. Here the student told me that the woman of the house called out to the *bairn* (which he called *barn*,) "Jemmy my *darty*," (darling) and which he affected to mistake for *dirty*; "cry upon Jenny, what's the *havering*, *dazed deevle* doing, do ye no hear the *baxter* (baker) *chapping* (knocking)?—why the lass must be *door* or *dure*, meaning deaf; tak some *rows*, (rolls) and *plaits* and *short breed* (bread,) and gie the bairns their four *oors*; puir

Sandy has go ten a *sair heed*, and Jemmy has gotten a painin's *weem*," (purporting to be a head-ache and a pain in the intestines.)

Jenny now laid before her mistress the cause of her delay; she informed her that yon lodger spoke such *high English*, that she ne'er *kent* what he would be saying; that he was a daft-like fachous *haffling*, or *half-ling*, (a term for one betwixt manhood and the age of a boy); that he was *unco' braw* in's *claes*, (clothes) but *gay soor* (sour) in's temper; that he was *aye glowring* at her, as though she was a beast, and a' thing like yon, and that she could na' *beer* to be fashed *that gait*." To cut the matter short, the student changed his lodgings, assuring me that he should have been half-starved and driven mad had he remained; for that he scarcely could comprehend one word that the maid or the children uttered; and that his landlady was always either at the kirk, at her Bible, or her bottle. My being so early acquainted with low-country Scotch, made me never feel

the want of an interpreter; but, although I never heard of a man's visiting Scotland *to learn the language*, yet the utility of having a little knowledge of it was evident from this moment to

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THE TIME OF DAY.

——————————— " si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi."—HORAT.

" Celui qui fait la pluie et le beau tems."

THE TIME OF DAY.

"WELL," said Jack Ramble to me one day when he met me at the corner of the North-bridge, "I hope you will allow that Edinburgh is a mere village compared to London; it is almost impossible to lounge away a morning in any thing like style. What is a stupid walk or ride into the country? or a saunter down to everlasting Leith? The view from the Calton-hill, or the Links, a rustic breathing to Porto Bello, or Newhaven, or the barbarous King's Park? And what is to be done from three p. m. to six or seven, or from dinner-time to one o'clock in the morn? In London, one can tell the time of

day by some leading star of fashion which is varying almost yearly, like the annuals of a garden, which put forth their flowering blossoms in a sunny hour, wither and are succeeded by fairer and gaudier flowers; for in fashion's *parterre* the last is always accounted the most attractive flower. Lord Nonpareil, for instance, or Sir Harry Wildair, you might set your watch by them, cantering down to Tattersall's at the last moment to look in at the betting-room, or to bid for a favourite horse brought to the hammer by the breaking up of some extinguished luminary of *bon ton's* stud and establishment. Then, in an hour after you are sure to meet them driving or riding through the Park; and, at dusk, in spring, walking linked on to the arms of a brace of exquisites on guard; looking in at a club or two in St. James's-street; kissing their hands to the last novelties of the frail sisterhood in new carriages just turned out of *the Acre;* then, after three hours dressing, you just perceive them by lamp-light lolling in their chariot, or vis-a-vis on their way to dine in

one of the squares at the west end of the town, or at a man party at Long's, the Petersburgh, or Escudier's. At ten you may depend upon them at the Opera, the Argyll, or for an hour in the stage-box of Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and then at the routs or at-Homes, the quadrille parties, and gaming-houses. If you ride in the Park, or up and down the fashionable streets, what a succession of new faces you meet; what thousands out-doings and out-done, running fashion's race, and out-running the constable; what a variety does the paphian train exhibit; what a contrast of graces and gracelesses! How much amusement in finding out the fresh insect tribe of fashion; the animalculi of fortune's sunshine: at whatever corner of the street you lift up your glass, something superlatively attractive and novel meets the eye.

"Who is that lovely girl going into that jeweller's or dress-makers?" says an amateur. "The daughter of a Yorkshire baronet," replies a walking town-guide. "Her father

is very rich, and is a man of much influence, (continues he) and she came out only this winter; how admirably she waltzes, and she rides like an angel." (A strange comparison! we have heard of angels riding on clouds—the simile is certainly a high go, but *n'importe.*) Then, again:—"What have we got in that *barouche*, with a *chasseur behind it?*" "Oh! it is *Euphroisine*, a Paris *figurante*, now quite the rage in town; she made a fool of Lord *Drum** for awhile, and now is doing her best to ruin the ———— ambassador." At this moment perchance a fresh youngster flashes by on the box of a light mail, with four bloods in it, or in a yellow curricle spic and span new, with two fiery blacks, almost unmanageable; and two grooms behind on two more to match them, with winkers on, followed by a brace of terriers or bull-dogs. "Who's our young friend?" will say a stylish

* Or any other empty martial instrument fit to be played on.

lancer in muphty attire; "why the son of an old nabob, just emerged from Cambridge; his father has given him an establishment of his own, and talks of purchasing a borough for him, and putting him in the Life Guards, or the Blues; a titled wife, and a good family alliance, are what the old one looks for; he is, however, in devilish good training at present, under George Glitter, the corinthian, and will, doubtless, cut up well."

Thus do the morning's amusements and anecdotes differ continually; the club-rooms, the auctions, the Five's Court, street dangling, card dropping, to insure imitations, the mysterious appointment in the King's Road, or the Regent's Park, the nursery gardens, the small talk and scandal of the libraries, the would-be learned of Sams's and Colburn's, a look into the Parliament House to carry a point, or a drive into the city to raise the wind, an Opera-box to hire, or a horse to sell, always something gay and something new. Whereas, the sameness of Edinburgh

is abominable; every face is as familiar to you as the style of old Cicero. A high wind at the corner of the North-bridge, and a drove of black coats at the corner of the South-bridge are incessantly to be met with; long faces going towards the parliament square, and fellows with blue bags running after them. You cannot go in cog. any where without being recognised by a highland *cadet, or hand-barrow man*, who knows every thing to the *bottom*, from the lord high commissioner to the mercenary beauties who return home from the haunts of vice at peep of day; and indeed beauty amongst them is a rare commodity. You never hear in the morning that such a one was ruined over night—that he who gave laws in fashion's court had disappeared, and left his airy crown and sceptre to another temporary despot; that *the* Virginie or Aspasie had transferred her favors to some fresh dying swain—that Lord Numskull had sent five thousand pounds worth of jewels to *the Squallini*, or *Caperini*, the singer, or dancer

of the day—that such a dashing blade of the grenadier guards had brushed with a rich heiress by his side, or bolted with another gentleman's wife instead of his own—that the *quondum* goldfinch of the west was cleaned out and off for the continent—nor that an affair of honor, in consequence of a dispute relative to some theatrical enchantress had taken place near Chalk Farm, or in the Five Fields. There is nothing to raise the morning interest; no wonderfuls, although it is not uncommon to hear one *lucky* or gossip ask the other, "come, tell us your unco's;" (uncommon things) all is sedate, sober, discreet; and d—n me, I hate sobriety and discretion."

The time of day here may be known by the plodding habits of heavy men; or rather let me say, for civility's sake, men of weight. As to their persons, properties, or intellect, here is a fellow who serves as an hour glass for his regularity: at such an hour he walks sedately into the Bank of Scotland, or into Sir

William Forbes's, and is as well known there as the equestrian statue in the Parliament-square—which a French prisoner called *Sir William Forbes's* horse, which he found so difficult to execute in attempting to forge bank notes, that he d—d both horse and man, and was detected in his unsuccessful operation. Another man serves as a sun-dial (provided that bright luminary which is, in Scotland, like the natives distant and reserved) by coming out every day at the same moment, and taking his usual walk, turning the corner of St. James's-square, and looking back lest he should be detected in paying his diurnal visit to a *quiet concern* of his not a hundred miles from James's-street. After which you *are sure* of him pacing down the Canongate on family business. A third character, with the certainty and regularity of a chronometer, is seen daily at the accustomed hour and minute in the money-market, still pondering on the price of stocks, and on the ways and means of making more money and

of keeping it. His face, made up for the streets, bespeaks pride, coldness, avarice, and low enjoyments. This ever-green, or rather this *ever grey*, seems at a stand-still with old time, having never looked either young or old for a frightful number of years. Like Priam, his progeny are most numerous; not that it can be asserted that—

"Nineteen one mother bore!"

Although the family represents—

"The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame,"

and disdains the vulgar records of marriage contract, register, or ceremony. Nevertheless, old Halberd* is accounted an upright gentleman, and looks as moral as a sermon just brought out of a bookseller's shop. Lastly, you may say "*that's the time of day*," not in its flash acceptation, but *à l'Ecossaise*, by the

* Not so called for being a military man, but from his stiffness.

little money-lender's shuffling off to his *retiro* down Leith-walk, by the scurvy-faced *ci-devant* militaire *sprung* from hops, yawning at Pool's coffee-house door; by all hats being off to a Lord Provost on his way to and from the town council; by the Leith merchants retiring to the most important occupation of the day, namely, to their dinner; by the sallying forth of Mother Goose's *game* chickens; by the dirty pieman at the corner; or by the emptiness of the streets at meal and at church-time.

Thus *quietly* do the hours roll on in Edinburgh, until the *still* hand of time cuts the grass from under the feet of some elderly gentleman, and his *next o'kin* quietly and discreetly steps into his place with the trite and *gentle* observation that—

"It was a happy release."

And the nearest o'kin exhibits as little originality and variety as the defunct; a large

family at home, and an *honest, decent* body set up in the *grocery line* upon a *small* scale, being the sole care of the worthy successor. But can this be called life or fashion? Here I left my friend; for whether it be so or not, matters little to

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THE CLUBS.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

" *Semper idem!* "
'Toujours *le meme.*'
(Or as Paddy would say)
" Worse and worse."

THE CLUBS.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

REFLECTING on what Jack Ramble had said, and making a great allowance, or rather deduction for his extravagant ideas, I began to compare the clubs in London and Dublin with those in Auld Reekie. Let me see: the *Savoir vivre*, the *Je ne sa quoi*, Whites, Boodles, the Anacreontic, the Beef Steak, the Harmonic, the Philharmonic, the Four-horse Club, the Yacht Club, the Dandy Club, Kildare Street, Dublin, the Union (both sides of the water), &c. &c. which would fill pages to enumerate. The name of the *Savoir vivre* speaks for itself; the second on the list was rendered celebrated and

was adorned by royal presence; it was also replete with mirth, talent (professional and other), and famous for its expence and variety. Classical sanction lends a lustre to the Anacreontic;* whilst the remembrance of Charles Morris's admirable songs, the bell-metal lungs of a Joe Maddox, the strong masculine wit of a Churchill, the attendance of a certain royal duke of social and philanthropic habits, the table-talk of his late Grace of Norfolk, and the memory of many departed worthies, give national consequence to the Beak Steak Club: the lovers of "the concord of sweet sounds," will not easily forget the two next, and we will pass over the other societies, well knowing that we need not explain their merits either to the gentlemen coachmen, or ruined gentlemen who stand so *creditably* on their tradesmen's books; and that the best company in England is to be found in the St. James's Street club

* The reader is well aware that the remarks in this work bear upon a lapse of years.

houses, and at the regattos of our nautical fashionables; the Jockey Club, and all political associations require as little notice, their being generally well known, and its being allowed that there is a little jockeyship in each: and lastly, because no comparison can be drawn of the two countries, they have it hollow in the south. The proud city of the north boasted (for a certain period) *the* Club, or the New Club, the Apollo, the Harmonic, an Amateur Musical Club, the Veteran, the Cormorant Club, and the Transatlantic, &c. not forgetting the *Wig* (not Whig) Club. We designedly omit political and professional meetings, nor is it necessary to bring into the list the Catch Club in London and elsewhere, nor the masonic institutions and establishments of either country; the former are often *no great catch:* the ancient one patronized by Lord Sandwich was, "The oldest catch I know." And as for the craft and their respective lodges, all that can be said is—

"Procul o! procul esto profane!"

We shall now proceed to draw the comparative outline of the north and south societies, and leave the reader to his own opinion on the subject. Play and dinners were the great objects in the first club upon the list, and as they resemble each other every where, it will be enough to say that the one was less extensive, and the latter *not* better than in more southern parts; the Apollo was so poor a copy of that deity of the ancients, that it put a visitor in mind of one called "*lucus* ab non *lucendo*;" the muses and the graces might be expected in such company; whereas there was not *a muse ment* in this society; and if *grace after meat took place* here, it was the *only* grace in company; the Harmonic was attended by a titled list of the very highest description, it owed its origin and its attractions to the late witty and convivial Tom Sheridan, and was kept together by him, but soon died a natural death, perishing of cold and hunger; (our northern foes) for one member had to attend parliament, another was ordered to his regiment, a third grudged the *siller*, a fourth

sent in his resignation, and his excuse was—"I have married a wife and can't come;" a fifth dreaded the dissipation of Sheridan, M'Flutterwing and Company, and (the most serious of all) the accounts got into confusion, there was a defaulter in the financial department, discord (not division, for there was nothing to *divide*) got into the house and extinguished the lights, leaving no trace behind, although, at first, it might have been said of this establishment,—

"Hence harmony springs!"

The amateurs of the other musical party were but performers; a *wounded hussar* took the lead, Surgeon Timber played by his side, fiddle and bass; George Blinkit strummed upon a large instrument on the same bench with near-sighted affectation; the clapper of a little Bell sounded next, and were whipped in by S—ini and a party of *moderates*. "Honneur aux braves!" was the exclamation of Buonaparte, as he passed by the wounded

as they were conveyed off the field of battle; the same tribute is due to the veteran club: the well deserving in arms need not a hermit's pen to commemorate their glory, nor will their names be confined to a club account book, or to the pages of a Court Guide, or Peerage List; it was a regulation of the club, that each member must have served, at least, twenty years (campaigns counting double); this is eulogy sufficient for the society: wounds and limbs lopped off, were not unfrequent decorations at table; at one time there were three general officers of high merit with three eyes amongst them, lame men, as well as laymen, and an aide-de-camp with one arm, who afterwards fought as *handily** and as gallantly as if he had two. It is asserted that a member of the club, good-naturedly sung Sir Phelim O'Gimlet; be that as it may, a stave or so of it may perhaps amuse the reader, so here goes. One will suffice, and will call to remembrance three

* In the last war in India.

generals with an eye each, and two others dead lame with the gout—

"We have two pretty legs here between us,
And a very complete pair of eyes,
And those that on one side have seen us,
Have seen nothing in us to despise."

The Cormorant Club evinces a knowledge of men and things, no society could be more properly named; the club was instituted for the express purpose of hard eating, of honest, plain mastication, grinding, swallowing, and devouring; to get a good fresh fish dinner was the main object of the members, and no men better played their part; there was generally a numerous company when fish was most in season; indeed, many worthy hard eaters proved that—

"All was fish
That came to their dish."

One day, when I had the *solid* advantage of making one at table, I was stunned almost by the cries of a fellow, bellowing out, "Wha'll

buy a duke, or a fat fool?" (meaning a duck or a fat fowl) he was immediately followed by the more harmonious sound of caller haddie;* (fresh haddocks) the cry was so proper for the occasion, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter, it seemed like a walking bill of fare, and bore other associations which I shall refrain from stating; suffice it to say, that full justice was done to the dinner; and that if the party had not the elegance of the *Savoir vivre*, the wit of the Beef Steak Club, the melody of the Harmonic, nor the quality members of the clubs of the west end of the town in London, the Cormorant-corporation had a right to say—

"We have *within* what far surpasseth show."

Nor would a city alderman have been much out of his latitude at this dinner, unless he was a disciple of the *kitchen* doctor, who is no Doctor Slop; and unless he was over fasti-

* As a proof of the musical taste and nationality of the Edinburghers, this cry was set to music.

dious as to sauces, spices, and culinary curiosities: nor was there any dryness amongst us, although we parted *cannily* and discreetly.

The Transatlantic owed its existence to a social knot of West Indian and American students of convivial and expensive habits, who considered that the brunonian system was the most perfect, and held *stimuli* as sovereign remedies against disease, and were convinced that wine and other strong liquors acted as profilactics against infection; these gentlemen of the *anti Sangrado* school admitted their transmarine brothers of the emerald isle as allies of the club, and they agreed admirably together; brotherhood, not federalism, was the order of the night, and the question was *not*—

> "He who thinks, or thinks not;
> But the only matter (*they'd*) to mind
> Was he who drinks, or drinks not." *

The club was kept at first at a tavern, great

* Vide old University song.

dinners were given, the feast was carried on until morning, the dead men (as they were called) were carried off with all the pomp and ceremony possible, the sick slept at the place of meeting, and had an hospital committee on the following day, when tonics, restoratives, and provocatives were liberally administered; long speeches and loud songs characterized these festivities, which became at last complete orgies; the thing was too hot to hold, and the clubists of the New World went out like *all the talents*, and dwindled into private assemblings at private lodgings, ending with *rows* in the public streets, and the occasional breaking of lamps by the most *enlightened* members of the society — the Hibernian brethren carrying *club law* to the *out-door patients* who came in their way; this liberty taken with the duller and soberer passive citizens, was deemed worthy of the sons of freedom, and of the active citizens and children of Apollo, who sung alternately—

"Hail Columbia! happy land!"

and

"Love is the soul of a true Irishman!"

and which pleased to the life full many a mop-squeezer, awakened by the sound to liberty and love.

The Wig Club was, indeed, a silly piece of business, which contradicted *flatly* the old observation of "the wisdom's in the wig;" a dozen of the members might *club* their reckoning together, and produce nothing but *zero* in the way of sagacity, wisdom, or ratiocination. These * *têtes a peruque* might fairly be called *all the nobs*, so little wit, humour, and good sense existed amongst them. The number of the society was, as might be expected, very limited; but had they amounted to forty, it could not be said of them as Piron did of the forty members of the Academy, "*Voilà quarante la haut qui ont l'esprit comme quatre.*" Severe as this was, it would not have been doing half justice to this singular institution: eating and drinking were not minor considerations of the club. But the great

* *Une vieille tete a peruque* is a term of contempt in French. What will law and the ancients in physic say to this?

joke, and most spirited part of their association, was the wig worn by the President, to which was attached an allusion below recording. Perhaps the club is no more: *tant mieux* would say every rational being.

A Tandem Club, amongst the officers of the garrison (chiefly the cavalry) was set on foot. The habits, localities, and charioteering population of the country were too much circumscribed for these descendants of *Phaeton*. Whether the thing *fell to the ground* or not, escaped my observation, and, indeed, did not excite my inquiries. I was once offered a seat in one of these machines, but as I don't like to *fall out* where we *don't disagree*, I declined the *high* honour, wishing *then*, as I do *now*, every success to the members of the club, but more especially to his Majesty's army, horse, foot, and dragoons.

I had almost forgotten the Boar Club, which, like the Cormorant, did not belie its name. The word "boar," (sometimes misspelt *bore*,) which has crept into conversation, and which, from its frequent use, might have

been hoped and expected to *be worn out*, is, we believe, derived from the German *Bauer*, peasant, or hind, purporting that such an intrusion (dulness, stupidity, unpleasant pastime, or occupation) is unpolite, rudely rustic, insipid, awkward, or disgusting. By spelling the word *boar*, it would imply that the thing is unclean, swinish, beastly, dull, and grovelling: the turning the substantive into a verb, (as the ignorant often do,) by saying, "Who would be bored in such a way?" or "That stupid, troublesome fellow has been boring about such a matter for an hour," or the like, is monstrous and incorrect beyond description, and involves misconceptions and ridiculous interpretations to a frightful degree.

Having said so much on the term "boar," it would be superfluous to add anything respecting the club, the unceremonious usages of which were to call each other Brother Boar, to ask after Brother Boar's sow (meaning his wife), to elect great Boars and little Boars, the Boar Major and the Boar Minor,

and to circulate this *pig's meat* in the form of conversation, to the great astonishment of the *swinish* novice. This wit, SUI *generis*, was the only *humour* of the party, unless (which is by no means hinted at) there was any cutaneous humour amongst them.

And thus farewell to every one,

"Epicuri de grege porcum."

To *scrape* acquaintance with any of them never was the ambition of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

P. S. Lest I should be accused of ill-nature, or be ranked amongst those of whom it may be said

"Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer,"
HORAT.

I beg leave to assure the Boars that I believe them to be honest unoffending animals, and I will freely admit that there are other societies equally singular and inelegant,—such as the

Ugly Club, the Dirty Club, the Quizzes, &c. Nay, even the Bucks and Odd Fellows appear odd enough. If the Boar Club possess any properties, laws, rules, or regulations, of a tendency either useful or beneficial to themselves or others, they will do well to make them public; until when the Boar language and behaviour must still be considered as useless and degrading;

"For want of decency is want of sense."

LEITH AND EDINBURGH.

"Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos
Noram," &c.

VIRGIL.

LEITH AND EDINBURGH.

As my Leith reader may very probably have been at the High School, and may be as well acquainted with old Maro as myself, or as any other man; and as I think I hear him going back to his old lesson, which perhaps cost him a palmy with the *taws*, or a hoisting upon the *cuddy*, * and commencing in a broad nasal note,

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."

A cuddy is a Scotch donkey; a High School cuddy is the porter, who is liable to be made a beast of burden, if a truant is condemned to the rod of power.

I most humbly assert, and most positively protest, that I have no intention of bearing out the animal comparison of puppies and dogs, or anything of a similar nature; puppyism is not of Scottish growth: all that is intended is, to compare the lesser with the greater; the *parvis cum magnis*, the commercial man with the private gentleman, the fashionable and the man of title, the citizen of Leith with the inhabitant of the finest houses of the New Town of Edinburgh; nor ought the former to take umbrage at such comparison, when he reflects upon the difference which exists between not only the inhabitants of the city and the court end of the town in the British capital, and in every other metropolis, but also on the gradations there are in the East and West ends of the town, and which appear very striking in London and in Paris. From the London Docks to Pall Mall, Grosvenor Square and Portland Place, the odds are like a Jew's harp to a cremona in nobility and in fashion; but from Cornhill to Bloomsbury there is still a great

distance (the latter on the rising scale); and again from Bloomsbury to the Western squares, Harley Street, the quarter of the Regent Park, &c. the wings of fashion shake off the fog and dust of trade, and soar above their brethren living eastward. The same difference exists between Westminster and St. James's; St. George's in the Borough and St. George's Hanover Square are still in greater extremes; as are the suburbs of the City, of the Marsh Gate, and those of Hyde Park Corner.

Similar differences and distinctions in rank and consequence are perceptible betwixt the Fauxbourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and those of St. Germain and St. Honoré, and between the Quartier du Luxembourg and la Chaussè d'Antin in Paris; whilst the rise is immeasurable from the *cité* and the streets bordering on Notre Dame to the hotels of the Noblesse at the extremity of the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées.

Having stated thus much in explanation, it may now be permitted to observe that these

refinements and dissimilarities do exist also between the Old and New Town, and in the appearance, habits, and characteristics of the Leith and Edinburgh people; not such as accidentally take up their residence there for a sea-prospect and a sea-breeze, but those whose *air* is Leith air from their cradles, and who are fixtures of the place,—merchants, traders, and sea-faring persons: the latter class has a peculiarity similar in most maritime towns; but it is the rich merchants and traders, together with their wives and daughters, who are now before us.

The Edinburgh man of fortune and of pleasure considers his Leith neighbour as a cit, although, in point of fact, he is less so than the other. The man of quality, residing in Edinburgh for a time, for economy, novelty, or convenience' sake, and the Scotch nobleman, dividing his time betwixt London, Edinburgh, and his estates, set down the Leith merchant as a home-spun, coarse article. Again, the would-be Dandy of the New Town eyes him with self-preference, and con-

siders him as his inferior in point of taste, dress, living, and knowledge of the *beau monde*. One who, if young, copies his dress, aspires at his introduction into the higher circle, and borrows his fashions; the former however being always willing and ready to borrow his name, or cash; the first looking very respectable on a bill, and the second not being over plenty with the man of dress and of idle life in Edinburgh. Both sexes follow the last London modes, attempt the gay, give an idea that they are used to town-life, to high-company luxuries, to late hours, and to the manner of living in polished France.

The Leith people are more of the old school; and of its second class, a fashion is some time in getting in amongst the sedate, and requires as much time also to get out of use. The father of the family in Leith despises the extreme of dress; is frightened at ultra-novelties therein, and has not time nor talent (if so it can be called) to study such matters; but his son has a notion of the thing,

and would be a dandy were it not for fear of hurting the credit of the firm. A youth in the store-rooms, or counting-house, with fixed spurs, a military pelisse, or the dress of the Russian of the first order, would be enough to ruin the concern, and he would be suspected either to be on his road to the Abbey, or to a mad-house in the vicinity of Musselburgh, Inveresk, or elsewhere: yet he will have a slice of fashion, and very probably will mistake the dose. The country esquire or sportsman is, not unfrequently, the prototype of his admiration; and, as Sandy and Jock go annually to the moors and attend the Leith races, as they each keep a good hack and a number of troublesome dogs, as they go south to collect in debts occasionally, and are *let into a good thing* from time to time by a corinthian from beyond the English border; they will sport bang-up-coats, poodle benjamins, some funny, fanciful, or frightful hats, jockey-boots, and riding whips (*even without a nag*) but to the superlative degree of starched, scented, and made up dandyism, they cannot

and dare not mount up; there is a something of plain downright amongst them from youth to age, quite at variance with the lisping, drawling, sneering, and vapouring of St. James's, the Opera danglers, drawing-room flutterers, the lancer irresistible, and the guard *supreme bon ton.*

Even the Edinburgh *shades*, taken from these *original pictures*, scarcely bear a resemblance; and if the accent of that town mingle with the affectation of the courtly ones, poor Saunders is only a bright counterfeit. I remember a most worthy Leith trader observing a foreign import, in the form of an exquisite caricature of fashion, and exclaiming with honest indignation—"Heh! Sirs, WHAT NA *puggy* (monkey) is yon! weel, weel, what shall we come to?" The picture before him had just left town for a *suspicion* of debt; and although he received great kindness in Edinburgh, and felt the convenience of being *absent without leave* from his creditors, he contemned what *he* called the *plebs*, and the plain dressed people who fed and protected him;

to truth this tribute is due, and truth shall never be lost sight of, whether to laud or censure, to please, or to displease.

There is always something plodding, heavy, and business-like in the inhabitants of Leith (in the commercial man at least.) He seems like a sheep of another flock, a being apart from the Edinburgh merchant* or negociant. Our Leith friend has, however, a decided air of independence, which is dashed with pride when the Baltic trade is brisk, and when rum and sugars keep up their price, and when there is an influx of wine-customers, and an extensive demand for Scotch ale (inferior to none in the world.) He is very apt to keep his hands in his pocket as he goes along Leith-walk, on his way to Edinburgh, and to accelerate his pace, as the hour of dinner calls him home, particularly if all be right on change; whilst in the faces of the Edinburgh

* Merchant is a sweeping term in Scotland, embracing commerce, and trade *retail* as well as wholesale.

merchants may be read cunning anxiety and deep discernment. Moreover, the number of Leith traders is limited, and each is known by head-mark, whilst those employed in commerce and trade in the northern capital, may be mistaken and mixed up with the men of pleasure, the professors, lawyers, students, and strangers; but an observing eye will easily mark the difference and the strong characteristic of each, barring always the man of pleasure, who is changeful, and often insipid within and without.

The rich merchant of Leith, notwithstanding, commands his dues of consequence, and when any of them, or their less steady apparent successors, indulge in a giddy hour, or launch into a night's extravagance; the mercenary waiter, time-serving *cadet*, servile waiter, or hireling of the tavern, or elsewhere, denominate these their customers, *Leith noblemen!!!* The merchant's wife, near the Links, or Pier, is neither citified, nor rustic, a dowdy, or like a cockney; yet the Edinburgh dame carries her head higher, and the buxom

lasses from the water's side and the adjacent town, and other parts, have not the same finished style as their fair neighbours. The ball-room in Leith is handsome and spacious, but it is no magnet to the metropolitans of the north. There are great dinners and evening parties in Leith, but they approach not the Queen-street and other routs, "at home," and set balls of that quarter. Nor can the hospitality of the minor town cope with the lighter entertainments of the more fashionable city, which is *verging* into the *soirees* of Paris, and into the gastronymic perfection of London gallomania: nor has the visit paid to Leith by Edina, from their approximation, amounting nearly to a continuation, effected any very material change. Edinburgh plays off London airs, whilst Leith keeps her own; and there is occasionally an intermediate rivalry betwixt the aristocracy and the bureaucracy—the men of talent and the men of trade—the gentleman of small fortune and the prosperous owners of ships, shops, magazines, and stores. The heads of families carry on

this *civil* war with discretion, but the junior branches show no heads at all.

From Edinburgh to Leith and back again has been my frequent walk: I have often admired the shipping in the harbour, and the bold view of the coast of Fife: I have more than once felt a salubrious effect from a walk on the Links, wondering what amusement could be derived from the game of golf, unless it be the idea of "keeping up the ball;" if so, may the inhabitants of each town long do so; this is the worst that is wished to them by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Figaro. " C'est la verite *la plus vraie,*
Dame ! tu en as donc *deux,*
Oui certainement.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

THE council chamber (pronounced by my worthy countrymen) the *coonsle chammer*, was a source of frequent entertainment to me; there, in a corner, I used to sit, and laugh most heartily (but unperceived, else would some grave baillie have committed me for disrespec' o' court) at the strange petty causes and bickerings which came before their *nobs;* at the discreet *pawkiness* of the baillies; at the magisterial importance assumed by the sitting baillie; at all the cant and slang of the lower departments of the office; at the rich vernacular of evidences; at the deep Scottish prudence, in *no* com-

mitting themselves; at the prim, demure deportment of whiskey-drinking impures, who would seem as modest, on examination, as a vestal virgin; and, lastly, at the occasional breaking forth of reproaches and mutual recriminations of the fair sex, disdaining further restraint, and bursting out in the abusive epithets of limmers, beesoms, and twa-faced *deevles*! (doubtless a classical allusion to Janus;) how the baillies could keep their countenance is astonishing; they must have been twa-faced most certainly to have done so; but a suit of *blacks* (as they called it) and a gold chain, have a very weighty effect upon the *bourgeoisie* of Edinburgh, as well as a very imposing appearance:—from the shop-window to the chair of justice, was often but a step, but the distance was immeasurable as to consequence and effect: time was (and that but a short space) that the baillies wore the three cornered beaver, and had a very grotesque appearance; but now the retail dealer in worsted stockings and flannel night-caps, (such was the late Lord

Provost Coulter) affects more the private gentleman; yet, still, occasionally a very rum-looking trader slips into the magistracy.

From a general survey of Edinburgh, and from a person's usual intercourse with the natives, it might be fairly considered that it is the most tranquil, orderly, moral, and decent city in the world; but an attendant at the council chamber would be a little staggered in this opinion: such *clashing* and *clavering*, such brawling and *havering*, such broils, and *dispeace*, (to use a term of the lower order) that a stranger might be induced to think that the whole town was together by the ears; but we will suppose that the chair is taken by his worship Baillie M'Crockery, a basin and other earthen vessel vendor; that all faces lengthen with respect, that long Archy (a town officer of the Bow-street cut, and barbarous appearance) is in attendance, snuffy clerks are trimming the *nebs* of their pens, silence is imposed, and one of the grave causes comes on in all its solemnity. The council chamber is not exactly the spot for

legal ingenuity, nor for oratorial eloquence; the *bar* does not produce the many tropes and figures of the higher tribunals, but *strange figures* enough are exhibited there; nor are the petty causes free from the ingenuity of dexterous quibble and able shifts, nor wholly devoid of sallies of low humour, well calculated to keep the bench in mirthful mood, and to throw the dust in those eyes which it is the interest of the adverse party to blind; the glorious uncertainty of the law aims, in general, at a higher mark than this court, yet, even here, the dubiety of meaning, the redundancy of words, the difference of interpretation, together with uncertain wavering of the balance and scale of the blind goddess, are to be found, and ever and anon an unforeseen turn is given to a matter which puzzles the oldest heads; the following brief cause may serve to give a faint idea of the thing.

The case hinged upon an assault and a refusal to pay a just debt, in the form of a score, run up for drink. The plaintiff was

Rorie Muckledram, and the defendant Simon Sly, a journeyman tailor; the baillie in the chair looked carefully at the delinquent, put on his spectacles, and began his interrogations; the cause of the prosecution commenced, and went to show that Rorie was a decent body, whose occupation was that of a *caddy* (porter), and that Ephy (Euphemia we presume) his wife, kept a snug spirit shop in Lady Lawson's *wind*, (Ephy herself was a *little in the wind*) with a decent comfortable parlour off the shop, and a *wie bit* window in it, which served as an observatory to overlook her customers; that Simon Sly worked for Rorie, and used to outset his account by *washing out his score* in the dram line, but that Simon's thirst far exceeded the amount for business done, and at last did not at *all suit* the caddy; the account taken *by word of mouth* began to be awefu', and Rorie warned him off the premises; nevertheless the tailor always returned, and that most frequently when Rorie was from home. Mrs. Muckledram always considered Simon

as a harmless creature, and could not be so severe as her Highland husband; upon one memorable occasion Rorie came home in a pet, heard a confusion in his inner apartment, and found the hero of the thimble and his wife at high words; and the spirits of the mountaineer lowered by the consumption of twa *chappins* drank and wasted, Rorie axed him (not with a Lochabar battle-axe) what he did there; Simon replied, that he came to know if he wanted any thing done for him; Rorie grunted out—hoot, no,—and insisted on his paying for his liquor; the tailor answered that "that did not *fit*," and that Ephy had invited him to take a wie drappy, and that in filling it out the bottle was broken, which caused a' the words; a scuffle ensued, and the tailor was put out. Mr. Muckledram now examined his *guid* wife, who looked as red as scarlet; he conjured her to tell all the truth, for that he would bring the matter *afore* the baillies, and that he was sure that he should get justice done him. Here the sitting magistrate told him

that he had done *parfaitly* right, and showed his good sense; permitting the evidence to go on with great complaisance; he (the husband) enquired whether the tailor had had *onny* words w'i 's wife, and if he had done her onny violence; she admitted that they had some words, and that she had been struck by him, whereupon Rorie was more than ordinarily kind to Ephy, and vowed vengeance against the tailor. A neighbour was questioned in support of the prosecution; she had been a servant of all work, but was out of place, and observed that now she was glad to turn her hand to any thing, but that she had *aye* been an honest woman, and might be believed, in support of which she called upon one of the baillies to confirm her statement, reminding him that he had often seen her at Lucky ——; here a frown stopped her, the chair admonished her not to be going into matter that was irrelevant, (she fetched a deep sigh, for the term was unintelligible to her) and the brother baillie muttered that she was a *lang tongued* ——

(second letter of the alphabet:) her testimony stated that the tailor used to frequent the house in the *maister's* absence, and that he *so laced* his wife, that she was a' in a fluster, and put to the blush by his intrusion. The wife being called, (a fine looking woman) allowed that the tailor was very frequent in his visits, that he had an awefu' drowth, but never would pay but in the way of working for her husband; but she denied being beaten, and added, that Rorie took a *hantle* (not handful) of strange things in his head; here Rorie *clawed his lug*, (scratched his ear) and swore his statement was just in every particular. The magistrate warned him to use *temperate* expressions, which his (Rorie's) habits were strangers to, and called for information on the other side. It was very mildly and discreetly submitted to their *lordships* (this was a *ruse* of the tailor's to ingratiate himself with the baillies) that the plaintiff had endeavoured to mislead their better judgment: the chair, or rather the body in the chair, bid the *honest* man to go

on. The plaintiff (it was asserted) was a *puir* worthless drunken body, (the Highlander bristled up like a porcupine) that he *did na ken* what he was saying, that he led his worthy wife the life of a dog, and was *aye* out drinking and wasting his substance, whilst she was working at *hame;* the tailor said that he (Rorie) had taken this measure to frighten him out of his bill; (here he produced a yard and a half of paper stitched together with items, which tired the magistrate to look at, and amongst which, one for turning his coat *twice*) he continued that he owed him nothing, and defied him to produce a receipt. Rorie interrupted him by saying, that he had lighted his pipe wi' em, for they were no other use to him, he could *na* read; (the baillie shook his head.) He acknowledged that, in the absence of the plaintiff, he *solaced* his wife, but he denied ever having struck her, unless she was *struck by his appearance;* the magistrate appeared all wonder, whilst Rorie looked daggers at the defendant;—the latter called his landlady to

speak to his character and quiet behaviour. The baillie looked deeply wrapt in thought, and cast an enquiring glance at his magisterial brethren. Every eye seemed to intimate that this was a very masterly defence; the last witness said she was a widow, and always found defendant a very discreet, comfortable lodger; that *whiles* he was in arrear to her, but that he *aye* paid in the end." "That's no *sae* muckle amiss," said one baillie to another, "in these times." The magistrates were unanimous in thinking that there was a great difference betwixt so lacing and *solacing* a person. They considered the plaintiff to be a great *gawk* for destroying receipts or *sic like* probative do-cu-ments (thus *syllabled*); it seemed to them that he was a *puir* besotted creature. The evidence of the woman out of place was no *warth* a *bawbee*, as she was a *throughother* sort of *vretch*, (no more *throughother than his worship whispered she to a neighbour); and they warned Rorie

*Careless, disorderly.

Muckledram no to bring *sic daffed* like complaints before them, they were better settled elsewhere. Then turning to the bench, his worship reminded them that it was dinner time, (this suited the *taste* of the times,) and that the cause must be dismissed; the plaintiff having the costs to pay, he might *so lace* or *solace* his wife himself as he pleased; but he must not breed *dispeace* in the neighbourhood, nor take up their time about *sic trash*. The plaintiff made his bow—his *vriter* (writer) nudged him and wished to speak—"wha could ha *suspecked* sic a turn?" The Highlander was for no more words. "Hald your tongue," quoth he, "ye'll be paid your *accoont*, and that's a' you mind." "*You may appeal.*" "The *deevle!*" exclaimed Rorie; so going to his *ain* spirit shop, he threw down the cash, and *solaced* himself with a drop of Donald Blue, a remedy not very much a stranger to

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

A CHARACTER.

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba *magistri*."—HORAT.

" Tros Tyrius ve mihi nullo discrimine."—VIRGIL.

A CHARACTER.

THE idea of Rorie Muckledram's having turned his coat *twa* times, brought to my remembrance a number of turn-coats of different classes in the good town of Edinburgh, and in other parts of *bonnie* Scotland. Rorie, however, but-did them in the *number* of turns; for, in general, it is only "*one good turn deserves another*," such as "if you will bring me in so many votes at the election, I will provide for so many of your relations;" or, "if you will insure me one of the (not *rotten*) *honest* boroughs, George shall go out as writer to India—Bob shall have a commission—and William, the lieutenant, shall have

a ship." This is the plain English for the vulgar phrase. "If you'll *scart* my lug, I'll scart your elbow;" (such phrases being the production of the *low humour* of other times) any one who was to follow Rorie's *turns* in his religious or political creed, would only be going back to the *auld thing* again, having turned and returned back to the original; but that would wear the subject thread-bare; whereas, he who makes but one successful turn, must *turn out* something or *somebody* in the end: the *turning trade* has been very much in practice since the memorable forty-five, and some of the *worthies* cannot forget the custom, particularly when it brings *siller*, which opens a man's eyes most astonishingly. In my quality of a *looker-on* at the game which mankind is playing here in the north, I am engaged on neither side; and if I give a hit to a whig on the left side, justice demands similar treatment to the tory on the right, when each of them is guided by self-interest, or a weathercock in the hands of patronage and power. This short sketch, or

rather portrait, will only go to prove that our errors or vices carry their own punishment with them, and that ambition is generally defeated by some unforeseen overthrow, whilst avarice must be self-vanquished, the miser having always to leave his treasure behind him, and the open hand of prodigality being nine times out of ten destined to scatter what the clenched fist and close gripe of the miser scraped together and hoarded up amid so many privations, self-denials, and meannesses. Avarice, however, was not the passion of this man of title, and of law, but ambition; his aim was that his family should be handed down to posterity with a title, a name, and a reputation; and the reader will easily judge how he succeeded,—he was no great *judge* himself.

If Gall and Spurzheim know any thing of their trade, this individual must have been a very clever man, for his head might have passed for that of the son of Magog; but it always struck me that when the human cranium was of huge magnitude, it was only a

proof that there was great room for brains. Now, a *room* may be furnished or unfurnished; so also, gentle reader, the skull may be filled by air, water, or really by the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*—saw-dust, I have heard talk of—but it matters not, we are all dust, even the wisest of us. But to return to the *head.* It was one of size, but certainly not of much weight, since it was so easily turned by the wind of interest; indeed, it has been asserted that there was not one head in the family, and what is a family without a head? The great man aspired at a high seat in a certain house—he got it and filled it with some dignity: he might have felt independent and easy in it, but he wanted to be higher; his honors were not permanent, and his party seemed to him not strong enough to *shoulder* him up to the elevation which he panted for. He was beckoned over to the other side. "Shake hands with me," said the ministerial lottery office-keeper, who always dealt out prizes to his friends; "I'll gi'e ye a lift laddie g'in ye'll quit yon democrate raggamuf-

fins." The sun of favour melted him. To turn his back on his friends was a pity, but as a man is always his own best friend—"why" (as Paddy says) "turn his back on himself?" He took a thought, looked in the glass, his was a plain face, and certainly royal countenance—was better than his own. These were the features of the cases which *affronted* his party; a journey south made him forgetting and forgotten—honors lighted on him, and his wife took precedence of her neighbours—but was the heart satisfied? was the ear filled by a name? or the eye by looking at the superscription of a letter? No—his was a hard lot, and far be it from us to add affliction to affliction, insult to disgrace: ours shall merely be the direction hand which points to the traveller to go by the right path—that which conscience and self-approbation mark out for him; be his opinions or tenets what they may. The light-house to warn the unskilful mariner to avoid the quicksands on which pride, interest, or ambition are so often

wrecked. The system of *ratting* has never gained a friend, a bit of bread, or a place. It may; but consideration never attached to apostacy, no more than honor can ever twine the wreath for the brow of the deserter. A man who leaves his party is suspected by both; he is the enemy of the first, and a stranger amongst the last. The fate of this unfaithful Knight was, to fail in all his projects, to awaken in the midst of his unrealized dream of greatness. His first born, his heir, fell in youth and in contempt; surviving in early years his reputation and situation in life—a cast away! His second son fell prematurely, climbing the pinnacle of his profession. *Our* youngest looks like an Orkney goose, and has taken his seat where he will never be *heard* of. Old age is making havoc with the family, and former ties are broken. Not to dwell longer on so sad a subject, it shall be succeeded by the prudent advice of a Scotch relation to his nephew going to take his seat in parliament: it was briefly this, *to*

keep his mouth shut, and *his eyes always open;* by the former he could give no offence, nor ever commit himself; by the latter, nothing could escape him. He could incessantly be on the watch for casualties, and his silence and observation would give more idea of his discernment than the most eloquent speech. "Speeches," added the adviser, "may be made for a man;" but his observations must be made by himself; your own *co-mon* sense will dictate to you when to give your vote, which you might do blind-fold, according as your *friends;* (party he meant) "go, if you speak you'll mak a *fuil* o' yourself'; but if you haud your tongue, you'll pass for a man of mind." This counsel differed a little from that of another acquaintance and countryman of mine, who advised his son to ask for *every thing* that fell vacant; and when he had asked for it, to call *every day*, whether he was refused or not; to let the minister see nothing but him until he was provided for. "For," concluded he, "out of so *many* things surely one may be *gatten*

at last." Like flattery; it may fail once, twice, or ten times; but if the dose be repeated incessantly, it must operate in the end; some of the plaister must adhere to the place to which it is applied. These are two very different ways of arriving at the same object—take which who will says

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE WIDOW.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But by battalions."

THE WIDOW.

QUITTING my hermitage, and sauntering leisurely to the South-side of the town, I reached the widow's humble habitation, in an upper flat, not far from St. Patrick's Square. I inquired for her, and was admitted. Mine was now a painful visit, for I had not seen her for some years. Age had traced on her features added lines, indicative of her weary journey through life; but the hand of care had made still greater havock. She was seated at a table, with her Bible before her. She heaved a sigh and arose: this spoke a volume—what need of words! It meant, "Here I am—almost alone; the prop of my

age has been felled by the great destroyer's hand. The glaive of war has cropped the spring flowers of my family, the pride of my heart, the mother's hope, the sister's friends and protectors. I am the soldier's widow and the soldier's disconsolate mother. Edward is dead—Jemmie is dead—my son-in-law is no more: like my husband, they all fell in the field of fight, and have left nothing but a gazette, announcing how they met their end, and that trusty sword (for her eye encountered it on the mantel-piece at the same moment), and even it failed my brave child in the hot hour of trial."

All this was conveyed to me by a look, for she spoke not; and that look was more eloquent, more effective, than if she had exclaimed, in a tragical, impassioned tone,

"My (*sons!*) my sons! my beautiful, my brave!"

Yes, they were beautiful and brave; they were her support, and their country's heroes. Lost to each other for many years, these intrepid young men, who had bled more than

once for the honour of their flag—these fond brothers and excellent officers met in the trenches at Salamanca, and embraced, scarcely recognizing each other, from the lapse of time. In every battle of the Peninsula, how anxious were their inquiries for the safety of each other; for their duty separated them,—the one being on the staff, the other gallantly commanding his company.

Their hopes and fears were of short duration, for their day was come: one gazette gave the brief history of two lives spent in honour, and closed in glory! Their father forfeited his existence, covered with wounds: his son James was (to use a comrade's expression) *riddled.* Thrice he led on his men, and thrice was beaten back: his last attempt was chivalrous and successful; but the bold deed was chronicled in his blood.

After the *mute* announcement of these facts, I took her by the hand, and endeavoured to conduct her ideas to more distant objects; but her eye fixed on the weapon, and a tear trembling in its lid, she said, "You

know, my friend, all that has befallen me? Poor Willy (Wilhelmina) is with me—I'll call her to you. She, too, is a widow! (in a subdued tone.) See—here she is coming. Her husband died of his wounds, on his passage home from the West Indies, when great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but hope and our family have long been estranged."

At this instant the lovely mourner approached—fairer, from the contrast of the raven hue which fain would sully the snow-drop by its side; her heavy eye more attractive, from the dignity of woe; her form more graceful, from its solemn garb, which once I had remembered light and elastic as the mountain-deer. Time was, when I had seen a wife and mother in these two widowed and sonless women. I had marked the affection of each given and repaid—the gentle ties of nature and of the hymeneal contract preserved in their strictest integrity. What a sad sight, then, was this!

I shall not extend an account of woe participated, nor of sympathies exercised to their

greatest extent. My visit was not short; such is the conduct of the selfish; we fly from another's sorrows, from pretended delicacy, whilst the fact is, that our miser-heart (in point of feeling) will not bear a part.

In retiring from the widow's house, I could not help ruminating on the history of this (to me) venerable Scottish border-family. A patrimonial estate had been in their house, name, and line *direct* of inheritance, time immemorial: the imprudencies of the hero's brother forfeited it, for it was not entailed. Upwards of thirty of the name had served in the army within half a century: these two youths were the last of them, one of whom also left a lovely widow from the sister isle, with two fatherless children: the sister likewise of these brave brothers married a captain in the army, whose widow she soon became, bearing her fatherless baby in her arms. Such was the living picture. Small pensions were granted by government to the three widows, just sufficient to keep them from want, but not enough to raise them above

mediocrity, nor to protect them from daily privations; the more felt, because the brothers, whilst living, afforded every assistance in their power to their mother and sisters; and their merit having raised them already to some degree of military rank and emoluments, they were enabled to live comfortably, both married and single. But now the scene was changed. Nor was this an uncommon case in Scotland, after the two last long and sanguinary wars; large families were, in most numerous instances, brought to nothing, by the sword, by disease, and by hardships, the destructive engines of death, and the as destructive climate of the West Indies; incurable wounds, and broken constitutions, having swept off all the males of those ancient houses, which, having either fallen by the misfortunes of the Forty-five, or having been reduced by unforeseen events, and the heavy drawback of numbers to support, placed their sole dependence on their son's exertions in the army,*

Whilst on this subject, I cannot omit the fate of two brothers of a Scotch family. They (like those

the broken-hearted parents being the only survivors of a name either to be blotted out of the book of life, or to descend to a distant branch; whilst unmarried sisters must be destined to resort to the humblest means of subsistence,—the labour of their hands, or harder dependence upon relatives or connections, as governesses, teachers, or companions.

Such survivors, and particularly such mothers and widows, merit the marked favour

already named) had lost sight of each other for many years; the elder, who was in the artillery, having been on foreign service. At the battle of Waterloo, whilst commanding a brigade of guns, his younger brother marched past him to the hot affray, at the head of his gallant company. Their comrades pointed them out to each other, for the younger was a child at school when the elder joined his regiment. They passed near enough to say, "Heaven bless you, brother!" "Success to you, Bob!"—to drop their points mutually—to smile in the face of death—to experience the flushed cheek, and to put up the mental orison; but the brothers met no more: the cold and close arms of death encircled the one on that day, and almost in that hour: the artillery-officer survived, to perish by the yellow-fever.

and attention of a nation at large: their children are national property. By becoming the defenders of the realm, their relicts have a far greater claim on the community for honour and support, than the mere meagre pension-list, uncertainly and coldly applied. To me they seem to be the forlorn mothers and widows of the state; and it is but fair to observe, that of these deserving objects of interest and sympathy, poor Caledonia has furnished an ample share. Her sons have gone forward in cohorts and in legions, to meet their country's foes, in all climes, and under all perils; very many have fallen, but the thistle has never been tarnished by those who have returned, nor has the laurel been lost by those who fell in battle, unless it dropped from their hands on their unmade grave.

I have, probably, lingered too long in the house of mourning, and have tarried in the deserved praise of kin and country. The stranger will forgive me, upon the score of natural feeling; and my countrymen must, if they judge me dispassionately, allow that, if

I can censure where satire is admissible, I can applaud where well-deserving claims such praise; if ironical, where irony is innocent, I can be grave, when the sufferings of mankind impose respect; and if one page be filled with temperate severity, brotherly love, and pity are no strangers to

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE BROKEN PIPE AND WITHERED ROSE.

"O'er his dark mind the light of years gone by,
Gleam'd like the meteor of a northern sky."

MONTGOMERY.

THE BROKEN PIPE AND WITHERED ROSE.

WHEN the impression of sympathy has sunk deep into the heart, our mind is wholly unfit for the common intercourse with the world: a man, thus wrapt in thought, cannot mingle in the gay, or busy crowd, nor idle away his time, in staring at shops, and equipages, or in greetings in the market-place; his is

> "No season now for calm familiar talk,
> Like youths and virgins in an evening walk."

Solitude best suits the purpose of his soul, and he will, naturally, select the most retired place; in this feeling, it was impossible for me to cross the city, pace the bridges, or to

return home; I therefore repaired to the meadow so little frequented by the *beaux* and *belles* of the town, and which serves for the sober haunt of the studious and lonely mind; "here," said I to myself, "how many a page has been perused, how many a grinding medical candidate has got his task here; perchance, the hero of the sock, or buskin, has learned his part by heart; here the poor author has read over his own pages, with a fond hope that they might, at some future period, produce a livelihood for him; led on by hope, he may have here tarried out the hour of dinner to the prosperous man; but alas! the promised enjoyment only conducted him to *Hope Park-end*, and the airy vision vanished there: here, not improbably, many a speech has been composed under a shady tree.

> "Or pensive, oft, to court thy shade,
> Perchance the fabling poet strayed."

These associations give a great charm to the meadow, in my eyes, and although it is called unfashionable, dull, unwholesome, the surgi-

cal *promenade*, &c. &c. its spacious mall looks more like a public walk than any other in Edinburgh, and I cannot help respecting it for *auld lang syne*. I remember how many hours I have spent in it, when a school boy; and to one whose life has not been a life of uninterrupted woe, the greatest pleasures are retrospective ones, particularly those which date back to the season of youth and innocence.

I had not walked long in this retirement, when a person of a very singular appearance passed me, the peculiarity of his dress and style was such that I endeavoured to study him,—he appeared like time in the garb of other years; his person was upright and tall; his complexion extremely fresh, although evidently changed by care and age; his locks were of the driven snow; his air was that of a foreigner, although his features were truly Scotch; his walk was that of a military man; his eye denoted pensiveness, although he seemed to affect cheerfulness, and to appear much younger than he was; he was dressed

in a suit of mourning of an ancient court cut, a black velvet stock adorned his neck; his hair was tied with ribbon and of great length, and he had a clouded cane in his hand, with an amber head; a cocked hat, put on *à la militaire*, completed his *costume*,—but it had no cockade in it. He must be a soldier, thought I to myself, but he puzzled me so, that I was resolved to make him out; I accordingly returned to the meadow again and again; I found him always, and always alone, excepting his faithful follower, a little liver-colour and white spaniel, of which he appeared to be very fond; not unfrequently he had a nosegay in his button-hole, and he very often made use of his snuff box, on the lid of which he seemed to cast a fond glance, after which he would rub its surface with a white cambric pocket handkerchief, and brush off any particles of snuff which might have fallen on his clothes, or silk stockings, (for I never saw him wear boots.)

After many fruitless attempts, I at last succeeded in getting into conversation with

him, from which arose our after acquaintance. Having now found him a perfectly well-bred man of the old school, agreeable and intelligent in his conversation, I began to be curious as to who and what he was; I do not mean his mere name, and pecuniary circumstances, they were of no importance to me, but his profession, and the outline of his life. Venturing, one day, to observe, that I was convinced that he had been in the army, he smiled with a kind of arch serenity, and replied, "a little in that line;" this was enough to deter me from impertinently asking "in what regiment, Horse, Foot, or Dragoons, Artillery, or Guards?" for there must have been something mysterious under this smile; perhaps disappointment, misfortune, the unlucky *fortune de la guerre*; or he had served in some foreign service—one thing was evident, he had been no feathered soldier. In order to pave the way to further inquiry, I invited him, one evening, to accompany me to my Hermitage, not far from the Hygean well,

where the clumsy goddess gives evident proof of strength, and the absence of delicacy. "With all my heart," replied he, "*a charge de revanche*," (for he often introduced French, which he spoke fluently in conversation.) "You must," continued he, "see my quarters, humble as they are." I told him, he did me honor; and, the day after he spent the evening with me, I returned the visit; his lodgings consisted of one room, in a flat in the neighbourhood of Hope Park-end, his furniture was handsome and was his own,—his bed was in the French style, resembling a sofa under a canopy, he had a French very old eight day clock on his chimney-piece, some well chosen Flemish pictures, a great many books, which filled up the recesses in the room, a broad sword with a real *Andrea ferara* blade hung by his bed-side, and over the clock on the chimney-piece, were attached a broken pipe and a withered rose, suspended from a silver cord. I was much struck with these emblems, or trophies, but dared not to enquire about

them: at last, my so frequently fixing my eye upon these objects, induced him to satisfy my anxiety on the subject. "You seem to be much astonished at those objects," said he, pointing to the pipe and flower; "they are nothing to any one but myself, it might be deemed folly in me to preserve them, but I should pity and *almost* (uttered very mildly,) despise those who thought so; I preserve them as precious relics, for they are not only emblematical, but they remind me constantly of love and friendship—the one adorned the bosom of the object of my affection, the other was the gift of the bravest of men, and a dear, dear friend; they have—(he paused,) moreover,"—he breathed quickly,—"other allusions"—he was silent for a moment,—"the grave, the cold grave, now encloses all that remains of those from whom I received those pledges, *tenez*," (he evidently spoke French here from distraction,) "you may touch the flower, ere its leaves fall to ruin"—(he was under much emotion but recovered himself.) "I had it preserved by a preparation

which I got from a friar; you may touch it, if you please; the fragrance has forsaken it, its bloom, like mine, is wasted and decayed, but its form is still the same, and its memento which can only cease with him who so highly values it. 'A soldier,' continued he, clearing his voice and speaking louder, 'a gallant comrade gave me that pipe, we fought and bled together in a certain place,'—he paused again; 'victory was not faithful to our arms; Alister took service elsewhere, and we lost sight of each other for a long time,—after years, and hardships, and care, and vexation, we met unexpectedly abroad.

'I had always the pipe, (a literal translation of, *javais la pipe toujours*,) it delighted him to find me so firm, so constant in friendship; we separated again, alas! to meet no more—he perished in another battle, in endeavouring to ford a river,—I had a kind of foresight of the event, for, as I was smoking my pipe, one evening, in a sad reflective mood, it fell out of my hand and broke, and the first news which I received, brought an account of poor

Alister's death; I have mended the pipe up in the best manner I was able, and, lest it should meet with an accident again, I preserve it, where you see it, hung from what once was the *aiguillette* (shoulder knot) of my father's regimentals, those of his own regiment, raised by himself, on his own land, —I was a mere child, when a volunteer in it —but that's all gone by, we must not speak of these things;" he stopped to take breath. "The rose once rested on the breast of beauty, never did a warmer heart beat than poor Peggy's.—She gave it to me with her own hand, and said, 'success to the good cause!' when I joined my father's men; but she has been dead many a long, long year, and that of a broken heart, (accented in a subdued tone,) for this was a long time ago, and I am a very old man:" his dog now fondled about his master, perceiving that he was affected by what he had said: "'Tis a pretty breed, and a rare one," said he, relieved by this digression from his sad history, "but

sit you down, and don't let us talk of old stories, 'tis the weakness of age, and I am sure you will pardon me." "*Pardon* is not the word," replied I, as much moved as himself; we now sat silent for some minutes, when he handed me his snuff box, the miniature on the lid told every thing,—a blue bonnet, a white rose in it, the gracefully flowing tartan, and a star upon the breast. "I am as quiet and as good a subject as any man," observed he, "but

> It's weel to be off with the auld love,
> Before you are on with the new.

I am too old to change, and I'm not worth any body's while."

All the further particulars which I could collect, respecting this noble old gentleman, was, that he had lost extensive highland property, which, perhaps, might have been recovered by certain steps, which he was above taking. "No man shall ever say that I asked

him a favour," said he one day; and "besides, a *favour* to get one's own;" here he muttered something which I lost, he derived his annuity from a sum of money which his father saved out of the general wreck, and placed in the French funds, and which, on the alarm produced by the state of things previous to the revolution of '89, was sold out there, and sunk in a Scotch mercantile house in London. My meeting with the old gentleman was not an affair of yesterday, I left Scotland afterwards, and on my returning again, I immediately repaired to the meadow, and sought my friend,—I missed him, at his usual hour,—I traversed the spot and gained his lodgings,—I knocked gently at the door, for my heart sunk on approaching it, the woman of the house shook her head on beholding me,—the *Chevalier was no more!

* He had a foreign order, which he treasured in a drawer; the snuff box and it, the sword, the rose, and the pipe, were the only fortune left by my friend.

Here, gentle reader, my spectacles grow dim, and my sight fails me; pity, therefore, the weakness of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

LORD FLIMSY.

"A man's a man for a' that."—BURNS.

LORD FLIMSY.

SHAPING my course homeward with weary heart, and considering the character of the gentleman of the olden times, I was accosted by *Baillie Carvey*, my grocer; and whilst I was in conversation with him, a vapouring thing passed by us, linked on to arm of the an officer of the garrison. "This is no gentleman of the old school," said I to the magistrate. "Bless you," replied he, "dinna you ken him; why man he's a lord, a re-al lord—he's as rich as Cresus." "Or Crassus, perhaps," said I. "*Naw*, he lets his gold fly like dirt—he's a grand man; but between

you and I, they say that he's a great *gawk;* but he is a' thing at court, a word o's *mooth cud* get you a place or a pension." "If he would keep his own place that is all I should require of him," answered I. "Troth, man," said the baillie, "that's no so easy to be *dune;* we're a' a little *oot* of our place at times: they say that the right honorable is seldom in 's place; he keeps bad company, a set o' trash o' singers, play actors, nonnaturals, and opera *beesoms:* a set o' unholy *limmers*, that are just a disgrace to the kintry that feeds 'em; foreign vagabonds that import a' the vices of the continent———" Here I put my hand upon his mouth—"O Babylon, gently, gently," cried I, "do not preach a sermon in the street, but tell me a little more of him; come down in the evening, and send me a pound of raisins." "Feggs, man, if I cud gie a *poond* o' *reason* to *you* child, it would do'm guid, or an ounce o' *co-mon* sense; but that's a' between us;" (thank you for the compliment, I would have

said had it been meant, but this was merely the baillie's discreet way) he hated a jack-a-dandy of a proud fool, but he would not affront quality for all the world, nor make an enemy while his interest stood in the way.

The lord passed by us again—I raised up my spectacles—what a thing! a mixture of the monkey and the bear, something naturally coarse and rough spun, yet grafted upon pride and trickery; the anticks of the monkey played off clumsily, a loud voice like a brazen trumpet, a commanding look proceeding from vacant features, the flat depressed nose and forehead of *General Jacko'*, with a huge show of the Russian bear upon his cheek, or rather of his grease, which to a greasy complexion is more of an addition than of an improvement. His old friends say that this is something new; for, at thirty, he was as beardless as any of his friends, the Signors Contraltini Mimiquinis, or as the palm of the hand of his often palmed *dear*

(in all senses of the word) friend the stage-dancer.

"Can this be a Scot?" thought I; and whilst I was looking at this peerless peer, the baillie asked in a whisper, "Weel, what do *ye* think o 'm?" "That he is one of those of whom it might be fairly said—

"They look as if one of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well."

"Heh! heh! yon's too bad," exclaimed the baillie, "but come awa'. I'll be at you in the evening if I can get your length; and I'll send the articles which you need,—I never forget my customers,—we grocers must aye mix the *utile dulci* ye ken."

I soon gained my hermitage, and felt pleased to think that I was out of that life of active idleness where pleasure is a toil, and folly constantly presides: where triumphant vice lords it over the humbler classes, and time cannot be got rid of but by excesses,

intrigues, extravagance, and waste; where the dependent many are condemned to listen to the profligate's discourse, and to look up to him whom their judgment looks down upon and despises.

My grocer now entered my cell (so I call my little chamber, fitted up as a library.) He was in his *blacks*, very spruce indeed, gold chain and all. "You should put that chain on the pier, worthy baillie," said I, "and not let him run *wild* thus." "Feggs, it would be no strong *enough*," replied he; "besides, he's no dangerous, he does *nae* bite, although he's sometimes *bitten* himself: a' the harm he does is to give bad example, and that's bad enough; but, as I telt you, he scatters his gold *aboot*, and that's a' we want of 'm; he'll *shune* gang south again, and play off his airs at court." We sat down to a bottle of the baillie's wine, which he took occasion to praise, and in the course of conversation, the following account of the great lord came out, which I shall abridge, and

merely give the substance of without personality, considering it to be one of those descriptions which apply too often to men whom chance has elevated to rank and fortune. I say *chance;* because in vicious life, pedigrees are very uncertain; and because, in many instances, where a man is a step or two removed from a title and from riches, the inheritance of them turn the weak head of the heir of entail.

Lord Flimsy has the *advantage* of being the son of a fool, and the nephew of a knave. His father was the weakest, good-natured man in his county; his uncle as immoral a character as ever sullied the peerage; he lived unesteemed, died unmourned, withdrew from society to be singular in meanness, and to be, at last, avoided from the low company which he kept. Age brought no reverence to him, for he was considered as living too long by him who expected the advantages which his demise bestowed on him; and a title added nothing but a name to one whose

reputation no external trappings could give a lustre to. The *happy* mother who bore Lord Flimsy, had the misfortune to be despised by him, the tenderer ties are beneath his lordship's notice. What has filial duty to do with a man who held his father cheap from his own pre-eminence, and who condemned and hated his mother for the leading feature of his own life, a departing from chastity, and a love of unlawful pleasure in her. This was just cause of separation from her abused and easy husband; and of her relinquishing the place in society which a modest matron would have done honor to. But in her hopeful son, this quality was gilded over with the tinsel of gallantry, and was even boasted of by the monkey-faced possessor. It is his pride to draw round him the insects bred and fattened by impurity, the promiscuous progeny of neat and corruption, to be the patron of foreign folly, foreign voluptuaries, and foreign mercenaries. To be considered as very rich, and as

very munificent by all the dancers, singers, mummers, slaves, sycophants, and cyprians who enrich themselves by John Bull's gullability, and afterwards laugh at him. My lord has, however, brought forward great novelty in this way, and saddled them upon the back of any beast of burden who would take them. In a very high quarter his lordship also shewed his unfaithfulness, having disobliged his master by a gross breach of duty, which monkey-face considered as a proof of independence. Turned out of the grand entry, it is asserted that he has regained entrance in the crowd by a minor way; perhaps his patron must have a certain number to laugh at, or that habit, which is second nature, requires so many drawing-room fixtures and banqueting-table chairs, in which character my lord cannot be dispensed with: the fact is of little consequence. Having said thus much, it is but fair to add that the town (London we mean) and country at large owe his lordship two great obligations; the

first is the introduction of so many foreign articles into the *paphian* court; the last (which is most important) is, his never having hitherto produced a copy of himself, no representative of the original, no legitimate offspring of this rare yet mixed breed of loftiness and grovelling, of the vulgar and adorned, of the prodigal yet selfish, the travelled yet untaught.

Whenever such a being comes under the observing eye, a man would feel inclined to join Burns in all his boundless contempt of empty titles, baubles, stars, yards of ribbon, and *a' that;* but he ought to reflect that the new fangled nobility (of which the peer is) has none of the honors of antiquity to support, no bright example of a hero, or an illustrious statesman to look back to and to imitate. What money sets up may be supported by money; and where intrigue has won a coronet, vice may be expected to wear it. Being a scholar of the old school myself, I cannot help feeling respect and regard for the aristo-

cracy of the country; but a pure origin and fair date, an escutcheon without a blot in it, and something praiseworthy to recommend the owner of it must always be expected; the right honorables of the school of Epicurus are of another class, which will ever be avoided by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

LADY MORDANTE.

"La Renommée a toujours deux trompettes,
L'une a sa bouche appliquée apropos,
Va celebrant les exploits des heros," &c.

VOLTAIRE.

LADY MORDANTE.

It was Voltaire's opinion, that Fame had two trumpets; the first (sounded in the *usual* way) was dedicated to celebrate the deeds of heroes, and to give out to the world the merited praises of men of talent, in every line; the other (made use of in a way which I dare not name) was the empty sound, the undeserved trumpeting of *pseudo* reputation, the noise made about nothing, or worse than nothing; the puffings and tumefactions of false and ill-gained renown, those swellings of pride which bombastically bloat, as it were, volumes of nonsense—those huge, clumsy, and awkward attempts at satire, which amplify

pages which deserve not to be read; in fine, those countless books of low, vile kitchen-stuff, in the form of abuse, or the would-be-witty trash, which the same author properly terms

"De ces fattras des volumes nouveaux."

Precisely of this description, and exactly of this kind, is this lady's tour, in which she has *modestly* set herself up as an arbitress of fashion, (a thing known to her by name,) of taste and learning, of which hers has been but a LITTLE TASTE indeed; of history, in which she is very deficient; and of truth, which she seems to have taken leave of, at setting out for the Continent. In this conceited book-making, she has also (such is her towering genius) taken upon her to expose what (in her wisdom) she considers the abuses, errors, superstitions, and misrule of whole kingdoms and centuries,—sweeping through time and space, and often mistaking date and place, her genius has aimed not only at immortality, but at an infinite work, and

an omnipresent being, for (to believe Lady Mordante) she has been every where, and has seen all things,—.

Cœluin ipsum petimus stultitia."

The favourite subject for her strictures (unless they come from her medical partner) is the meddling with the sacred rights of kings and their legitimacy. If legitimacy of writing consist in being governed by the laws of moderation and decency, hers is, indeed, a most illegitimate offspring of a work. But of this hereafter: suffice it here to say, that we have given Lady M——— the name of Mordante, from the French verb *Mordre*, to bite, although we shall shew, ere we have done with her Ladyship, that she has had the rashness and folly to shew her teeth, without being able to bite. She has taken up the hatchet of malevolence to strike, and with it has wounded the fame which she formerly obtained in a *legitimate* way by her novel-writing.

Sitting one day in Creech's shop, I listened

attentively to the opinions of the *habitueès* of that library,—of those elders, or grave young men, who *really* read, and who, despising the modern occupations of studying the last cut of a coat, or the last disfiguring whim for a hat, as well as the mighty art of sauce-making, with all the *arcana* of the kitchen and *Kitchener*, dedicated a great portion of their time to informing their minds. Amongst these, there were many who had pretensions to judge the merit of works and of authors, from the ancients to the moderns, and from the imperishable productions of Burns, Scott, and Campbell, down to the crackers and rockets let off by the Reviewers, to the *sine fine* Scotch novels, the imitators and distant followers thereof, and even to the overgrown infant muse of Leigh Hunt; and who ventured to separate the sublimities of Lord Byron from his blasphemies and slip-shod rhymes.

It was on this occasion that the presumptuous authoress came upon the *tapis*. An Hibernian happened to be present, an intelli-

gent and deep-read man, and a great stickler for his country's rights. A little disputation arose (in a friendly way) as to the preponderating scale of talent of the Sister Isles, and particularly in modern times, on which the subject was ably combated and supported on the Caledonian side of the house. It was impossible that Burke and Sheridan, Moore and Shee, should not be produced as luminaries of the West; and that Burns, Beattie, Sir. Walter, and T. Campbell, should not be exhibited as the bright stars of the North. To the first Doctor O'Tenax wished to add Lady Mordante, when a *not* medical Scot undertook to dissect her, and to demonstrate her radical weaknesses and incurable defects. His lecture went to prove that she had the inconquerable disease of pride; that she was tinged with envy, and tainted by ingratitude; that her views were narrow, her self-interest short-sighted, her mind infected by the poison of democracy or mobocracy; that she had nationality without feeling, and that her stock of originality being now exhausted, she bor-

rowed without ever acknowledging the debt; that she and her husband wrote hermaphrodite volumes: the consequence of which was, that they had masculine impudence allied to feminine conceit, Herculean heaviness attached to womanish levity, the anodyne of the druggist in opposition to the *sal volatile* of airy conceptions and romantic writing.

I here begged leave to state, in apology for the lady, that she had probably been afflicted by the *mal aria* of Italy; and that, under a mind confused, and amidst a mountain of manuscript, she might have mistaken history for romance, and romance for history, misplacing them, and giving the one for the other; or, not improbably, the Doctor might have mingled fable with fact, have mixed up one material for another, and have sent off either the wrong box, or the right one with the wrong label, so that he produced disgust, nausea, and irritation, where it was intended to administer a calming dose, or to give the *patient* reader something to exhilarate the spirits, or to clear the head. My defence was,

however, deemed inadmissible, and judgment was passed on *my lady*, as guilty of the charges imputed to her as above.

Ere the court was cleared, I requested that these charges might be particularized, and clearly, brought home to Lady Mordante, before sentence was finally pronounced against her, which was done in the following brief, yet circumstantial manner:—

"*In primis*, (said the Judge,) her female weakness, the inordinate love of praise, the delight of seeing self in print, and her confidence of success, might be pardoned, on the score of sex, did she not aspire too high. Passing, however, that by, the fact of her possessing this quality is allowed on all hands: her envy breaks out incessantly, and in a most inflamed state, when she levels her shafts at the kings, princes, and nobles of the land, and, by the *land*, is meant Europe in general. Her talent never having reached the throne, and her merit never having drawn down upon it royal pensions and royal notice, she has begirt herself *à l'Amazonne*, and arrayed her

puny forces, in hostile attitude against all kings, at least against *all* hereditary monarchs, without whom nobility must come to nothing; but, probably, having conceived herself a most active citizen in the republic of letters, she may consider that form of government as the only one fitted for her *worthy* self, yet has she not disdained to get herself be-ladyshipp'd, and to have affixed a Sir to the Doctor, her husband, like the gilding of a pill to be swallowed, and which she, doubtless, imagined would make their joint labours go down with the public, (whether she miscarried in the attempt time will prove.)

The meek-eyed virtue of charity being unknown to her, she has taken the tomahawk for the well tempered, delicate pointed spear in attacking legitimate sovereigns; and, in her unprovoked aversion to the Bourbons, has been lame indeed in her account of an infirm, yet well-read king, and gross to an outrage in her allusions; in her account of Gaul, the narrow circle in which she moved, her bias in favour of a warrior who is no

more, the rapidity of her writing, and her scandalous negligence, evince her very limited views and her short-sighted preference of a sale of her pages to the correctness and chastity thereof: half democratical, she affects to be *obi'd* by the success of the defunct chief, until it is, at last, difficult to know what she is, or what she means; when she treats of the *marais*, she seems to be at home there, and when at the *restaurateur's*, she is more *palatable* than every where else: her ingratitude consists in her abusing those countries whose hospitality she experienced; her nationality in some of her novels, where she describes the suffering state of the lower orders, is spoiled by the total absence of feeling on other occasions,—the most flagrant instance of this is, in her insulting the manes and raking up the ashes of a certain unfortunate prince, whose defeat and sufferings, whose courage and endurings, whose fall and resignation might have gained him pity from the most ferocious bosom; but Lady M. is surprised to find herself in a palace, admitted

to the unhappy widow of royalty, and, in order to place her whose condescensions she had experienced, on the highest ground, she must go down to the grave to fling her venom over the cold clay of one for whom so many bled, so many wept, but who finds not a tear from a female, but a cowardly stab, which the hand of man could never have inflicted; this too is aimed at one whose cause has expired with the last of the name, and can injure no one; but she *shrewdly* calculated that this would be unanswerable, and would add a chapter to her other calumnies levelled even at the shade of a king: her borrowing ideas and history, the judge thought she would scarcely deny, and he would have forgiven her for it, had she made a good use of them; but she only had recourse to them to serve her own purposes, and often to disfigure facts, and to give a false colouring to her statements: the frequent want of *interest* in her work was stated to be the want of *principle* in these transgressions against female delicacy, subordinate society, and holy sympa-

thy; and the sentence passed upon her was, that as her work and herself were now too old to be revised, they both deserved to be corrected, and that many pages of her travels ought to be burned by the unwashed hand of the youngest boy of a charity school in the wildest and most unlettered part of Ireland.

The *Gazette de France*, with a number of other works, of different languages, have sufficiently censured this authoress, to bring the blush of shame into her cheek; but, as she probably expects to be handed down to posterity in bronze, she may have got rid of this feminine characteristic. The dressing which the Gazette de France gave her ladyship, detected many of her faults and errors, and took down her modern dignity and little nobility, and she ought to be aware that if abuse pleases the herd, she has given extensive offence to the countries which she has visited. The Irish champion dropped his point and relinquished the defence of the gall-stained pen, but insisted on the merits of the male authors already named, which was

agreed to *nem. con.*; it was hinted that Sir Walter's brilliancy was so great, that he ought to be more circumspect in placing any thing like mediocrity near so powerful a light. It was thought that he who wrote "The Pleasures of Hope," might write more, might be more confident and less laborious, with other observations, on other authors, the length of which precludes them from occupying a place here: it now struck six, and as the body requires food, as well as the mind, the critics dispersed, and after them, slipped out, (fully convinced of the justice of what he had heard)

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

BRITISH LIBERTY

"Crede quod habes, et habes."

BRITISH LIBERTY.

"YOU'RE the man of a' *ither* that we need the *naight*," said my Magistrate, dealer in spices: (on another occasion, when we met upon Salisbury Craig, where Baillie Carvey was shewing the extensive view to a stranger,) "I have a party," continued he, "at my villa at Portobello (Carvey cottage) this evening; and as they are *braw gentles*, and travelled men, ye'll be *juist* in your element. Besides, ye'll be a check upon 'em, that they mayn't ha'e't a' their ain way. There is a sort of a Frenchified Scotsman *amangst* them, that's a great disputer, and *ye ken* these mat-

ters better than I *du*: we must no sit mumchance, like a set o' images: *sae* ye *buid* to come, for the ho-nour o' the kintry."

I thanked him for his invitation, and still more for his good opinion, and accepted the engagement, from a wish to see what a Frenchified Scotchman was. I have often met with English and Irish men, who have been so metamorphosed by travelling, that they became almost nondescripts; but I had not yet found a Caledonian so transformed as not to be recognizable, save only and except Lord Flimsey, whom I considered as being what the Irish scholar gave as an explanation of a negative quantity, "*something worse than nothing.*"

At the hour appointed, I joined the party, but was much disappointed at the appearance and deportment of the Scotch *Galloman*. He was blunt in his manners, rough in his appearance, and there was something like downright honesty in him; for, when he played the courtly man, for a few seconds, merely to

evince that he had travelled, he seemed to mock all politeness, and to be like a fish out of water.

The other strangers consisted of a mixture of Spanish and English, travelling Spaniards, and mercantile men, who had been frequently and long resident on the Continent. The former were grave and becoming in their manners, gently tinged with melancholy; the latter were very intelligent men, possessing no small degree of confidence, from having seen the world, as it is called. I did perceive that I was a kind of check upon some of the company, who, at first, appeared inclined to *tip* us the traveller; but who were moderate and amusing, from the moment that they found that France, Italy, and Spain, Flanders, Germany, and Sweden, were not entirely strange to me.

"You have travelled a great deal," said one of the strangers to me. "You may see that by the gentleman's urbanity," said the Galloman; "for we are rough brutes without travelling." This I begged leave not to ad-

mit. (Carvey's choler appeared to be rising; but as they might be customers in time, he merely looked at me for support.) I now passed the wine, in order to drown all difference of opinion; but the Galloman was a dry body, and the remedy did not succeed; he returned to the charge again.

An hour had now elapsed, and I had not yet discovered the extent of the prejudice of this gentleman in favour of France, to the detriment of Great Britain,—much less the cause or motive for such preference. At first I imagined that he was one of those stern, contradictory, disputative beings, whose sole pleasure lies in argument, and whose argument *lies* also sometimes; but, shortly after, I perceived that France was the object of his admiration, and that (as in all cases) disappointment had created that feeling. It was clear that his opinions were obnoxious at home; that his promotion (he had been in the army) was not equal to the sense which he entertained of his own personal merit; and that he did not enjoy that high

consideration in Lowland Scotland, which his property, age, and other recommendations, might have claimed. He had only himself to blame; but he was of a different opinion. These feelings caused him to quit his native land, and to fix his abode principally in the French capital, which he considered as the eminence of all perfection; and so hostile was he to the *natale solum*, that he soon gained the confidence of the French, and was allowed to remain there in the reign of Napoleon, when very few other Englishmen either could or would venture to live amongst them. Such treatment still more won him over to the customs and mode of living in France, and induced him to scrutinize and expose the defects and errors of his own country.

I confess that such a character is what I, in general, avoid; but as we may take a lesson even from an enemy, (and that too a very useful and wholesome one) I listened the more patiently, and even the more attentively, to his discourse. The conversation ran, first, upon cookery, and, next, proceeded

to the British constitution. In vain did Carvey advocate the cause of honest, wholesome, Scotch fare; in vain did he attempt to set up hare-soup and friar's-chicken against *soupe au vermicel* and a *julienne*; fish, and sauce, and *caller haddies* in front of *anguille a la tartare* and *carpe au bleu*; *cocky leeky* as a parallel for the *poule au pôt*, (rendered so famous by the memory of Henri Quatre) although they are pretty similar,—he was beaten out of the field; and when Colonel *Scottie* poured in his *ragouts*, *fricassees*, *omelettes*, *marinades*, *capitolades*, his *filets de chevreuil au vin de champagné*, &c. &c. the grocer was in a state of mistification. What would it have been had he introduced barley-broth, hodge-podge, and a singed sheep's-head with *neeps* (turnips) round it?

The Colonel's soups and *sauce* had now gained the day, when filling a bumper to "*Vive la France!*" which was drank in silence, (neither England, Scotland, nor Spain joining in the sentiment,) he commenced an attack upon the constitution of the realm,

which I should also pass over in silence, did not truth start up occasionally in it, like a flower amongst weeds, and might not something salutary be gathered from his rugged statements.

"Crede quod habes, et habes,'

was the Colonel's preface to his political lecture. "You Englishmen *think* you have liberty almost exclusively for your portion, and you are self-persuaded that you have it. Not content with this, you want to convince all the world that it is so; but in that you fail. The eyes of surrounding nations are upon you; they are open to your delusions; ('I wonder whose *pupil* is he?' said I to myself;) it won't do—the humbug is detected; you are not a free people, and a foreigner coming amongst you is soon aware of your want of liberty. Have you not an Alien Act? Have you not a Bastille? Have you not gagging bills, restrictions on the press? Suspensions of the dearest rights of Britons, rights bought with their best blood? Do you

not, whenever it is convenient to the executive, outstep the constitution? Haveyou not slaves, not only in your colonies, but at home? To what have you brought Magna Charta? To a *carte blanche* for the minister—to a playing card—to——"

Here I took leave to stop him, and observed, that these were all mere phrases, and very common phrases too; that I had heard them often, and they had no weight with me; that rights and privileges, immunities, national independence, and the like, were in every mouth; but that, unless he proved to us the violation of the Magna Charta, before he stated it as a thing *proven* (as we say in Scotland), it was putting the *cart* before the horse—laying down a thing which could not be carried through.

"Gently, my dear Sir," resumed the orator; "I shall proceed to prove all that I have said and more, but just give me a little time:"—here he took a bumper of wine, saying—"here's to the constitution unimpaired, and in its integrity." "Feggs," quoth

Carvey, (whispering me) "I *dinna ken* muckle aboot 's *integrity*, but he seems to hae a *tugh* constitution o's ane, and lungs like bell-metal." He resumed—"you have an alien bill you'll allow—and you have government spies you'll allow—and you have informers, I need not inform you—and thus a man's liberty and perhaps life may be sworn away. A foreigner laying down his hat purchased in Paris or Madrid, may be fined for not having a stamp in it; and because he is ignorant of your police-laws and cannot read what you *chalk* out for the people on your walls, he may be sent to prison; thus, also, a poor illiterate peasant arriving in London may be made a beast of burden of at the *fiat* or *nod* of some gouty, bilious magistrate, out of temper with himself and the *people*, and may be condemned and put to hard labour, and to the turning of a mill; be half-starved, drenched with water-gruel, or fed upon bad bread and cold water; until, by these *refrigerents* his spirit is diluted down to nothing, and his heart is chilled to

the deadly feeling of despair. Is this not an inquisition? Are not the Penitentiary, and Coldbath-fields, and Clerkenwell, and divers other charnel houses for the living, so many bastilles? Was it ever a principle of the British constitution to condemn men before they were found guilty? And yet have not subsequent acquittals proved these facts? And do not your informers, runners, and men-sellers live and fatten upon these malpractices, upon this arbitrary misrule?

"I know a British officer who was arrested on a Sunday by parish officers, thrown into jail with the lowest of the low, into a filthy dungeon, and for a long time refused pen, ink and paper; this was for encreasing the population in an illegitimate way; so much for the cause of *legitimacy!*" (The Colonel looked triumphant, the Baillie hung down his head) "Have you not only black slaves in your colonies, but white slaves in a sister kingdom, reduced by poverty and grinding down to live upon the roots of the field?" "You'll mean potatoes, I suppose, Sir," said

the Baillie archly. "Ay, potatoes, and not enough of them, and do you not persecute them for their religion?" "I dinna like the Papists," muttered the Baillie. "Do you not place millions of your subjects, who fight for you, and bleed for you, who contribute to the support of the state, and form a part of yourselves, under restrictions and disqualifications humiliating to rational beings? (the Spaniards nodded applause) Are the poor allowed to live or to die even in peace? Do you not ferret them from place to place at the risk of their existence, lest a poor woman should bring forth out of her parish, or that another parish should have to take out of the eating and drinking funds of the insolents in office what would give Christian burial to a wandering brother, thus alienated and denied by his fellow men? Have you an equal representation in Parliament? and lastly, do you not flog your brave soldiers as if they were mules, or the draft cattle of your armies? (all were mute.) Now I can tell you, that in France there is no flogging of soldiers, no

bastilles, no punishing men for illicit amours, no arresting for debt after dark, no difference between a man of Alsace and a Parisian, and if they have a system of Espionage and Censorship, why should you condemn them and yet imitate them? The French Caricature is just, it represents the Frenchman fettered by absolute power, and led by a large, palpable and visible cord, yet smoking his cigar and having his bottle of wine in his hand; John Bull is beside him with a load of taxes on his back, seated on a barrel of beer with *Excise* upon it, the executive authorities are leading him by the nose, with a small almost invisible thread, and John, intoxicated with national pride, is crying Liberty, Equality, and the Sovereign People!!"

The foreigners laughed immoderately, and I was disgusted with the picture and with him who drew it; in vain I attempted to combat this malecontent, every thing I advanced was answered by, "*not at all*, my good Sir."

I was *not at all* sorry to get rid of the ex-

colonel, and heartily wished him a safe voyage to the other side of the water. He put me very much in mind of a character, which I once saw in some dramatic representation, called Don Roderigo Snapshorto of Contratesto.—So allowing him to take liberties wherever he might find them abroad—*Bon Voyage* said

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A WET SOUL.

"If any pain,
Or care remain,
Let's drown it in a bowl."—SONG.

A WET SOUL.

"WHAT'NA ideot was yon man that we met last night?" said a brother baillie, who dropped in at honest Carvey's during the ex-colonel's *tirade* against government; "not so much of the fool," replied I, "as of a discontented, dangerous character." "Trash," exclaimed this wet soul, "bless ye, gie yon chil' a place, a pension, or a regiment, and ye'll hear another tale; we've a' our prices; as for me, I dinna care a button which way they manage matters so I get my cogie; it's a' vanity and vexation o' spirit to be flashed aboot the national debt and yon stuff; feggs,

its no sae easy to discharge oor ain debts; if I just pay day and way, it's a' I care aboot; there'll be *enough* to carry us to *Gravesend*—I hae seen sae many o' these declaimers, losh me, they dinna ken half the time what they're speaking aboot; they're like the *dowg* (dog) that aye barks 'till ye gie him a bane to stop 's *mooth*. True happiness consists in haeing naething to do with affairs o' state—what the better will they go on for ye or me? a' that vexes me is that liquor's nae cheaper, but I'm thankfu' when I hae enough to buy what I want, and that's nae sae little I can assure ye; I'm none o' your misers wha live mi-ser-ably (thus syllabled) just to leave a *hantle* o' money a *hint* them d—d ideots! *whase* heirs laugh at them, and scätter a' their siller like dirt; my nephews must e'en work for their ain *breed* (bread) as I hae *dune*, for they'll get little after me: what's a man to be a slave a's days for pos-teri-ty—wha kens posterity—what's he dune for us?—such non-sens!" I parted with my friend on the Castle-hill, he was going up to see a highland *cusin* (cousin)

who was quartered there, and to get what he called a *heavy* drink.

Wet souls are common enough in Scotland, but this character of *sans souci* is by no means national. The Irish have often this feature in their mind, and the French have it to a very great degree—"*après moi le deluge!*" is a very common phrase in France; but then, the French character is very different from the Caledonians. The Frenchman is a complete voluptuary, one folly or one passion is not sufficient for the former, and even in the enjoyment of each, he is more selfish than pleasurable. Love, wine, and the enjoyments of the epicure, all exist together: he is even fonder of the gastronomic pleasure than of wine; if he exceed in one or the other, gluttony preponderates; he generally loves the sex for himself—his table, from pampered appetite—his bottle, merely to exhilirate his spirits—he also loves show—is vain of his person, fond of public places, dancing, mirthful conversation, and *polissonerie* (a word, which as well as *aimable folie*, is not

of British growth) but when *Saunders* gives himself up to liquor, it drowns every other active enjoyment, for I count all the sing-song and table ribaldry, together with the casualties which flow from wine and spirits as nothing but the wanderings of heated brains. The prudence of a Scotchman is, almost always, so predominant, that however he may love liquor, he loves his interest better; and he will never neglect the main chance for his bottle: when exceptions to this rule do occur, the Bacchanalian gives himself up to liquor and to tobacco, he commences in good company with wine and extravagance, and commonly ends with whiskey, snuff, smoking, and brutalization. Such a man is soon avoided by his first acquaintances, who drop off gradually like troops in a *campaign*, from death or desertion, of which the greater number go off (I mean *not* in war, but in wine); but baillie Tosspot is of a different cast to all these; his associates are few, they are all what he calls his *chosen* few—through the haze of drink, he keeps one eye just

enough open to pay the bill, and to square his account weekly with the world. He never saves a farthing, but at the same time he never owes one; he has nothing of the mercurial property of the sons of Erin,—he never was heard of loud in the streets, quarrelling, fighting, lamp-breaking, losing his money; at midnight he and the clock go together; and when the last stroke of twelve ceases to vibrate on the ear, the baillie steers homeward, silent and sometimes speechless, and reaches his couch in safety. He never was known unable to take care of himself, nor ever to have had a dispute in his whole life. Being asked one morning how he got home, he replied "just at my ordinary." "But," added smilingly one of his friends, "did you not find that the way was very long?" "I did nae think sae muckle o' that, but it seemed to me *unco' braed*," (broad) was his answer.

At the early age of forty, strong liquors had illuminated his countenance to a great height; and, on his being told of it, he coolly

observed in reply, "weel, lad, then I'm one of the *illuminati!*" for he never took offence at such trifles; and indeed he was so well liked through the whole town, that nobody could offend him seriously; for he had not an enemy in the world excepting his next heirs, who thought that he was likely to leave so little behind him:—on this subject he observed, "troth, they *wud* be greater enemies by far if they were praying daily for their uncle's death, to get what they could of me."

Amongst his good qualities, he had the true spirit of conciliation to a great degree; so that he was always called in to make up differences, to allay, to heal animosities, to settle disputes, and often even to decide dubious bets: this he never failed in accomplishing, but he always took care that a drinking bout should grow out of the transaction, and that bets should be paid by an entertainment. Having early acquired a moderate sufficiency, he took no thought of to-morrow, regulating all, so that *it* was just provided for, and no

more. Gifted with an extraordinary constitution, he used to rise early and walk off the fever of the day before: he had read, when a boy, but the newspapers now were study enough for him; and he held politics as the most useless pursuit in the world, thinking that the whole of party consisted in (to use his own words) the *outs* wanting to be in, and the *ins* fearing to be out. I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on this character, but those who know him will not think so; for he has a good heart and other good qualities—charity for instance—an obliging disposition, and activity to a certain extent. When the expenses of the day (of which the liquor counts the heaviest) were provided for, you might command what remained in his purse, and he had nothing mean, temporising, or palpably selfish in his composition. Baillie Carvey and honest Tosspot were great associates, the difference in their character is nevertheless considerable; the one being all worldliness, the other valuing the world as little as Bobby Burns, when

he expressed his genuine feelings by the following lines:—

"Give me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie o,
And worldly cares, and worldly men,
May a' gang tapsie teerie o."*

The one was all for outward appearance, spruce in dress, discreet in conduct, tenacious of credit, circumspect in action, ambitious in his views; the other was indifferent about the opinion of the world, neglectful of his person, easy about credit—because he required none—and the least ambitious man in the world. To become Lord Provost might have overcome the one with delight; but it would have oppressed the other with a deadly weight. Alas poor Jolter,† it finished thee too, but it was not because thou thirsted not for honors

* Topside turvy.

† A departed Lord Provost, to whom great funeral honors were paid.

—thou man of *flannel*—thou art now cold indeed.

As a strong proof of the difference of disposition of the two men, Carvey was horrified by the furious declamation of what he called his democratic guest. Tosspot never heeded what he said but filled his glass; Carvey was seen the next day arm in arm with Colonel Scottie, the other man never thought any more about him, and would have passed him in the streets; but Carvey when reproached with keeping company with the Colonel, excused himself by saying that "folks in trade buid to be like St. Paul, a' things to a' men;" (my countrymen are very fond of quoting a scrap of Scripture to suit their own purpose) "and a customer is a customer now o'days; the Colonel has an awfu' *druth*, and may be muckle money in our way." In few words, Carvey partly proved what his friend advanced, "we have a' of us *oor* price." The zeal of both parties depends greatly on circumstance; the *man of the world* is cer-

tainly drawn from nature. The two baillies were independent men—Carvey having the most money; but the one had no ambition and no care, whilst the other was one of the most ambitious creatures breathing: and ambition is ever full of cares. Ere I conclude this subject, I cannot pass over one Scottish quality which bears out the possessor in all his views and undertakings; it is a kind of sober exercise of every passion, or rather, a quiet, solemn *modus operandi*, which would induce one almost to say that a man was gravely gay, and soberly drunk. The lowlander, particularly, enters into all his pleasures so warily, (in appearance) that he cannot be suspected of excess; he takes such time and caution in entering into intoxication, that a bye-stander might think him dead sober: it is nearly the same thing with all his enjoyments, some degree of discretion and economy always accompanying them. When the Scot is a mere quiet sensualist, he injures no one but himself, and gives less scandal

and bad example than any other man; but when the kirk-going sinner undertakes to deceive, this seeming propriety becomes direct hypocrisy; the evil effects of which were once seriously felt by

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FATHERS AND SONS

"Filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos."

OVID.

"Pœnituit jurasse patrem qui terque quaterque.
Concutiens illustre caput, &c." IDEM.

FATHERS AND SONS.

WHEN inclement weather confines me to my little hermitage, I very often amuse myself by dusting my book-case and by taking down some of my classical friends, who, although laid on the shelf, in one acceptation of the term, are not so from neglect, or being done with. A man can never be considered alone with Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Ovid, Horace and Juvenal *at hand;* he may consider himself not only in very gentleman-like company, but also amongst very sublime genuises.

On the present occasion the wind blew a gale, the branches of my trees bent beneath

" the pelting and pitiless storm," the feathered tribe appeared agitated and unsafe in their leafy dwelling, and flew to take refuge under the projecting thatch of my habitation, where they always find a store of crumbs in hard weather; the man who has not a crumb and a shelter for the robin, is very likely not to have a penny and a prayer for the poor: his heart is not in the right place, and, as Shakspeare says—

" Let no such man be trusted."

On throwing my Ovid on the table, the book opened accidentally at the story of Phaeton. How many a father, thought I, has to weep for the errors of his child; how many a thoughtless, impetuous young man thus tries a father's tenderness, by extorting rash promises and obligations from him, as in the present instance; how rashly will he assume the reins of government, or, abusing a parent's credit and indulgence, drive headlong to destruction, disregarding, (as in the fable) the advice which was given, and presump-

tuously soaring above his means and powers. "Yes," said I to myself, "there are many modern Phaetons; these fables are full of elegant and useful allusions; a wholesome moral may, in many instances, (for my old friend Ovid is occasionally a little too loose and warm) be drawn from them." I now turned the leaves backwards and forwards carelessly, and stopped at the iron age, from which I drew the first line, which I have here committed to paper; my birds were now all enjoying their humble banquet, and many a lesson of parental tenderness might have been picked up at my window, in the instances of the mothers feeding their young. Are the children of reason the only ones who are unnatural? thought I to myself; do we see the minor beings of the creation alone faithful to nature's laws? Forbid it all ye spirits of gentleness and peace,—ye who live in pure uncorrupt love and endless harmony! And yet how many an heir sighs for the enjoyment of his patrimony, which cannot be obtained during his father's life; how many

a nobleman looks to the highest title of his house, and longs to wrest the coronet from the silver-haired brow of his venerable predecessor; the profligate next of entail, in a thousand instances, not only thinks that his father, or uncle has lived too long, but he makes no scruple in saying so; nor is he over nice about letting his opinion come to the ears of the aged man, whose ruddy complexion and sound constitution are frightful objects to the emaciated, dissipated, voluptuous heir at law. Is it not a deep affliction for a father to consider each night that he lays his head down upon his pillow, that a legion of usurers and gamblers, of tradesmen and of his son's worthless dependents, would rejoice that this night was his last;—and that, perhaps at the head of these men in hostile array, is him to whom he gave birth, him for whom he has watched, and wept, and prayed, and whom he thought would have been the staff of his old age? And the only means the miserable man has to avert this malediction, is to ruin himself during his life; to join his son in cut-

ting off the entail of his estate, and to be undone himself, in order to ward off the ruin of his son, which will occur a few years later; but such sons prefer dice and prostitutes, houses and profligates, vice and folly to the ties of consanguinity, and to all future promise of solid happiness. It is revolting to see, (and I know striking instances of this in the highest circle) it is digusting to behold the duke and the young marquis, the viscount and his *nominally* honourable son, counteracting each other in every act, abusing and disgracing each others names, thwarting each others will and wishes; the one raising money on post obit, and praying for the old man's death before his time, and the other endeavouring to cut down timber, or raise money, which his avaricious heir enters a *caveat* against:—here the son refusing to join in relieving a father, and there an iron-hearted miser letting his son go to prison rather than unlock his coffers,—for there are faults on both sides; and it may not be unprofitable to ex-

amine how, and whence they arise; I according shut up my book and began to think. There are two descriptions of fathers who are very likely to have bad sons: not that the dereliction of duty on the one part, is an excuse for the abandonment of it on the other. The first are severe, worldly, and unnatural parents, whose haughtiness holds their dignity compromised by making free with their sons, and by becoming their companions, fear to be considered as their equals Such men have shallow heads and narrow hearts; they dread to concede a point of dignity, because they have no intrinsic superiority; they become difficult of access, lest, as the boy verges on manhood, he may ask favours and expect too great a participation in the fortune and influence of the rich man, or lord; or the father, having his ambitious views, sordid interest, or guilty pleasures to indulge, it is convenient to him to be quite a secret to his son, whereby he may pass for more than what he really is; nay, sometimes, criminal vanity

magnifies the comeliness of a son into a powerful rival, and the contemptible parent scarcely can bear the sight of him, because he makes him appear old, and awakens a salutary *memento* in his mind, that he must one day quit the stage of life, and make place for another actor. In the highest and most illustrious sphere, examples have occurred of the possessor of dignities imbibing a hatred for him to whom they must, in all human probability devolve; for which reason, he has been kept at the utmost distance, as if such conduct could protract the term which must produce the relinquishing of earthly grandeur. The mode of acting of such men, generally, is this, to consign the infant to the nursery, until he can no longer be fit for such a place; next to keep him at school and college as long as possible; then to send him off to the continent, more to get rid of him, than for education; and, lastly, to embark him in a profession, and to *wish* him well, without endeavouring to *make* him so. There are also some stern fathers, who without having vices to hide from their heir,

are so cold, and so consequential, that there is no approaching them; and that when, in after life, it may be politic, or desirable to coalesce with their apparent successor, a distant habit is confirmed, and there can be no cordial union afterwards: for the son has now got his particular and separate pursuits and attachments. Those who look up to what he is to be, so that a distinct feeling of interest is certain to exist, and never can be overcome, since there have been no mutual kindnesses and tenderness; no growing affections, commencing with the cradle, and clinging round every progressive stage of life.

The second class of fathers, whose children either fall from their duty gently, or suddenly rebel against them, is a number of weak, blind, idle, and pleasurable fathers; who cannot take the trouble of directing the mind of a son; who are decided in nothing; who have a divided interest under their roof; a vain, extravagant spoiled wife; or a shrew who is held in horror by the suffering man; or who, travelling the road to ruin themselves, consider that the

paternal right of interference and admonition no longer exists; or who, having no strength of intellect, prefer conniving at their son's errors, to losing a particle of his love, and would rather gratify the extravagance of youth, than be at the pains of checking it. Such men will be kind and generous to their sons, but they will be both without judgment and discrimination; they will be the companions of their youth, but their company will be unprofitable to them; they will not keep them in the dark as to their expectations, nor as to any error of their own life, which may be visited upon the land, or the tenants thereof, but they will lay themselves open to pity and contempt; they will part with authority, right, interest, influence, and respect, one after the other, until the fond father finds either a rebel, or a prodigal in his child. If the sire has scraped together, his offspring will, most probably, scatter abroad. If the former has been a man of pleasure and expensive habits, he may be in danger of having a rude and severe adviser in

his son, a trencher upon his comforts, a narrower of his means, a clipper of his wings, and, finally, a rebel and an usurper. The surrender of property and government of a man's family and other concerns, is not unlikely to produce the same effect as a very different conduct, a clenched-fisted tenacity, and selfish tyranny, which will deprive the heir of every comfort and consideration during the existence of the usufructuary possessor. Both create enemies in their own blood; but we are induced to despise the latter, and to commiserate the former. These examples are very rare indeed in the middle classes of society, and unknown in the still humbler; for I dive not down to the sink of obloquy, where vicious parents rear up their ill-fated brood, and by their example, and even by their agency, lead them on to punishment, and to premature death.

The causes of distance, alienation of affection, the falling off in filial duty, and, at length, of the denaturalization of sons, which may be traced to fathers, are widely different: the con-

sequence, nevertheless, is the same, although the bad son of a kind father is of a blacker die, than the dutiless offspring of a domestic tyrant.

There is another great cause for disunion of families, and for weakening the filial bond, namely, the vitiated state of society. The first engagement (the hymeneal one) is, frequently, entered into for the basest purposes: for the most mercenary views, to disencumber an estate, to satisfy a host of duns, to pension off a mistress, to discharge, what is called a debt of honour, a *play debt;* and, on these occasions, all is sacrificed to the present exigency; ugliness and deformity, low birth, age, and even want of character, are taken into a lump with the weight of metal, required by the contracting party. No previous knowledge of the temper, habits, or health of the money-bringer, is deemed indispensably requisite. What breed can be hoped for from such a marriage? what concord? what happiness? Is it not to be expected that disappointment, discord, and dis-

gust, will light up a flame betwixt such a couple, and that the son must be the enemy of the one, to be the friend of the other? Then misconduct on one, or both sides, will succeed to this; and the example before the children will not be such as to excite duty, or to encrease their filial tenderness, although it must be allowed that there must be a radical wickedness, and a shocking want of heart in that son, who loves not the earthly author of his being, under all circumstances whatever. To be the example, the friend, and the companion of a son, is the most probable mode to secure his affection, and claim his respect. Children early set against a father, and educated by an uncle, or some rich relative, to whom they look up for a fortune, are almost certain of becoming as undutiful and base, as two certain lords of my acquaintance: the letters of whose names are *within* the first half-dozen of the alphabet; or, as the long natural son of a tall thin miser in Edinburgh, who is starved into debt during the old man's life, in

order to fit him for the inheritance of a fortune, which the avaricious father cannot take away with him under ground. These are amongst the grave follies of solemn fools, and will always be exposed by

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SCOTCH WIT.

" Mirth that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both her sides.

SCOTCH WIT.

HAD I said Scotch *humour* instead of Scotch *wit*, I should have drawn down a swarm of critics upon me, who, like the insect train in a warm climate, live out their little hour, and sport their airy ring, stinging and biting promiscuously and unmercifully, until some severe hand crush their little being, and put them out of existence: they are not missed upon earth, but with the next ray of sunshine, favorable to their limited powers and brief vital spark, is engendered another troublesome brood; and he who is caught napping will be tortured and blistered by these venomous little devils, mounted on

fancy's wings, hungry and voracious, and fond of human flesh. I often think, as I see a gnat going into a garret window, after set of sun, that I behold a critic returning home to his attic—for critics often live in attics and in cockloftical *stories.* Had I named *Scotch humour*, some wittling cutter up, whose paper currency circulates at five and three-pence per column of scandal and ill-nature, would have stopped me short by mentioning the *Caledonian cremona*—which by the way I never saw but once in that country—and would have *harped upon the same string* as long as he could have made a *hand* to turn it to some *tune* to his own advantage; I therefore prefer using the word wit to *dry humour*, which is the property of the Scot, and even that not very common.

Mercury, according to the heathen mythology, was the god of wit, of intrigue, and of lies: denoting that these three qualities often go hand in hand; but this is not setting wit up at its real value: wit is not the tickling and teazing of the fly, nor the stinging and

inflaming of the wasp; true wit is elegant, light, and good-humoured censure, point given to a remark or argument, a cheerful happy turn to a conversation previously heavy, or ill-tempered; wit, again, is an amiable *badinage*, which advises without severity, and corrects without asperity; which persuades and deter without wounding, and creates a smile to smooth the brow of care. Satire is the offspring of wit, and is delightful when it is pure and thorough bred; that is to say, when wit and wisdom unite to produce it; but that spurious vile satire which wit misled in an evil hour begets upon envy, is a mis-shapen, bilious, jaundiced imp, which plays a thousand evil and fantastic tricks from the malconformation of its heart and head—the former being void of the milk of human kindness, and the latter being overloaded with bile, which is disgustingly discharged to give ease to the diseased brain. I remember the subject of "Tell me where is *fancy* bred?" being once proposed as a theme to be discussed, and my dry friend Johnny Anderson

replied, "I suppose it will be at the *Fives Court.*" It may be somewhat difficult to ascertain where fancy is bred, or to whom she is *bread* (whether poet, painter, or prose author.) One thing I maintain, she ought to be *well-bred*, in order to be agreeable, and if disagreeable, I should have no objection to her being sent to the *Fives Court* to receive a lesson from the *fancy* of another sphere; but in answer to the question of "or of the heart, or of the head," I should reply of *both;* for fancy is the flower of a generous soil, and where the heart is cold, arid, and apathetical, it cannot expand nor put forth an attractive form. Wit and fancy are nearly allied, and when in company together they produce a powerful effect, although an elder of the kirk wanted to persuade me that wit and knowledge were synonymous terms, and came from the Scotch word *wat*, "*weel, I wat it;*" but he might as well have fathered it upon Wat Tyler, or Jack Straw, the one

being a *top story* name, and the other a tickling term recorded by

"Pleased by a feather, tickled by a straw."

In short, he might make it *what* he would, except *wit*.

So much for wit—it is a mere traveller or settler in Scotland; but dry, humorous quaintness is a plant of the land of thistles, worthy of the national motto—

"Nemo me impune."

The Scot has no quicksilver about him, he prefers the more weighty argument of *other* silver; he is less of the *homme d'esprit*, that of the *homme d'aplomb*, leaving the mercurial sallies to his brother Pat. The late honorable Henry Erskine was the only man in Edinburgh, in whose hands wit was in high perfection; because his heart and head were both of so superior a mould, and because his talents were so very many and his genius so bright and so ready, that he disdained the

"I'll *tak* a thought," which mars all manner of mirth. His *concetti* were as warm and as rapid as the liveliest Italian's or Frenchman's: his mind as pure and unsullied as that of an infant. Walking one day with a brother advocate, and giving out brilliant flashes of wit almost every minute; his companion was mute for about twenty minutes, when at a full mile from town, he suddenly exclaimed, "*Hairy, Hairy*, I have you noo." (Harry, Harry, I have you, or take you now.) He had been all this while examining, weighing, *scrupling*, and turning over and over the sportive play on the words of Harry's *jeu d'esprit*. What a contrast!

These vivacious sallies are very frequently elicited in the Land of Potatoes; but they have a native cast with them, a rich vein of broad humour, a peculiarly laughter-exciting character: sometimes a spice of the brogue, or a seasoning of a bull, (made on purpose,) renders the dish singularly *piquant*. The grave, dry humour of Scotland is quite foreign to Pat; he has nothing *dry* about him, but

his tongue in the morning—nor *grave*, except the last thing about him.

The Englishman, and particularly the Londoner, substitutes irony and slang for gay wit and happy humour. Of the former complexion was the great Doctor Johnson's remark to Mrs. Thrale, who begging him to be candid in giving his opinion on one of her works which was prepared for the press, adding that, if he disapproved of it, she had "other irons in the fire;" the Doctor read it, and advised her to put it *where the rest of her irons were*. Of the latter kind is the low bantering of the streets, where two fellows get into an abusive line, and the one says to the other, "Vy your grown saucy, now that you are *got up* in the world." "*Up* in the world," exclaims the other; "vy vat do you mean?" "Vy," (triumphantly) "ven first I *know'd* you, you hadn't a rag to your back, and now" (with a sneer) "you're *all covered with rags*." Or when two cockney blackguards quarrel, and the one says to the other "I could give you a good hiding if I liked;" the

other will retort, with a grin, "I dare say you could, before you had the *measles*."

Scotch humour is as coarse and unadorned as this, but it has more weight, and is more cutting; and if its point be not polished, its edge is effective: witness the old law lord, who, after engaging a certain half-fool to play at whist under the promise that he would not abuse him for bad play, broke out as follows; his silly partner trumped my lord's king: "Oh! you stupid idiot!" exclaimed the judge. "My lord, (remonstrated his partner) you promised that if I would play you *wud no misca' me*." (miscall me) "Neither have I yet," replied his lordship. Witness also the same Jemmy ———'s surprising turn upon the same lord, who insisted upon his telling a story in order to turn him into ridicule. Jemmy invented a story about three men robbing a church, two of whom effected their escape by a ladder, which they were to take away, and the third, after throwing down the last articles of value, was to descend softly by the bell-rope; but, giving an unlucky

jerk, the bell began tolling, and the man was apprehended. "When he saw his fall, he turned round," said Jemmy, "and addressing the bell, just as I am your lordship at present, he said, 'if it had no been for your *lang* tongue and empty head, I should no be brought to this situation.'" On which all comment must be unnecessary. Punning and playing on words are, at best, the poorest kinds of wit; they have gained ground in Scotland, but are not only miserable efforts, but, when purely Scotch, are unintelligible to all the world besides; for instance—"Why is it that a minister, (clergyman) never wears a sword?" Answer—"For fear that he should *stick* his preaching." The word stick is here meant as stopping short of a mark; like sticking in the mud, or making a hole in the ballad, which a Scot would render thus,—"I tried such a song, but I *sticked* it!!!" There was another awkward pun of this kind once attempted in my hearing; it was a scriptural one, and Hem, Shem, and Japhet, were *not* dexterously dragged into it head and

shoulders:—the punster said to his friend, who was eating a sandwich,—"It's a *shame* to put that *ham* in your *jaw*, *faith!*" Off, off, off, say I; but the cunning introduction of humour is no unfrequent practice in the north; on the bench, in company, and even in the pulpit, where I am of opinion, in spite of Sterne, and Dean Swift, and Doctor O'Leary, that it is quite out of place; wit must be light in order to be easily produced, or easily borne with.

"A wit's a feather,"

says Pope; therefore neither *papist*, nor protestant can admit of it in church, where levity is a crime; its quality ought to differ according to the occasion for which it is designed; wit written in a book must bear reading twice; no rough sketch will answer this purpose: the wit of the courts should be courtly; wit in *reparteé*, should be pleasant and temperate; table wit needs only to be palatable and apropos; ill-tempered wit resembles an inflammatory liquor, which, when the spirit has

evaporated, leaves a nauseous poisonous drug behind it. Of a wit, it may be said, as of the poet—"*nascitur non fit*;" which Paddy would call *not fit* for any body; the fact is, that the man of lively imagination is always warming and enlightening; warming by his benevolence, and cheering by his wit; but the assiduous attempter at smart things, is the clumsy follower of the former, like the fool tumbling after harlequin has just vaulted over his head; such has it always seemed to

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THE COMPANY OF ROYAL ARCHERS.

" Non semper feriet quodcunque mirabitur arcus."

THE COMPANY OF ROYAL ARCHERS.

After the subject of wit, that of archery may, not improperly, be introduced: the wit and the toxopholite are both marksmen: they carry their winged arrows with them, and they wound more or less deeply as they are tempered, pointed, and skilfully managed: both occasionally, too, draw a long bow. But, barring all these similarities, there is something of the olden time in the Royal Company of Archers; there is a dash of the gallant and warlike, which brings back to the mind the battles of the ancients, when a shower of arrows often decided the fate of the day, or of a kingdom.

I do not mean to set up the Edinburgh Royal Archers as the first or the highest company in the world. There are the Kentish Bowmen, and the Surry Bowmen, the Border Bowmen, and archers from various parts of England of high renown, lads attired in Lincoln green, and armed *cap-à-piè* ; but I dwell a little upon the Edinburgh Company of Royal Archers, for country's and for antiquity's sake. The anonymous author of Quentin Durward, and of so many other Scotch novels, which are much indebted to old annals, chronicles, and historical documents, has revived the memory of the Scottish archers or bowmen, who were in the French service, * and given another ray of lustre to the archers of Auld Reekie.

* Of these *braves* (brave men) there is no trace left in Gaul, but their courage and fidelity stand on record. There remains of Scottish soldiery (in that country) nothing but a nominal troop of cavalry, in the King's Life Guards, or rather Body Guards, *les Garde du Corps ;* this is called *La Compagnie Ecossaise*, and has a green and silver *baudrier* as a dis-

There is an elegance in the attitude of the archer. It requires judgment, a correct eye, and it may serve, for aught I know, (for Hermits are no sportsmen,) to make a man a good shot, or a long shot; and the rivalry for the medal, or silver arrow, is not without its attraction. Nor do I regret that the town does not boast of female toxopholites: an arch look is quite sufficient for the fair, without other arms: the charms of a pretty woman can do mischief enough without these hostile weapons; and it may be said to these *belles*, *

> "——— there lies more peril in those eyes,
> Than twenty of their swords."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

tinction. They were formerly all gentlemen emigrated from Scotland, following the white standard, and the white cockade.

* I have heard one of those fops who answer to the description which Captain Morris gives in his Lines on Love:—

> "Yes, the God 's on the wing, when a delicate Damon,
> In sickly composure sits down to repine."

One thing seems a little odd to a Scotchman, namely, that so many professional men, and, above all, lawyers, should be satisfied, "*de tirer au blanc*," to shoot at nothing; for Sandy, in common, gives nothing for nothing.

I have heard such fastidious *elegants* assert that he does not know what a Scotch beauty means, for that he saw nothing in Edinburgh, but strapping lasses, with fire-red locks and huge feet; but it appears pretty clear, from the old ballad of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, thus beautifully alluded to, that there were two very distinct characters of national beauty:

"Sweet Mary's breath came like the wind
Blowing o'er a bed of roses;
She sung like the lark to the morning-star,
When the shepherd's fold uncloses.
But Bessie's een were founts o' love,
'Mang her lint-white ringlets wiling;
And her looks came like the May-morn sun,
To set the world a-smiling."

The one is believed to have been a fair woman, with auburn hair, and fine dark eyes; the other a blonde, with soft blue eyes: if the reader wishes for something prettier, he must be difficult indeed.

Nor can I, overmuch, admire the costume which they have adopted, and which looks nothing short of ridiculous:—when the marksman wears a wig, when he is old, and not overburdened with beauty; or when he has a pair of spectacles on his nose, three circumstances not unfrequent amongst the company, there is, in the garb which they have assumed, an unnatural mixture of the highland and of the lowland taste—a bonnet without the kilt, and tartan without any other mountain accompaniment. Were they made one thing or the other, the uniform might be understood; but as it now is, it puts one more in mind of the black-faced gentleman with the dagger of lath than of any other thing, only that these worthies have not his nimble foot, and would not exert all his agility, or encounter his perils, unless their Columbine had plenty o' siller in her *pouch*.

It is observed (and I leave my reader to make his own comments on the subject), that the ordinary winners of the prize, were doctors and advocates. Doctor Spence, the

hope of volunteering celebrity; a baronet, Sir George* (we will say no more), who had studied the law, and others who *plumed* themselves on the mischief of the quill, being the most successful strugglers for the reward of merit.† I remember being present one day, when one of the *ancients* in this fancy dress, "hit the bull's eye," and a by-stander of the lower order, said, in a half whisper to his com-

* Sir George afterwards wrote a play and a farce, all at one and the same time; but he missed his mark. He travelled a great way to get his story, and the materials for his dramatic drug, in which the Doctor's daughter, and his lady wife, could not help him; but he was cast away at home, and foundered completely. Not even the applause of self and friends could save his theatrical bantling. The baronet had better have stuck to his Serjeantcy in the Leith and Edinburgh cavalry; or, to his archery, or even to his chemistry, in which he burned his fingers, and about which there was a regular *blow-up*.

† The author here writes from his remembrances. His time in Edinburgh is taken up too much to frequent the Links.

panion, "hegh! man, he's an *awld snack-drawer*," a term which will be well understood by my countrymen, but which is beyond translating to those who are not acquainted with Scotch phrases. The last time when this royal corps figured in history was, when our amiable King revived old remembrances, and

"————————kept court at Holyrood,"

the national feeling of loyalty was evinced upon this occasion; but the Caledonian has always such a reserve of what he calls decency and discretion, that their welcome was a little of the *hotch potch* cast, a mixture, where the heart, I believe, really took part, but which old hobbling dame prudence made a lame business of, while the boys of Shamrockshire were all intoxicated with joy, and did not know whether to cut off the boughs of a tree at risk of their neck, by way of coming down the *shortest* way to see the King, or would plunge into a fluid, not much suited to pat's taste (water), in order to take his last farewell of

the royal visitor. It is to be hoped, that his Majesty will again visit his northern kingdom, when Sandy will be more prepared for the honour, when his mind will be made up to the thing, and he will be more accustomed to the royal presence. Surprise is a thing that upsets Sandy completely; but *gie him time*, and he knows what he is about. It is also desirable that a certain cold, foreign-fashioned duke may be confined by the gout to his apartments, or may be bestowing his Grace's speeches on some singer, player, painter, or other artist of the Italian school. A word to the wise: A little of *her* Grace's grace and amenity would be of much service to him. One word more on the combination of the arrow, and the quill of shooting with the former, and of despatching with the latter. A wag assured me that *musa* was no longer the first Latin noun substantive learned at the high school, but that *Penna* was substituted in its place, in honour of the writers to the signet, and of the other numerous writers, of all kinds, who live

by the ink-horn, and who swell the ample page.

To a book-worm the gymnastic exercises appear only fitted for boyhood, and are then more eligible for the sake of health, than of utility. When reason is ripe, and the thinking man is formed, those habits might be dispensed with, since riding and walking serve all the purposes of unbending the mind, and of giving exercise to the body. In the diversions of hunting, horse racing, archery, and shooting, the passions are engaged. In the two last, as well as in playing at billiards, the mind has something to feed on, both from the emulation created by dexterity, and from calculation, not to mention the obliging friends with game, and the putting money in the pocket at the billiard-table. The joys of angling, and of playing at ball, are unknown to the writer; and he cannot help thinking that an elderly gentleman, with a bald or powdered head, long back and upright form; or an old fat merchant thrust into a short jacket, and perspiring with a long stick in his

hand, at golfe looks rather silly. Old Corri once met a school-boy, and said to him, "my dear, I just saw your *grand papa* running after a ball on Leith Links, as if he was run mad."

To conclude, a degree of respect certainly attaches to this ancient and royal company, which would be benefited by a little more taste than fancy in its clothing. Dress and address are powerful auxiliaries through life. The Scot wants not the intrinsic, the inward man, the sober and correct conduct, which will make a man blameless through life; but a few grains of warm feeling, and a little more graceful *dehors* would not be unserviceable to him in the eyes of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

EUPHRASIA.

"She falls like stars that set to rise no more."

EUPHRASIA.

If Euphrasia be not the exact name of the lady whom I am about to describe, its similarity will strike all those who knew her; they will enter into the circumstances which led to her fall, and place the blame where it ought most heavily to rest: female misconduct oftener arises from neglect, weakness, and temptation from the other sex, than from idleness, or a proneness to vice; to the last cause cannot be attributed Euphrasia's ruin, but to scandalous neglect and unnatural conduct from very near relatives, and particularly from one who ought to have been her adviser and protector. Nature, even, seems to have

played foul with her in giving her colossal stature, and a manly mind, and yet gifting her with the weakness of her own sex, and with nerves and fibres as easily deranged and shattered as the most delicate chords of a musical instrument. Euphrasia's grandfather was at the top of his profession, and titled: her father was a vain man and a would-be *literatus*, which induced him to turn bear-leader to a bear in temper and roughness, but a giant in learning; and whose pen has enriched his native language, and mingled often the beautiful with the profound. Of severe and saturnine habits, the doctor was neither fond of children, nor of music; nor was he addicted to the errors which an inordinate love of the softer sex is apt to produce; yet had he a very sincere friendship for one female, and, in his saving another from the gulph of perdition, by leading her from the path of vice, to that of repentance and industry, he proved that the finer feelings were closely connected with his nature; happy had it been if he had lived to direct the mind of

Euphrasia, to whom he showed exclusive partiality in her infancy, and to whom he gave her christian name: fate ordained it otherwise, or rather ought I to say, the natural order of things closed this great man's existence before he could be of use to her who had claimed so much interest from him. The child grew up, lofty in size and of capacious intellect; quick, of retentive memory, fond of reading, emulous in disposition, warm in friendship, charitable, hospitable and benevolent, she would have made a noble fellow, but she passed for an eccentric masculine girl; yet was she accomplished, and that too in the arts which sweeten society, and please in women: she sang with a soft voice, touched the lute, lyre, and harp rather gracefully, had a turn for composition, and could make verses; she was witty also, and could be severe; which her good nature generally avoided being; but alas! she was vain, fond of dress, and of notoriety; of presiding over a sumptuous board; of taking a lead in company; of saying and doing odd things, and of making useless at-

tempts to imitate the criticisms, language, and singularities of the deceased luminary. She had a brother—yes, she had a brother, and that is all that can be said on that subject. Her father was ambitious of handing down territorial influence to his eldest son, and to this (as is generally the case) the younger children's fortunes, comforts, and prospects in life were sacrificed. The heir therefore was somebody; he could bestir himself in his county, and *build castles in air;* he could keep race-horses, not calculating that his race would be short. He could be a party-man and give his weight and *length* too to that party, from which he became their tool; but all the time that he was indulging in this dream of power, and turning his back on Euphrasia, she was running the race of celebrity against purse, which was too light to get through the first heat. Her grenadier size overtopped her sex, and in overlooking them, she was lost sight of too: a few embroidered pelisses, a few ostrich feathers, the reputation of an alabaster arm, which the women said was too

large to be handsome; some suppers for which sweet *Waddle*, the confectioner, the general dealer, and speculator suffered; concerts in her top-story, and the sneers of her own sex began and ended her career. She, in her turn, did not overvalue her female acquaintances, who, very soon, cut her altogether; which would not have happened had she been supported by her family. She had a banker guardian, but she soon got out of his books to be on the wrong side of those with whom she dealt; yet was she just whilst in her power, and generous long after. I have seen her, supported by two peers, in her own apartments, pouring the festive bowl before them, and I had very nearly seen her with a bailiff on either side in a few nights after; but, from this disgrace, the gallant Captain Mac Flutterwing saved her by escorting her, ere peep of day, down to the abbey; for which purpose he left a rout in Prince's Street.

The sanctuary of Holyrood House, or rather its precincts, may be considered as the

tomb of credit; here it expires, as the French proverb says, "*qui a bu boira,*" (he who has drunk will drink again.) So he or she who once gets the bush-fighting plan, of skirmishing from old Holyrood, and retiring upon its privilege, will no more be trusted; not but many a good man has been forced down there, and has afterwards acted very honorably with his creditors; yet there is something in its air which blasts reputation more or less, yet not to the extent of the dense atmosphere breathed in, or near the King's Bench, or Fleet Prison, which sullies principle, and turns the head upon throwing over creditors with divers other tricks equally prejudicial to trade, and to fair dealing in life; honest tradesmen would do well to think *not* twice before they act *once*, in regard to their debtors, but *ten times*. Drive a man to the degradation of rules and privileged places (and worse again to a prison's walls) despair may suggest what otherwise would have been contemplated with horror; necessity will urge a person to adopt a remedy which otherwise would never have

been thought of; but who is the *honest tradesman?* Diogenes would need his lanthorn indeed to find him. Of *honest* tradesmen and well principled young gentlemen in town, there are about half-a-dozen to six; the former is supple, fawning, flattering, apparently liberal and confident, anxious to sell, anxious to grow rich, eager to ape his betters in luxury, impatient to make a fortune, and to retire and enjoy his *otium*, by either leaving a son or successor to pursue the same path of trick and overcharge, or to sell the *good will* of his concern to some one who perhaps is gulled; for Mr. Tailor, Mr. Coachmaker, Mr. Horsedealer, or Mr. Wine-adulterer, has no good will but towards himself. All this time the humble shopkeeper is too civil by half, and thrusts his merchandize upon the beardless, brainless, customer; he (the tradesman) thinks himself safe, else would he not have trusted; but when his patience tires, and fears trouble his noddle, overcharged with wine or punch, and disturb his rest, he

grows insolent, menacing, and angry, and thrusts his man into a lock-up-house without mercy or deliberation; and to this measure his *honest* attorney advises him, because he has a bill to produce as long as the tailor's, which without these *measures* could not exist; so that between Snip and Parchment it is measure for measure.

Irritated by such treatment, and already tainted with dishonour, the flashy customer contemplates a white-washing. As tradesmen grow more saucy, he gets deeper in debt with others; he is tapped upon the shoulder by the blood-hound of the law, and the biter is bit; not the semblance of a man who makes a trade of his fellow-creature's liberty; but Snip, or Axletree, or Fig'em, or Slowjuice, or Boniface, or Tavern-keeper, who has secured his man, but lost all probability of being paid; he however has a resource which the debtor has not, namely, either to plant his account upon the shoulders of a brace of exquisite Hussars, Lancers, or Life Guard

bucks, and so to balance his accounts with the world, or to fail and begin *de novo*. But to return to Euphrasia, her sejour at the foot of the Canongate neither improved her health, her credit, or her manners,—she slept out the day and rose late, when

"The bottle (*afforded*) a glimpse through the gloom."

She at last slipped off to a more southern climate to a warmer sky, but unfortunately she

"—— found where'er *she* roamed uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest."

On her road she gave a concert, the notes of which were not sterling; she paid the piper, but the piper paid scarcely her expenses; she thought to be a star in London, but there she found stars out of number; she composed verses and amused herself by them. Her fervid imagination now produced an opera,

it was still-born: royalty was applied to in her behalf, and royal munificence was experienced by her; but she was led to believe that further patronage and permanent relief were intended. Here she was mistaken—did she see double? I know not. Little Mac, now no more, was called an errant rogue, (a pretty joke to make a knight errant of a *real* baronet.) Euphrasia next suspected that he meant something *paw*, *paw*; she waited, she heard no more, she began to construe all he had said into the language of intrigue; but it was strongly suspected that she did not know what she said herself. She was wretched, deserted, cut a-drift from all the world. What did her brother do for her? He played the great man too much to think of her. It was stated that she had dishonoured her name, that her friends (who were they?) had done a great deal for her—they were tired (yes, of doing nothing) and would do no more. A title made the *great* man ashamed of the *great* woman, who walked

about the town a *great reproach* indeed to her name—but in what way let her relations prove. Her fame has been stigmatized with conduct which it would require ocular evidence to convince the writer hereof that it actually was the case. Report was spread about stating her death without further particulars; and another account went to prove that she was confined for insanity—not improbable, the thread of sensibility is tender and small: betwixt endurance and agony the partition is slender and fragile beyond expression; the feather-weight which determines what the heart can bear or break with, is delicate to touch, monstrous to apply to a sufferer, from reason to madness there is but one step. "*Pauvre humanite!*" those who wish to explain her loss of mind, revert to her having had a brace of pistols in her possession sixteen years ago; this was a frolic, and it can be clearly proved that she did not keep them long; had she possessed these *pops* when she arrived in London, they would have

been *popped* in a very peaceable way; but whether dead, or deranged, confined within a sepulchre, or confined with or without insanity, to what does she owe her fall? who will answer that satisfactorily to

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH?

A BROTHER AND YET NO BROTHER.

"Am not I a man and a brother?"

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

A BROTHER AND YET NO BROTHER.

THE poor man of colour, on whom the day-star of freedom never rose; he who toils for a hard master, and bears a punishment alone applicable to the brute creation, may well ask this question, "Are we not both moulded from the dust, and must we not both sleep in the bosom of our mother Earth—there moulder and decay, corrupt and come to annihilation, or be compressed into a clod of the valley?" He may very justly inquire why he is thus treated, for his skin *alone* sins against him; yet, although he is doomed to bear the heat and burden of the day, his toil earns him not consideration, his labours exalt

him not to the level of other men—he is not only the labourer, the servant, and the drudge, but he is still the slave! He is property to his owner, like his horse or his ox; and he has (probably) been forced from his native land in childhood or youth, and sold to bondage.

But if this question may be put by the poor unlettered native of Afric's burning soil, if he or she whose half-formed intellect degrades the possessor (or rather is a reproach to those who direct it not to piety and truth), may well demand satisfaction as to why they are thus separated from others of the human species, and narrowed in their enjoyments, in their consequence and sphere of life; what must the reproaches be of the outcast child, or disinherited offspring of one whose blood, whose colour, whose name, and whose condition differed in nothing from theirs, what must such sufferers demand at the hands of their oppressors? From this link of oppression's chain the concatenation is direct, and immediately proximate to him or her, who,

stinted, and sometimes half starved, in order to place the elder of the house on an eminence, to support his dignity, to prop his importance, to enable him to represent a proud (and often worthless) father, to keep up, as it is called, his title, and to maintain and augment a landed estate, the gamekeepers of which, very probably, have a better allowance than any of the younger children, and the game of which is protected from the poacher; when youth and beauty are exposed to ruin from family pride and poverty allied, and from the neglect of an ambitious, or avaricious brother,—this is, indeed, a brother and yet no brother.

I am well aware that a crown would lose one of its gems were it not supported by nobility, and that nobility must be supported in its turn—that lustre is necessary to both, and that the aristocracy of the country demands certain family sacrifices; but then they should bear some proportion to the object. The members of an overgrown head ought not to pine and perish; the younger children

(and the case is harder with females) should not receive a poor, paltry, insufficient portion or allowance, whilst splendour and superabundance reign, and lord it at that family mansion, under whose roof all the children drew their breath alike; whilst the difference of sex, or one year's lapse of time bestowing the right of primogeniture, makes a rich man of the one and dependents of the others. Neither do I consider it right, that the juniors of a noble house should be surrendered up to the chance of parliamentary interest, or a match for a sister without fortune, in which the former hasten chances to one—place, pension, church promotion, whether fit for the profession or not, whether inclined or averse to the pulpit, the being thrust forward in the navy, or put over the heads of comrades in the army, being stuck to the skirts of diplomacy, getting a wife in expectation of a possibility of a title, from being within *one* of it, &c. &c. &c. But what is still more lamentable than this is, some petty knight or squire, fresh off the anvil of being dubbed a noble, or made a

man of landed importance, who, in order to raise a name,

" Signatum *præsente nota* producere nomen,"

entails his whole property, and either *curtails* the means of living of all his children but one, or leaves them entirely at his mercy, with a *little bit* of claim on the land, which, for a *little bit* of money he gets rid of, either to raise up a second family, or to make away with it for life to those who have furnished him the means of living expensively.

In Scotland, as well as in England, these dispositions of property cannot be altogether avoided; but they do less mischief there than almost any where else. There is a feeling of brotherhood very creditable to the country, and as honourable to nature; but it is more certain to be found in families of moderate property, than in those suddenly aggrandized and tumefied into baronetages, seats in parliament, great borough interest, or other sudden elevation. I have known a brother support a mother or a sister (sometimes both)

out of a captain's pay. I have been personally acquainted with a laird and a chieftain, who sacrificed their health abroad, in order to apportion their numerous sisters; and many others, who either devoted themselves to professions, with the view of making an equal division amongst their brothers and sisters, or who have remained single, for the purpose of keeping their mothers and sisters comfortably resident on the family estate. In a higher class, these fine feelings wear off, and, in acquired property, attended by a name, "they are very generally lost sight of entirely:" so it was in the present instance.

When the days of childhood had passed away, and it ceased to be suggested that *Miss* discovered as masculine a mind as *master*, more quickness and brilliancy, the sister was left to the care of an excellent, too-mild guardian; and the competitorship (if so it may be called), was at an end. An insight into the law was thought advantageous to the laird; but his ambition soared higher than that. He married, and, as is often the case,

left the ties of blood for the chains of Hymen. Euphrasia's eccentricities gained her enemies. Perhaps they might have been persuaded away; but they were an affront upon the house of ——— ; and when she came to the full age of being out of tutelage, which does not always imply *years of discretion*, she was resigned to her fate. Her brother (eldest brother at least) was quite affronted at the accounts of her, and (probably) begged leave never to hear her named: a summary, convenient mode of getting rid of all the expense and trouble of fraternal duty. How many an inhuman father has said of his prodigal son (who might be reclaimed) "never let me hear his name, he is a disgrace to it!" or of a daughter who has strayed from virtue's path, and might be led back to it, "a father's curse upon her!" (dreadful word! which will recoil upon the pronouncer.) How frequently, too, has a child, who has married for love instead of interest, heard the stern parent observe, "that he or she has made the bed upon which they must lay," and that the offender must never

darken their door again. Whatever this brother's sentence was, which he pronounced on his sister, his conduct was not merely neglect, but contempt; not indifference, but total oblivion of there being such a one in existence.

It has already been clear to the reader, that debt and poverty produced their usual companions, humiliation and disgrace; and the short history of her life will pretty clearly prove that when despair enters the human brain, all temperate conduct, all cool exertion, all patient waiting and enduring are at an end. The fate of the brother now alone remains to be detailed, and to what his visionary greatness came. Horse-racing, company-keeping, speechifying, and, being the instrument of a party, occupied his ideas and his time. He was caught napping in the midst of his golden dream. A furious Scot, who considered himself personally injured by a production (it matters not what) which the great man had a share in, thunders in his ears, provokes, awakens him from his slumbering

security. The angry man takes the law into his own hands, and appeals to the trigger. The offender deliberates. Nature recoils at this trafficing with life; but honor, the *ignis fatuus* of pride, commands obedience to her laws. The party-man stands champion of his cause, and falls by it, whether regretted or not it behoves us not to say, but to say otherwise would be ungenerous.

Strange it is, but not less true, that the end of ambition, avarice, haughtiness, and cruelty, has continually been of this complexion. The ambitious man climbs up the steep ascent of his immeasurable desires with the rapidity and daring of the eagle's flight; if he attain its summit, he there grasps at an unreal object; the shadow evades his touch, he staggers, falls, and is precipitated to the bottom. The miser either perishes for want, or sees his (sometimes ill gotten) treasure plundered, his strong box forced opened, and his closed heart breaks with it. The stern parent disinherits his progeny, and dies childless, without a friend to close his eyes. The cruel man

perishes by an assassin's hand, or forfeits his life to the laws of his country. The greedy speculator becomes a bankrupt. The petty tyrant lives detested, and dies unhonored, unheeded, and unwept.

Nature would sicken at such instances were she not occasionally relieved by rare but bright examples of paternal, of filial, and of fraternal piety, of christian pure charity, and of glowing brotherly love; did there not exist in and out of the peerage, men, who have been to the living like ministering angels of succour and support; like the stewards, and almoners, of Heaven's high Treasury, giving and bestowing, sacrificing and lending, recovering and saving, the staggering or fallen brother. If there were not an Irish earl, who, when he had paid his son's debts to a frightful amount, only lamented that his son could not witness the deed, adding, "he cannot *now* support his own fame and honor; and who should do it but myself?" An English peer, who has discharged a brother's, again and again, asserting that "if his brother fell seven times a day,

his arm should recover him." A sister of excellent family, who gave up her whole fortune to make another sister happy in wedlock, living, herself, by her talents; and a pious son, who has condemned himself to sacrifices and retrenchments for life, that the late Lord, his father, should go honored to the grave, by the acquittal of all demands upon him. Such examples cheer us on life's lonely path; they are above human praise, and will be recorded above, *not* in letters of gold, but in words of flame, which shall blaze and enlighten, when the eye is dim and the hand powerless of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

AN HONEST BIT OF BREAD.

"——— 'tis a ragged virtue."

AN HONEST BIT OF BREAD.

HONESTY is in every man's mouth, but *not* in every man's heart: "as I am an honest man," is so common a phrase, that it would seem as if as little was meant by it as what is gained in the way of attention or belief. "Upon my *honor*," too, (of late years) is just as cheap, and has fallen into disrepute; it has now become so familiar and popular, that we hear it pledged by all ranks, from the noble and the soldier, down to the attorney and the tailor, and from my Lady Duchess to my lady's maid, and even from a lying waiter and meddling *coutririère* in Paris, "*parole d'honneur!*" But, alas! *these unredeemed*

pledges are often forfeited, and as often sold to the best bidder. That the virtue of honesty is a ragged one may be proved in two ways, first, because it conducts not to opulence, but, on the contrary, belongs more to the poor, than to the rich; and secondly, because professions of honesty (and of honor too) are not only worn thread-bare, but tattered (by *over* use) to rags, and as honor is the refinement of honesty, and a thing of most delicate texture, it is sooner and more easily brought to decay and destroyed, than plain, homespun, old stout English honesty. In the same proportion as our ears are fatigued with the sound of self-proclaimed honesty, we are tired of hearing of a thing, which we so rarely see, namely, a person's earning "an honest bit of bread;" it would, therefore, be worth while to know who do earn this *honest bid of bread.* Is it the divine, who preaches for a high stipend, who marries, gets a numerous race, provides for them out of what was given him to preach, pray and practise, and in trust for the poor, who neglects the

spiritual for the temporal, fox hunts, dances, drinks his claret, and sits on the magisterial bench, condemning the poacher to disgrace and bondage, and the poor wanderer to a tread-mill? Is it the lawyer, who sets all his neighbours by the ears, who lives by injuries and resentments, by quarrels and strife, who rights a poor man by making a beggar of him, and tires out a rich one in the pursuit of justice? Is it the physician, who plays with a fanciful patient until he makes an annuity of the *malade imaginaire*, protracts a cure, for the sake of self, apothecary and *co.*, who neglects one sick person for another, or embarks a bold greenhorn in a profession, on which life and death depend, and half informed, takes his kill or cure chance with his neighbours, or the town at large? Is it the lying auctioneer, who lives by exaggeration and misrepresentation, and whose wordy praise enhances the value of every article merely to increase his per centage thereon? Is it the tavern-keeper, who never takes in the poor but *takes in* everybody else, a fellow,

whose door is not open to charity or hospitality, but to imposition and extortion;* and which same conscientious *inn*-keeper, Sandy might fairly call an *intak?* (in take) Is it the tailor, who *scrupulously* makes the honest farmer, unworldly bookworm, or unsuspecting novice, pay for the dishonest dandy or ruffian's clothes? Is it the vender of slow juice, elder berries, pressed cherries, and a little brandy, which he passes for old crusted port, in stained bottles? Or the bookseller, who wears down the exhausted spirits of the poor author, until he sinks for want, and sells his production for a bit of bread; or the pilferer of another man's ideas, which he turns to his own account in a future compilation, rejecting the reduced gentleman, and turning him from his library; or the merciless critic, or reviewer, who blights the literary bud of promise, daunts the modest female candidate for fame, and drives her from the stage and from bread.

* How seldom a traveller gets justice done him by reducing a tavern-keeper's bill.

at the same time, and who slanders by the quire and volume of paper, because each column satisfies his craving appetite and thirst, and because, once having tasted of the *flesh pots of Egypt*, he grows pampered and proud, and must feed on dainties and drink wine, and relinquish his garret for a painted chamber; nay, even must have a *tusculum*, in imitation of the great Roman satirist? Is it the druggist (without being a druggist) who mixes up treacle and molasses, liquorice and bitters, with a dozen other messes, which counterfeit he passes for strong honest John Barley-corn of other times? Or the psalm-singing grocer, who *sands* his sugar, *waters* his rum, and *wets* his tobacco just before he goes up to prayers, or treats you with a horse's breakfast (roasted beans, or citizen Hunt's trash) mixed up instead of coffee? Or the baker, who thinks that half potatoes and chalk are very wholesome for his customers, the one being a *crammer*, and the other having an *attraction* for bile; yet who does not fail to make his customers pay the *full* price for the finest

flour? Or the ———, but I must come to Edinburgh honesty.

I was once coming home from a sick friend, at the break of day, and followed a drunken buck, in the hands of a chairman: "I fear ye'll be robbed," said Ronald M'Spatterdash, "sae, I'll light ye an ye please, you'll no be able to get into your ain lodging the night, but I'll tak ye to a *decent* and *discreet hoose*." The drunkard agreed to this, and they both disappeared for a while; at length, I overtook the veteran night-walker, palsied and grown grey in the service; he was swearing and complaining, and seasoning every thing with *mac na vitch*; I inquired the cause of his complaint, when he exclaimed, in broken English, that it was a *real* shame to cheat an honest man that way. "*Ay, augh*, what, *hau*—was he to keep's *bairns* and Shanet (Janet) thon way! A paltry shilling for getting him quarters on sic a night; it sud have been five. I, too, who strive thus industriously for *an honest* bit o' bread." I asked him if he did not expect some remuneration of the lodging-

keeper? To which, he replied, "that's nae odds, if *she* gi'e me a shilling or twa, but the d—n mean *Sarsanach*" (Saxon, or stranger.) I inquired if he did not sometimes pick up many shillings in the course of the night. To which, he answered, "*toots* ay, but nae matters;" and, on my inquiring if he had no other mode of living, he said, "*No*," in a very hoarse tone, adding, "it's a pure shift, but an *honest* one,"* and then begged that I wud gi'e him a shilling or *twa* to drink my health. The next morning I looked into the council chamber, and found this vitiated emigrant from the highlands called as an evidence in court, on account of the Saxon's having lost his watch at the *decent, discreet* hoose. Tibby Smoothtalk was washerwoman to an old bachelor, who was a limner. Taking likenesses one day, he was persuaded that it was the *moral* of himself; and, in order, *no* to lose his customers, nor to *affront* the

* The same thing was said to me by a travelling impostor, who exhibited a pig shaved and painted blue, which he called a nondescript!

kirk, of which he was an elder, he set Tibby up in a little spirit shop, where she takes in the news, and draws together all the servant wenches of the quarter, and learns all the family secrets, and buys old clothes, kitchen stuff, hares skins, or anything; nothing comes amiss to her. She makes up a very agreeable mixture (they say) of the juice of grain and pepper, a little vitriol, &c.; and, in spite of the little accident in question (for which she is de'il bit the *war*) she passes for the honestest body in her street.

Katty Spoke, had a violent dispute with a Jew, one evening, in the High Street, when Mordecai told her that she was no better than she ought to be. "It would be well for you, if you earned your bread as honestly as I do," replied Katty. Now I leave my readers to guess how Katty got her *honest bit of bread* on a dark night in the public streets. Maggie Langclack is a *vara* honest creature too; she met with a *misfortune* early in life, and has now set up a sort of a register-office. Baillie Blackmuzzle was a

friend to her when she set up, and says, "he aye found her a hardworking, decent, honest *bit creatury*." Some people think that her house is an appointment shop; but she says, "that it's better to do that than do worse," its an *honest bit o' bread*. Mr. Mucklescheme, one of the lowest of the *vriter* class, is a very honest man; he gains his bit o' *bread* by the sheet, and aye gets hold of his poor illiterate clients' confidence and siller together; paying his court at one time to a widow who had a decent annuity, he swore that if she did not marry him he would get into the house early in the morning and look out of one of her windows in his *sark*, and with a night-cap on, and so ruin her character, yet he pays his way very *honorably*. So does the effeminate faced fat woman-like looking man with a silvery speech, and such a gift of the gab, who sells all things to all people at an enormous price on one of the bridges; and the gentleman shop-keeper at the woolpack, or woolsack, who hunts, and plays whist, and crams his goods into the students' apartments, and then sends

in the long bill, which, like a *bill-hook* generally cuts the connection, and a certain Davy Do-all-things of an apothecary, surgeon, doctor, and *Lucinian* ambassador, who being called upon suddenly to send the medicine which was to go to a patient said, "D——n the fellow, he's as *weel* as I am; but that's 'twixt you and I—I wish he would *no* trouble me at my dinner;" then rolling up the crumb of a loaf in his fingers in the shape of pills, said, "John, rub them over in a little treacle and flour, or flour of brimstone, which ever comes first, and send them to the *ideot*. Tell him to take the draught as usual, and we'll take our draught, so here's your health brother practitioner." No doubt this was getting "an honest bid o' bread."

What passes in auld Reekie doubtless happens elsewhere under different forms. The present complexion of honesty is such, that it becomes difficult to understand the features of the case; paying ready money, or what is called day and way; having a fair account in a banker's hands, taking up wind bills

punctually, and having money at command, seem to be all that is necessary to be called honest; how the money comes is another affair. For my part, I have seen such strange characters getting "an honest bit of bread," that I cannot help reflecting on the following lines, which are offered for the amusement of the readers of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

The last Advice of Mat Max, the old smuggler, to his Son.

"His sire pronounced, when his last breath he drew,
This trite oration.
'Matthew, my boy, I know your skill,
So take my lugger and pursue
Our old vocation.'
'Thank you,' quoth Mat,' 'good by—I will.'
'And let me add,'
(Pursu'd his dad)
'Before I in the earth am laid,
This good advice,
Never be idle, never be afraid,
Never be nice!

O! what a sweet consoling blessing
To a fond parent is that one
The dying knowledge of possessing
A dutiful, obedient son.'
And this had he, for Mat, with reverence due,
Replied, 'No father, d—n me if I do.'"

P. S.—Should a certain money-lender in the environs of the town peruse these lines, they will serve him as a *correct* copy for his hopeful son, Abraham Newland.

CHURCH QUARRELS AND AN ODD FISH.

" Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites."

VIRGIL.

CHURCH QUARRELS, AND AN ODD FISH.

MAC JAMES, an old acquaintance of mine, had all the curious stories of the town in his head; he was a being of great eccentricity, and one of the few Scotchmen whom I ever knew who had a contempt for money; not that he disliked the getting it, in his profession, (the law) but, when once got, he could never keep it. I asked him one day, of what religion he was? To which he replied, that he was of none *particularly*, but that he belonged to a' folk that were good folk. This doctrine was so strange to me, that I again enquired to what church he belonged; and he told me to *all* churches alike. "That is,"

said I, "to no church at all." "As ye please," answered he, "the *fac'o' the matter is this,* wha's to ken wha's right, when they are a' faighting thegether?" He continued to inform me that his father had been o' the Kirk o' Scotland, but that a certain Mr. Haddon, or Haddock, (perhaps as queer a fish as himself) had gone to see his family, and had puzzled the old gentleman's brains, and had half converted Jane, and (to use his own words) played the deel wi' Annie. He was first, he said, of the methodist tribe, and he was converted from being a great sinner; and (added M'James) "he betrayed his *auld maister* the deevle's tricks sae, that it was clear that he had been muckle in 's confidence;" next he telt us of a spiritual entertainment which he had enjoyed amongst his new congregation, where the conversation was a' righteousness, and the whole company, after dinner, fell imperceptibly and simultaneously into a flood of holy tears; ye mean, says I, (M'James speaks) that ye were *a' greeting fu'*; (crying drunk) but this astonish-

ing preacher turned baptist afterwards, and, said my friend, "the last thing I heard of him was his *mast* drooning a *lassie*." The high kirk, he added, was a schism from the protestant church, which was a schism from the catholic; and the seceders from the schism of a schism were now growing so numerous, that there would be schisms and secessions from them until they came to nothing. He assured me, that he *kent* a shoemaker who was a great dab at preaching: it struck me that he had better stick to his old *sole mending* trade; and he recalled to my remembrance this same Mr. Haddock's hiring the circus for the Sunday's performance, and entering his pulpit by the very door through which Mr. Merriman used to announce, "Here they come, horse and man!" And he detailed to me a circumstance of one of the poor animals breaking out of the stable into the arena, amongst the congregation, who *mildly* and *humanely* stabbed it in several places with penknives. "This," said Mac, "made me *cut* them a' the gether." The next church

squabble that occurred was, the whole town being *affronted* by a town eclogue, the production of an honourable and reverend clergyman; he ridiculed a certain somniferous preacher, and the *good* Christians of Edinburgh were delighted afterwards to hear of his being drowned in going to Russia. One of the ex-baillies told this to my informant, with great glee, who drily answered, "Weel, Sir, he that was born to be *hangit** will never

Whether this was any allusion to Baillie Brodie, who was hanged, I know not; he was a very extraordinary character, and possessed of talents, which, if well directed, might have made him a bright member of society; but bad company, drinking, gaming, and cock-fighting, led him away from industrious pursuits, and made an independent property and prosperous trade insufficient to defray his extravagant expences. He suffered for entering (with false keys) one of the public offices, and robbing it to a great amount; and he had organized a small gang, with whom he used to revel all night and direct their depredations, and of whom he was the Captain Macheath, having taken this character for his prototype; it was he also, who one Sun-

be *drooned.*" The town eclogue was done away with, but it is supposed that it set certain big-wigs upon their metal, thus—

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

day, in the middle of the day, entered an old lady's chamber, whose doors were locked, found her at her bible, and directed her to fetch the keys of her drawers, and to give him what he wanted, threatening her with fatal consequences if she betrayed the secret; the old lady, it is said, was so terrified, that she never divulged the transaction until he had left the country, for he was apprehended at Hamburgh. The police of Edinburgh is excellent, witness what happened on a new year's morning, when a gang of young ruffians, to the number of four hundred, was embodied together with the view of making a great harvest that night, and of keeping up a regular system of depredation; yet in a few weeks after, a number were hanged, others transported, and others, less criminal, were sent to sea; and the example was so striking, that the town has been cleared ever since of these juvenile depredators: it would have been impossible to have eradicated them in London, where example has no effect, and where one delinquent springs up as fast as the other is cut off from society.

Of the episcopal church some odd tales were told, not affecting the church, but strange, illegitimate members thereof. One Reverend left Scotland suddenly, with his beautiful daughter; another, whose evening service was most harmonious, travelled south, and was accused of being an unlicensed preacher, who had formerly been an actor, and was the son of an actor, so he changed the scene, and," concluded my informant, "the episcopalian Bishop had better *have an eye* to *his* kirk." (The Bishop squints so, that you lose sight of his *pupils* entirely, at times.)

The fact, however, is, that it is not possible to meet with a more virtuous, zealous, exemplary man than this Bishop: the same may be said of the Romish titular Bishop; and the kirk ministers are as irreproachable men as can be; but the shoe-making pulpit-thumpers, the stage, field, and theatre orators, these schismatisers from schisms, and seceders from secession, bewilder poor Donald and Sandy, and lowland Chairlie and Willie; and we see daily, coming out of new-built meeting-houses,

degraded and depraved old women, full of whiskey and new doctrine, a tear in their eyes, but rooted, vicious habits in their hearts: so that the unlearned must be in great danger indeed. The true support of the church is not the purity of its ministers *merely*, because men cease not to be men for becoming its ministers; but this bright ornament is of great importance in the eyes of the world, although the church and its doctrines stand eminently above these casualties. In Edinburgh a clergyman cannot be too cautious, for it is like a village for the rapidity and extensive propagation of scandal; so that the worthy citizens were nothing short of horrified at hearing of and seeing buck parsons drinking, and revelling, and being found *down stairs* and up stairs, (a word to the wise) where they ought not to have been.

So strict is the kirk of Scotland, that one minister was unfrocked for writing a play (in former times); and another was sent about his business for being too fond of whiskey and of dancing the reel of Tullochgorum.

The variety of innovations is such now o' days, that the weak must totter indeed; for myself I admire and pursue the sentiment contained in the following lines:—

"——————— that may not be,
I may not change the faith of my fathers
Like a garment."

And although it matters little to the world who or what I am, this advice will not be the worst given by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

MADAME ENDROIT.

———————— heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit."—HOR. Ode 5.

MADAME ENDROIT.

An Edinburgh morning is an insipid thing to a Londoner, as I have already stated: to *kill* the hours betwixt two, or three, and six, is a difficult task to a time-killer. A studious man will find the day short enough, but a dandy will feel time hang heavy indeed. The auction-rooms on the South-bridge (I speak not of *to-day*) afforded a great resource, and the lady in question was a magnet of attraction there; not that she was put up for sale, but she was "going, a-going, a-going" from time to time, and she never went unfollowed or unadmired. Born, or rather bred to be a professional character in the line of harmony,

her face attracted an artist, and this lady's arts, *les arts de plaire* ceased not to attract until the painter was *brushed* off the stage of life; unlike the *veuve de Malabar*, she had no idea of being burned in order to do honor to the *manes* of her departed husband, and to satisfy her matrimonial vow which forbid her to survive him—perish such savage customs. She only *burned* to attract again, but she was shy of a second hymeneal noose; her accomplishments, her bright eyes, her bright jewels, her harp, her hand, and her coquetry, did much on her arrival in town; and first appearing in *auld Reekie*, I remember her at a duke's daughter's *soireè*, her head bearing the bird of Paradise's plumage; herself the widow-bird*—her waltzing with his grace (the brother of the lady who gave the entertainment) was *then* quite novel to Saunders, and he had not made up his mind to the discretion and propriety of the thing. A certain

One of the smallest and most beautiful of eastern birds.

Hibernian captain, *fidele à tout le sexe* was her first conquest; she next let fly her shaft at a major (was he on the staff—what matters?) both these swains were married, which made her mischief double, for she had the enjoyment of tormenting their wives, and of turning her lovers heads at the same time. The Hibernian (like his countrymen in general) was not chary of oaths and protestations, compliments, and small talk, airs, and graces, but as he was not a slave at the shrine of beauty, and divided his worship with either idols, and considered *Venus* as little "*sine Cerere et Baccho,*" he being one of the lads of the sod—

> "Whose love keeps no Lent, nor on rhapsody starves:"

it is supposed that he neglected the widow, whose views were directed to a more profitable game. The *Major* was her first, and the Captain a *minor* favourite, (for she never dismissed him from her court); the former was

most romantic, the latter more *à la Francaise*, amusing and volatile. Poor Major! he dressed himself a dozen times a day; he swore (she was very fond of administering oaths); he fumed, he vapoured, he walked and rode, sighed and capered, pranced upon his charger, and sung under her window; he made little presents, and imitated the Spanish *cabalero* serenading his mistress; there was such a noise at times after the midnight hour under this lady's balcony that the neighbours were disturbed; and what between two large amorous tom cats upon the leads, the Major and a rival, or spy under them, the servant lasses were scared out of their senses, and the *amico di cuore* or bosom friend began to be town-talk.

In order to make a tragedy of this farce, the staff-major gave her some instrument, writing-bond, promise, or agreement, it *signifies* little which, and then he repented, and then he besought her to cancel it (so say fame and the *lady;*) and next he was determined to *enact* Romeo, by swallowing a deadly look-

ing phial, but it never could be discovered what *apothecary* had made it up, nor whom he had

"—— discovered culling *simples*;"

whether he or the lady was *gulling simples* behoves me not to say; but certainly the Major was of the opinion of the great Shakspeare in respect to

"——— gold, more poison to men's minds
Than those poor *compounds*, &c."

which line might be made up by

"——— which he dared to take."

Considering therefore gold a deadly poison to man and woman also, he swallowed the *draught* and got back his paper under a promise to take an antidote, and to consider himself bound in honor *only*. Soon after this the Major travelled south, and it is not supposed that he was as faithful as the needle to the pole; the polar-star therefore shone

for another star-gazer; and the "Arabian Night's" entertainments were transferred from the head of Leith Walk to another quarter. Change of place is good for the mind, so the lady who "looked over her castle-wall" turned her eyes south also, and caught in her net a Member of Parliament, or his brother. Here, like Lydia, she promised constancy and truth, and seemed to have fixed her *beau, cortice lævior;*" and years rolled over her head, not without leaving their mark: how she untied the *knot* matters *not*, but peace being proclaimed, she visited the French metropolis and there has fixed her abode. The frozen air of Scotland was ill-suited to so warm a plant; Sandy's *cation* and correctness, his tongue unfitted for the romance of gallantry —his stately stupidity if attempting to cut capers in a lady's chamber—the effect which *metallic* tractors have upon his constitution, all conspired to disgust one who had boasted admirers beyond the pole, and to whose ear gentle flattery was absolutely necessary.

In shaking off the dust of Edinburgh, she

did not shake off any of her former habits; but it is asserted that she positively did shake off all her former friends. In vain did an old acquaintance enquire for her at her lodgings; she peeped at him from behind the blind—it was a *blind* indeed! Time was when it was a peep behind the *curtain*, but "not at home" was the order of the day. The visitor was poor, and her memory was short; it was highly inconvenient to remember Edinburgh scenes when the *Champs Elysees* were so near; the French cavaliers had every thing which the Scotch were deficient in; and they assured her that she was in the rosy noon of her days, which was the most refreshing compliment that could be paid her. She was what is called in France, *une femme bien conservè*. *Preserve* us, what an advantage! but whether preserved in spirits or not time *can* tell; for these female preserves and pickles are sometimes kept in spirits, in vinegar, (old maids, whose tempers are emblems of it) or are dry preserves;

some are sweet, some are sour, some owe their lasting appearance to oils, some to enamel, and some to having a coat of paint put upon them; but whether to protect them from the insect train, or from the sun and air, this deponent sayeth not. Odours and unguents are very apt to draw flies and other animalculi around them—white lead and paint to disperse and destroy them. The rose has not faded on this fair one's cheek, would it then be fair to say that the lady's cheek had faded under the rose?—forbid it *love.*

In an idle hour (and a frightful time ago) a friend of mine made the following parody; he never sinned in verse before, so he may be pardoned; and should it be deemed appropriate in the present instance, it is all that is either hoped or meant; but I shall not put the question to the lady, and should she disapprove of the lines, I shall say in apology—

"O! Rosa, 'twas only my *fancy* that rov'd:

now to the parody:—

"Just like love is yonder rose,
A puff of wind and off it goes;
The sweets its balmy leaves disclose,
Are caught by every breeze that blows;
Just like love—just like love."

Thus endeth this chapter of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

HAS BEENS.

"There's nothing lasting under the sun,
The stars shall fade away, the sun grow dim."—CATO.

HAS BEENS.

By *has beens*, or rather *have beens*, is meant, a description of persons and things, which *have* been something, but *are* brought to nearly nothing, or worse than nothing; of these two *genera* there are many instances in our good old town. The old-fashioned half French *politesse* is one, it is come to *worse* than nothing, and is succeeded by awkwardness on the one hand, and what is called in Paris, *des manieres empruntees;* borrowed manners and style, which (like a borrowed coat) sit uneasy on the wearer; on the other, the independent

stiff spirit of the country, is also a *has been*, and is come almost to nothing, in the person of Donald Blue, once a *mighty* character in town, but now weak, washy, poor, and of mixed materials, and brought also nearly down to nothing. The *old* claret drinkers are brought to nothing, and some of them are under the sod, whilst the large bottles, quart measures, that hold a quart, thumping pennyworths, as well as what was given in the *mains*, into the bargain (which evidently meant a handful over, *dans les mains*) are all "*have beens*." The court dresses, in which the nobility and gentry appeared at the balls and first circles in Edinburgh, together with their dress swords or rapiers, are "*have beens*;" for, there has been introduced a half dress, and it *is* a *half* dress; nay, some ladies make *theirs* rather *less* than half, whilst the swords of well bred men have been dropped for the fist, and the dashing *blades* of the present day learn to *mill*, and to *fib*, and to *floor*, and to *place a facer* with their

mawlies, together with other equally *gentlemanlike* accomplishments, in which (probably on account of their novelty) Sandy is no great *dab*. Poor Angelo's riding and fencing academy is a "*has been*;" the school remains, but the *old* school elegance is a dead letter. Miss T———, the half dressed beauty of George's-square, is a *has been*. The *castle spectres* also, open house, broad mirth, and old Scottish plain dealing are "*have beens*," so are a score of good fellows who have left nothing to represent them; and of men of talent and letters, who have left worse than nothing behind them. Of the former denomination, a northern duke, a philanthropical physician, and Jack C———, once a colonel in the guards, a Baronet, who annexed *poetical* words, (where they named Shakspeare or Dryden!) a one-eyed highland general F———, and a high school luminary and hard drinker, *cum multis aliis*, of the latter class, three professors and a poet. An honorable and elegant advocate, and a benevolent banker; divinity, law,

Belles Lettres, and literature in general, will long have to lament them, and the poor will never find a substitute for the last, for—

"——————— take him all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The braw-days of the town council when a certain little low-land duke, and the late worthy T———, a confectioner and wine-merchant, as well as Harry, the *immortal* provider general for Scotland, found it necessary to drink their four bottles, in order to enlighten this body, and to lead them loyally in the right way, and to attach them to government and the true line of politics, because in *vino veritas!* Ay, these times, and these men are "*have beens.*" Not that the magistracy are less fond of eating and drinking, but the four bottle men, and four bottle patronage are "*have beens,*" and are much reduced. The fat *ci devant* Venus, of the north, who was the comet of Queen-street, in which she occasionally shot her radiance is a "*has been,*" what an antique

overgrown in a folio volume of decayed beauty! And how humbled in being the titled wife of an humbled *Domine* Lingo! Credit is also a "*has been*" with some of the declining breed, whilst *bankruptcy*, which *was* a "has been" to some of the prosperous men of our town, has thrust these last into high feather and high notice. Poor *singing Sandy*, of the *Brig* (bridge) is a "has been," now in his grave; he was vain, drunken, lewd, and ambitious; but his partiality to Burns, his bowl, his hospitality, the habit of seeing his ponderous person and his eccentricities, all mixed up together, had their merit and value. Sixteen spinsters, *malgrè elles memes*, with the *second* letter of the alphabet at their head, are "*have beens*," of the first water (we mean not in the way of *drams* but of *gems.)* Some of these ladies looked too high, some were too giddy, some were too distant, and others too talkative. Miss O——— (one of the junta) is too heavy, and all the rest too light, not in conduct, but in

weight, and they run a great risk, if they live long, of being preserved in spirits, in vinegar, or in some other way as alluded to, in our last; we shall, perhaps, have a greenhouse myrtle, a dried plant of another house, *conserve* of roses for one maiden, and preserved ginger for another; one lady dressed *à l'huile*,* and another *à la vinaigrette*;† one kept *by* instead of *in* a bottle, and another in a case, until they become Egyptian preparations, or *living* subjects to study *osteology* on; a subject which none of the *hopes* would touch upon, and on which the anatomical students will spend as little time as possible: *puir lasses!!!* their stars have faded away indeed! and the sun of their attractions has grown dim; and the only remedy that now remains is to clap a mistress before their

* Why not *huile antique?* their vagrant tresses being adorned by Urquhart and company.

† I know an odd fellow, who says, that whenever he sees an old fashioned vinegar-cruet and salt-cellar, it puts him in mind of an old maid.

name, and to let good humour supply the place of affectation, envy, fan flirting, scandal, and gossipping.

Mrs. Anna Longshanks, and Mrs. Kitty Grey, sound oddly, but they astonish and disappoint less than *Miss* Longshanks, all wrinkles and wig, or a *grey* Miss announced in a drawing-room, and frisking in like a great grandmother grey pussy cat. There was a certain grey miss, of huge dimensions, some years ago in the south side of the town; she had the good sense to make a Mrs. of herself, for she could not find any one else to make a mistress or a wife of her—honest woman! Success to her memory, if she be no longer to the *fore*, as we say in Scotland. Sprung from huge bankruptcies, the sons of "*have been* insolvents," now strut about in proud array; a brother of the *ci-devant* citizen John of Leith, marches like a great captain, and spurns the ladder which has mounted him up to his present elevation; a withering seducer, whose property is not a hundred miles from Dumfries-shire, is of this

feather; and the long lawyer, who looks like a north east blast, his papa failed in trade too, but of his *long* son, more will be seen hereafter; he merits a chapter to himself, and he shall have it. A field officer, whose papa failed in the hop-line, and whose brother measured out raisins, tobacco, and tea, and who was *knighted* himself by a mad captain's cane, is one of the successful offsprings of failures, and one who, like the other three, has forgotten the "*has been.*" But "last, though not *least* in our dear love," the white faced, mild-looking, ex-member of parliament, banker, agent, broker, and conjurer up of spirits, he who was said to be coining money by his brisk and lively trade. The man, whose papa was equal to Abraham Newland's, whose commercial connections extended so widely, whose rich growing branches promised fortunes in all directions, whose *drafts*, and *draughts*, intoxicated with pleasure, whose town-house was the very centre of fashion, and whose spouse led the *ton* (or fain would have led it); he that was

such a Lothario, as a single man, and was honored (not gratis) by an honorable mistress's favours, the owner of a house where the *bonny* duchess, coronets, and supporters, garters and stars have been thick and threefold; he who has the happiness of being

> " ——————————— brother-in-law
> To a mighty magnificent three-tail Bashaw,

whose sister *may* have a coronet on her carriage, and whose children will, most probably, be titled. Is it not pitiful, wondrous pitiful, strange, ay, passing strange, to see the same tame meek-eyed gentleman wander about the neighbourhood of Earl Moray's property, in the blue coat and boots, the same as the last dozen years, playing with his switch and whistling as he goes, for want of thought? But he bore his faculties so mildly, (whatever madam did) that an observer is disarmed. Were all these worthies ruined by artful men?—by the war, by play, by fire and sword? How came these rises and falls?

they best know: it is possible that *these have beens* may say, in sad remembrance,

"Fuimus Troes!"

but they certainly cannot add,

"Ferus omnia Jupiter Argos transtulit,"

unless it be the puppy bookseller, who lost a few pounds to the black badger. These persons have been more sinning than sinned against, so thinks

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END OF VOL. II.

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THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH;

OR,

SKETCHES OF MANNERS

AND

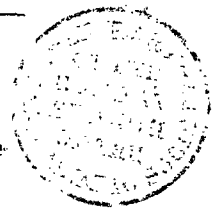
REAL CHARACTERS AND SCENES

IN

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRGIL.

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THE MARINER.

" Hominem pagina nostra sapit."—MARTIAL.

" Am I so chang'd by suffering, so forgot,
That love disown me. Zillah knows me not?"

MONTGOMERY.

THE MARINER.

It was in a stormy night of March, when the equinoxial gales are truly fearful on the northern coast; the wind blew furiously off shore, and the current ran mountains high; the clouds passed in rapid and gloomy succession across a full moon, which just enabled us to discern the lights at Leith from time to time: but the state of the weather was such, that it was impossible to make the land. "Thus," thought I, "does the tempest-beaten, climate-struck mariner, brave all the dangers of the main. Thus does he endure the extremes of heat and cold. Escaping the cannon's destructive mouth; living and

weathering out many a heavy and careful menacing of death, to founder in sight of land. Touching his native strand, within the glimmer of the fire-light of the humble habitation where first he drew his breath, within the sound of his own parish church, whose ancient wall echoed the plighted vow of his parents at the hymeneal altar, and first received him, directed by their care, in the road of rectitude, and in the path of religion. Perhaps, bent down by time and hardships, the old couple now expect a son; or, scarcely daring to trust to the delusion of hope, converse themselves to sleep: partly going over the dangers of the boisterous main, and partly cheating the long hours, and quelling their struggling fears, by fervid orison, and by often repeated wishes for his safety. Alas! no morrow shall dawn upon their last and only remaining pledge of love. The gay hearth shall no more blaze for him. His parish church shall toll out the knell of his departed days. Or, perhaps, some tender partner, or bosom friend, musing over her

wheel, with tearful eye, like the faithful Penelope at her web, may, at this moment, be retracing all the scenes of lost felicity, which sparkled over her earliest youth, and bloomed in promise of an union; or, a long life passed together in mutual love and truth, she may be reflecting, with becoming pride, on the many offers and temptations which she has spurned for her beloved sailor, when sad reports shall assail her ears, of the havoc which the furious elements must make that night on the wrecks, which the dawn of day may probably discover to afflicted eyes. She will bless her stars, that her William is not expected on such a night; yet will pass her sleepless night in the mental dread and agony which uncertainty must produce; her morning prayer shall die upon her lips, when the cold corpse of her heart's treasure shall be towed to the land. At this instant, I felt a damp chill seize upon every limb. A wave dashed over me; and a piercing shriek issued from the bosoms of two young women, whom I had covered with my tartan cloak,

and who sat trembling on deck. The master of the vessel, and his small crew, were occupied, and, evidently agitated. We had now lost head-way considerably; and from a flash of lightning, which commenced a second scene of horror, we beheld the coast of Fife. Enlarging to our view, we had left it for many hours, and fondly hoped to have been landed at Leith considerably before this time. Dripping with wet, I looked round on every side for a countenance of relief, when a stern visaged seaman, a passenger on board, accented in a hoarse tone, "This is nothing, your honor, to what I have seen;" and then (his features softening, and his eye speaking gentle pity), he addressed himself to the young women, "Ladies, there's nothing to fear. I say, master, keep her out to sea. She is a good sea-boat. Stay! I'll lend you a hand. See how the rain begins to drop in torrents! Heaven be praised! the wind will soon be down. Steady as you go, there. La! there's nothing to fear!" All hung on his words, as if an angel had uttered them. He

took the helm from the weary helm's-man. The rain did pour upon us in torrents; and the wind subsided by degrees. As he perceived it, he cast a glance upwards, with a ghastly smile, which seemed half to say, "Hail! once more, ye terrors of the deadly deep;" and half told us that his nautical experience had not deceived us. I handed him a glass of spirits: in return for which, he threw me his boat-cloak, which I declined in the first instance, but accepted, on his observing, "nothing will hurt me. The stormy winds, the thunder, lightning, and rain; the angry waves, and the lowering clouds, and I, are old acquaintances. I am not worth their while—not worth taking care of; for I have nothing to live for. Bless you! It is your rich and happy ones *as clings* to life, and *falls* prematurely by accidents." Here he shook his head; and a solemn pause followed his last words. "The wretch," he resumed again, "must spin out life's cable to the end."——Here the rain abated considerably; the wind murmured itself to rest; the day

dawned upon us, and the hardy mariner feebly smiled again. Our boat was soon lowered from the deck; our sailors were exhausted, yet they tugged with all their strength, and the bold veteran tar so bore his part, that it was evident he was no novice, no fresh water-sailor—

"No lounging landsman labouring at the oar."

I studied his countenance minutely: it had possessed another expression, far different to that which hardships and misfortunes served to have tarnished; the lustre of his youth, with the eye, had been impassioned; the smile had been warm and mirthful; the forehead open, candid, and benevolent; there had been a dimple on the cheek planted by the hand of broad humour; his locks had been berry-brown, but now the sudden and opposite changes of climate had shed his hair and sprinkled winter's frost upon his brow; the furrow of care and disappointment seemed to have altered his features entirely; the fire of

his eye was quenched, and his lip fell like that of attention at a tale of sadness.

I longed to learn his history; and now we were landed. The hearts of two brothers danced at beholding their sisters safely land: that delight, too, was once mine, but is mine no more. I received all their thanks for the trifling services which I had rendered them on our passage from the opposite coast; and I brought the sailor into the Britannia (he was an honour to her) to breakfast with me. I asked him what business he had in Edinburgh; he told me "None," but that what he had to do at Leith would soon be settled, and he should very soon again embark on the watery element, on a broader scale, and probably cross the Atlantic. "What, so short a stay on shore?" said I. "Yes, your honour; I know no one here—land has no charms for me—I am more at home at sea." "Oh!" interrupted I, "you like the sea best?" "That's another matter," he replied; "we all like dry land best; but who of us gets what he likes best in his passage through life?

And that's for some wise purpose, *I take it.*" I have heard a rich and eloquent preacher deliver from the pulpit a lengthy discourse, replete with the flowers of rhetoric, the language of high classical education, the skill and ingenuity of learned argument, with action suited to the subject; and yet the amount conveyed not so much as "and that's for some wise purpose, *I take it*:" the brief yet humble conviction of "I take it" was more impressive than volumes.

My admiration for the character of a true British sailor, which I have weighty reasons (wounding my bosom) for, and a womanish feeling, which is all that a dear mother has bequeathed me, prevent me from lengthening and finely drawing out a simple tale, which took so fast a hold of my sympathies, that I think I now see the man of England, in his sailor's dress, seated before me, and that I hear him relate his plain, but (to me) most interesting history.

"I am an Englishman," said he, on commencing his narrative. "That's an honour-

able name," answered I. "Thank your honour: yes, I am a man of Kent"—"And," added I, "that is the soil of the bold"—He smiled. "My father, who was an honest farmer, wanted to put me to a trade; eldest brother was to have had the farm, and he had three sisters to provide for. I could not abide business, for my thoughts were always afloat: I had heard of Nelson and other great men, and I wanted to see a little of life. It was my wish to enter the King's service; but my poor old father besought me, with tears, not to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, but first to try the merchant-service, and when I had had my whim out, he said, he hoped that I should quit that line, and stay steadily at home. Well, I owed the old man obedience, and I did accordingly. I kissed mother and sisters, squeezed dad's hand, and started, for fear of piping. I joined my ship at Shields, and got under weigh, first, for Scotland, and next for a Russian port. We were wrecked off the Orkneys, and lost two of our best hands. I had

a squeak for my life myself, and never should have reached shore, if I had not been used to swimming from my earliest years. I lost all my kit, and I got so severely hurt by a fall, that I kept my bed and spit blood for three weeks; a bad beginning, thought I—it looks as if this was a judgment, for thwarting poor father's wishes. So I was determined to make the best of it, and wrote in high spirits home, making less of the matter than it really was, and not saying a word about the loss of my clothes and money, which I valued very little, except a silk handkerchief which mother gave me, and father's silver *bacca* stopper, which he kindly put into my hand at parting."

Here he drew breath, a cloud passed across his face, and he seemed to wish not to go over the sorrows of his life again. I uttered not a word, and he began once more. "Well—here"—his tongue faultered—"here I met in with Mary M'Alpin"—at this name a blush bespoke blighted hope—"Well, your honour, I was sick and she attended me; and I was lonely and she cheered me; and I was pen-

nyless and her father sheltered me; so we got spliced together, and lived very happily for a month, by which time the vessel was refitted; we got a supply of money from England and took some goods and passengers on board. I got new rigged out, and resolved, after this first trip, to come back to Mary, and to go into some line or another, although I was fit for none. I did not write home to tell father and mother of my marriage, for I knew that they would think me too young to marry, and Poll was a poor girl, and we had nothing but our youth between us, so I trusted to mother's being so glad to see her son home again, and Poll's good looks, sister's putting in a good word for us, and father's forgiveness; but I was sorely punished for this—" here he again betrayed emotion, but cleared his voice and went on. "I sailed, but we met with another gale; we were picked up by a man of war, the jolly crew gave me too much grog, and as I again lost my new rigging and my time, and was not articled to the master of the merchantman,

I thought that I would not go home like a fool, but would see a little service; and I entered accordingly: liquor, and not reason, was at my helm at the moment; and I paid dearly for my frolic. To make short of a long story, your honor, I served for nearly ten years, in all parts of the world; I have witnessed hurricanes and thundergusts; have shed my blood for my country in action; have taken and been taken, and have been retaken again; have lost my all and have been fitted out again as well as ever. At last, peace came, but there was no peace for me." I bade him still hope for better times, and forced another glass of spirits on him.—"I did indulge hope, but yet not without dread; for it *seemed* to me that I was not born to be happy, and my undutifulness came into my mind again." Well might he have exclaimed—

"Hope feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair."

"I was paid off at Portsmouth, and was resolved to see father and mother, brother and

sisters first, and then to go down to the north to fetch Pol up, after breaking my marriage to the old folks; I had a few trifling presents for them, and I trusted that my coming home at last, would make up for all their uneasiness about me. I arrived in the Isle of Thanet; the house was shut up; the folks *was* all at work; the farm was all new fangled and done up; there was no old dog to come and fawn upon me, to welcome me; my heart *dunted* (an expression which he must have picked up in Scotland) against my breast, as if to tell me that all was not right. I went to the fields, it was in harvest time; but my poor parents' harvest was got in for the last time: they now slept together beneath the sod, and left no trace behind them, but the aching void in their unworthy son's bosom. Sisters had died in youth; brother had turned out ill, and had listed for a soldier, after parting with the farm; but perhaps that may be for the best too; he is a bold fellow and a bright scholar, and he may come to som'at at last: at all events, I will be

sworn that he'll do his duty like a man." An unwelcome tear intruded in his eye. "I had now prize money, and smart money; a silver watch and half a dozen rings with real jewels, for Poll; so I starts for the north again. I could not find a vessel for the Orkneys direct, so that I was obliged to take my passage to Leith, and to travel on foot, a thing which I was little accustomed to; at length I set sail for the islands, weary, foot sore, and somehow downhearted; for my heart misgave me, and I appeared to myself as if I was born for nothing but trouble; perhaps, thought I, Poll is dead too, or in wretched poverty, for I never heard from her the whole time of my absence; and, as I can't write (for I neglected my education entirely when I was taken up with the notion of going on board of a man of war) she never had received any certain tidings, about me, and might have left the place; or have been forced to go to service. This would have distressed me much; but I was comforted by the idea,

that the little money which I had saved would make us all right again. I reached her door. She looks out of the window. I ask for her by my own name; and ——— she did not recollect me in the least. She says, no such a person lives there; and bids me be gone. I inquired next door, and find her married to another man.———She had had me cried at the shore and Pier of Leith; at the end of seven years' absence had picked up a whipper-snapper fellow, in Edinburgh; and had gone down to Orkney to set up a shop. That, your honor, was the death blow. Could I take her again? No: trust another." Here he gave a long whistle, in order to banish agonizing remembrance—" and that's all—I am now on my way to enter again at Leith. Fortune can never play me fouler than she has done: so success to your honor, and good-day to you, for I fear I have already tired you enough with my story." "We part not thus, honest Jack," said I. So detaining him to dinner, I sent him to his quarters in a little better spirits than I found him. Many years

after this, I met him by accident, in London. He had served out the second war. He had fought and bled again. "I am still afloat, your honor," said he to me, "the billows and the bullets, the boarding spikes and sabres, have spared me till now; and, I am sure, I never got out of their way.* My time a'n't come yet: the heart is *tougher than we think for*. Mine was broken long ago; yet I have kept above water, with the wreck of it, as you see—and that's all."—"And that's all, indeed!" exclaimed I to myself, "has fortune no balm in store for thy bruised and bleeding bosom? Will joy never again beam over thee, in life's dreary

This unassuming statement was uttered so emphatically, that nothing more could be conveyed by the language of the intrepid Æneas, in the following invocation:—

"Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,
Testor in occasuvestro, nec tela, nec ullas
Vit avisse vices Danaum, et si fata fuissent
Ut caderem, meruisse manu."

VIRGIL.

voyage? Art thou still alone, as it were, in life's crew? And, whilst other men may enjoy the solace of friendship, affection, and the ties of consanguinity? must thy heart be widowed, and thyself fatherless, and a stranger in the land? Only thirty-six years in age, yet a century old; in sad reverses and in sufferings. But our bark is not built for very long passages. The winds themselves shall one day cease to blow. There is a port beyond the planet of our inhabiting;" and that it may be a peaceful one to poor Jack, and to all those who peruse this humble biography, up to the present day, is the hope and wish of

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THE LEITH STAGE.

"Chi va piano, va sano,
E lontano."

ITALIAN PROVERB.

THE LEITH STAGE.

THE family of Trotter has, for its motto, "Festina lente," which means *slow* and *sure*. This device would well have become the Leith stage twenty years ago, when the dram-drinking coachman took two nods and three drams betwixt the Tron Kirk and Leith. Things have mended their pace since that day, and some of the Trotters have got into a full gallop in fortune's car; but the Leith conveyance is still only up to the *accelerè* of Paris, which is but a jog-trot after all, and which is as different from a city or a Piccadilly turn-out, as sheep's-head broth is from genuine turtle soup, which is very long

odds. But every man to his taste: some like the simple, some the sublime; some cannot live without importations from regions beyond the line; some adhering to the line of prudence, are content with homely fare; and it is the opinion of many that the introduction of oriental and of accidental luxuries have vitiated the national palate, and debilitated the constitution which was so robust in the days of our ancestors. The dramatic stage has altered as widely from what the coarse taste of the olden times was, as the most superior turn-out of a mail drawn by four thorough-bred horses is to a road-waggon with four dreaming plough-horses in it. The Leith vehicle still preserves its measured, steady step, for we are not prepared for the Piccadilly touch, and the "*down the road*," attended with such strife and rivalship, such looking out for fares and *fairs*, such jockeyship for customers, such having an eye to trade and to pickpockets. Our national discretion could not put up with the slang of the brethren of the whip, from Dover-street to

the corner of Bolton-street; and, to say the truth, the liberty given to the organ of speech there, would be inadmissible in the discreet contiguous towns of Leith and *Embri'* (Edinburgh.)

I had tarried so long with the seaman, and written so many letters after his retreat from the inn, that it was dark, and another stormy evening coming on; just one place in the stage, the load of which seemed stowed like herrings in a barrel. I therefore got edged into a corner; and, as the door shut, the driver claimed his dues for the candle. "Well," thought I, "we are an enlightened people: he who travels in Greece, or has *grease* to travel with him, can boast no more. Besides, there is something discreet in this dip, which casts a glimmer of acquaintance over us. I have felt the doubts and inconvenience of being boxed up with three or more individuals in a travelling machine, and of fearing lest the rosy-fingered morning should have *handed* in something very unpleasant. In this short way the consideration would have been unne-

cessary; but in a long, dark winter's night, it is a serious matter to reflect on.

I paid a penny for the *condle* with much pleasure, and had the advantage of having the mutton-fat go through its process of fusion under my very nose. A fat wife (I hope she was such) and a sick child were my "*vis a vis*" companions: the lady proved to a certainty that she had strong breath; and the infant put it beyond a doubt that she (it was a lassie) had a weak stomach. "Blow high, blow low," was the order of the night. The window was raised and dropped a score of times. The wind blew keenly and fiercely: my fellow-travellers often blew their noses, for reasons which I dare not explain. I rendered mine impregnable by foul vapour, from a double charge of snuff; and we had the good luck to set down the mother and the child mid-way to Edinburgh. We took up a worse companion—such are the *ups* and *downs* of life: the *corpus delicti* which was given in charge to the coachman, was a Highland drover in the *last stage* of intoxication. How

I longed to be *set down!*—but it might have been worse.

Strange bodies are transported in night-coaches the other side the Tweed, and "'Tis better to lie drunk than dead," says the song; and so would say any one condemned to be packed up in the same vehicle with the chance customers of a road, be its length ever so short. The drover remained motionless; not so the tongue of Miss Annie M'Clish. She fished for, and found out my birth, parentage, and education, in a few minutes, and even went so far as to enquire about my property. In return, she named a score of rich relations of her own, and at least as many men of mark—a Knight, a Baron of Exchequer, a Colonel, a Captain of a man-of-war, a Minister (of the kirk), an Ex-provost of half a century back, a Sheriff of Inverness, and, lastly, her *cusin*, a Writer. From these family records, she brought me into ancient history; and seemed as well-acquainted with Julius Cæsar and his descent into Britain, as if she had been one of the party. She then mono-

polized all the conversation by a monologue on the history of her own *kintry*—detailing the private biography of *Ro*-bert Bruce as circumstantially as if it had been an affair of yesterday, and explaining the enmity betwixt the Bruces and Baliols with no small degree of intelligence. It was evident that she had read a great deal; and it was as clear that she did not hide her "talent under a bushel." From Scripture she passed rapidly, but loquaciously, to the Douglas cause, of which I saw no end until our arrival, when probably she might have brought me before the inner or outer house, and secured me by the button until I heard all; but a pert London rider, who was in the opposite corner, affronted her, and so put an end to her discourse. Having heard her called Miss, on being put into the carriage, and contemplating the lines of age, which seemed to mock a bay-wig in full and flowing curls upon her forehead, he asked her by way of a hoax, "Pray, Ma'am, was you never married?" She blushed blue, smiled, and replied, "*Sic* non-sense! (making two

long syllables of the word)—Why ye ken better, for ye *hard* my uncle's servant-lass ca' me Miss." "Very much a miss," muttered the would-be-wit to himself; "but would you like to marry an Englishman?" "Why," looking girlish-like, "I dinna think that I should *shoot* (*suit*, so pronounced) an Englishman." "I hope not, Ma'am; that would be *deadly* bad." "Suit, ye pronounce it in the south," resumed she, a little flustered by this incivility: "what I mean is that I am unco' fond of hame, and a plain-spoken body, so that your * *braw* Englishman would think the like of me quite an incumbrance." "Not a bit, Ma'am; you might be very useful," answered he very flippantly: "we Englishmen are grave, silent fellows, and you could *talk* for your husband, provided you would only allow him to *think* for himself."

Here the bagman laughed, winked his eye, and looked for applause; but he gained none

* This evergreen spinster's having passed her sixtieth year may account for her unconquerable Scotch dialect.

from me: I felt this wound to humanity, this assault against all delicacy, as though it had been personal. The unmanly triumph over a woman, whether to expose her age, her weakness, or her ignorance (and this charge could not be substantiated against her), is everywhere abominably despicable: yet how many *would-be* wits and dandies there are (a strange unnatural mixture!) whose principal amusement and occupation consist in detecting a hole in a stocking, or a wrinkle in a coat; a straw sticking to a stocking, or a spot of mud upon a petticoat; a slip of the foot, or of the tongue; an innocent blunder, or a more innocent blush; a national phrase or accent, the brogue or broad Scottish dialect, when, perhaps, the self-made critic has a worse accent, a worse phraseology, and ten times more ignorance than the party reviewed and corrected. But ignorance is proud of its little knowledge, effrontery and flippancy exist only at the expense of timidity and humility, of the humble rustic and the lone defenceless female. The present one was a

strong instance of this, a complete case in point. Dejection sat upon the lady's brow: the aggression was wholly unexpected. Miss Annie gave a short cough and accented in a low tone, "I'm muckle obliged to ye." Silence reigned during the short remainder of our journey, and I was happy to be released from my situation.

How I abhor these coxcomb, travelling prigs, lace-venders, order-takers, and sample-carriers, half bucks, half shopmen, vapouring, where unknown, in their gigs, or with their master's horse. I remember one of these fellows who passed himself off for a Major amongst the women and at Poole's Coffee-house; and another fellow, who was a pastry-cook, and who run away with a female under the name of a Colonel—Major Baggs and Colonel Cook! Forsooth, the triumvirate would have been complete, had a travelling tailor been added to them, by the name, style, and title of Major Bridges, because (as the story goes of a fellow of the trade getting smuggled in at a rout by that name): when

detected and hard-pressed, he had an explanatory excuse, by saying, "*Made your breeches*, Sir, I meant."

To lace the jackets of *such* fellows, whether tailors, lace-venders, or the travellers of a haberdasher's warehouse, would be no small gratification to

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THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE VINDICATED.

" A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE VINDICATED.

With all due deference to the memory of the witty author above named, I think that these lines rather mean, a man set right against his will; and in that point of view, they bear upon a Scotch friend of mine, who would never be convinced that the broad Scotch phraseology and accent were not the easiest understood, the plainest, the most comprehensive, and the most forcible; there was not a single expression which he did not defend with all his might and main; even bad spelling was considered as a trivial fault by him, and he one day observed, that he did not see why one man had not as good a right as

another to his own particular method of spelling. I sometimes used to amuse myself at his expence; but do what I could, he always seemed to come off at least half triumphant, and was more obstinate and confirmed in his opinion than ever. His shifts and turns to defend his cause were curious enough, and as they often made me laugh, they may perhaps have the same effect on my reader: in the words knife, knee, knight, &c. the old Scotch pronounce the k very strong, and on my objecting to that pronunciation, he exclaimed, "Why man, what business has the k there at all, if it is not to be pronounced? And do you not suppose that the man who first put the k there knew our language as well as we do?" Many broad Scotch words he clearly proved to be of French origin, adding, "And since you are *a' sic fuils* as to *gang* to France for your fashions, why should we not have a fashion in our words?" Nay he positively asserted that if an Englishman and a Scotchman were to travel together on the continent, without knowing the languages of

the countries through which they passed, the Scotchman would be generally better understood than the former, because he speaks broader, more emphatically, and pronounces the a, and other letters, more like a Frenchman. In Holland, the thing is ridiculous, but not less true: an Englishman has no chance at all, but broad Scotch is quite easily made out; and I knew a Scotch lady, who travelled through Holland and Flanders, and who, whenever French was of no use, spoke broad Scotch to the Dutch and Flemish, who perfectly comprehended what was meant. *My shoon*, is Flemish, but my shoes, would be unintelligible to them; *hand shoon*, hand shoes, mean gloves, which a Scotchman comprehends immediately; but the fact is, that my friend was such a stickler for his *ain langage*, that he could twist a meaning or etymology out of any thing; for instance the term haberdasher, he proved to me to be pure German, and easily made out by a Scotchman. "*Have that Sir*," purporting *will* you have that Sir? being its component parts, *haben das her*;

"for," continued he, "the first shops were like booths at a fair, and the travelling or residing merchant was always in front of it, either stationary or walking about, provoking the passer by to purchase, as we see the upholsterers about Moor Fields, and a number of Jew salesmen in different parts of the town. Nay, the very term *merchant* is applied to every trade in France and Scotland; a grocer is a merchant in Scotland, and deals, as in France, in wines, dried fruit, spirits, wax candles, &c. Nay, in France, you have merchants from a wine merchant and upholsterer, down to a match merchant and a ginger-bread merchant: *un marchand de vin, un marchand de meubles, un marchand d'alumettes, et un marchand du pain d'espice*; this is certainly letting down the mercantile men as low as possible, whereas in England, no retail vendor is a merchant, and their merchant is a commercial character of the highest importance; what we call a merchant, is termed a *negociant* in France. The Scotch name for a radish was defined by my friend with much

ingenuity; he persisted in its being of very elegant derivation, namely, from the Latin verb *refero*, and as the returning year brings back its annuals with it, *refert*, (it brings back the radish at its due season) so much for a hard shift; it may fairly be called a *far fetched* explanation, but it strikes me that *rave forte* is nearer the thing; be that as it may, he gave one very decided proof that a Scotchman can make himself understood in Flanders, and can comprehend their meaning more readily than a man who only speaks correct English.

Two English gentlemen were travelling through Brabant, and had occasion to employ a tailor; the amount of his bill, for some trifling repairs of clothes, was twenty francs; and as the travellers had been imposed upon more than once, a receipt was called for; the tailor spoke a little bad French, but could not write it; he accordingly wrote out the receipt in his own native language, which bore—"Bekent unt fanger 20frs." This was as little to be understood by either of the travel-

lers, but on one of them saying to his Scotch servant, "What the devil does this fellow mean?" Sandy cast an eye over the paper, and explained it in an instant, although he could neither speak one word of Flemish, or of German (which differ widely.) "Eh! Sir," exclaimed Sandy, quite delighted, "its plain *eneugh*, feggs it is juist pure Scotch, he *kent* he'd *fingered* 20frs." The translation was most satisfactory to all parties, and my friend's triumph on relating the story was very great. It must therefore be allowed that the lowlander is as much entitled to his dialect and phraseology as any other nation; the Greeks, for instance; how different is the Athenian from other Greek; the Sicilian again, which is very distinct from pure elegant Italian; the *pays de basque*, very little resembling the French; nor is a Scotchman with his *unco's* half so ridiculous as an Englishman talking bad French, or a Frenchman pronouncing English in such a manner as to make downright nonsense of it, for instance the man who having a written direction to

Ironmonger Lane in the city, stopped a person to enquire for this said Ironmonger Lane, which he pronounced *irons manger l'ane*; upon which the person to whom he addressed his enquiries, and who spoke French, replied, "*Ma foi Monsieur, allez manger votre ane on vous voulez.*" "Faith Sir, you may eat your ass where you please," and so he left him; no such ridiculous circumstance could have occurred to Sandy, nor could he make so gross a mistake as an Englishman, who on being informed that, on the memorable day of August, on which the faithful Swiss guards were massacred, Lewis the Sixteenth flew for protection to the National Assembly, which he left between *two sans culottes*, exclaimed, wonderful! and when he repeated the story, he assured his hearers that the king came out of the assembly with two hundred pair of breeches under his arm: *avec deux cens culottes sous les bras.* And again, another John Bull, who upon hearing a Frenchman say that he had performed a long journey in a day, and that he proceeded, as it

were, mechanically, *machinallement*, cried, "Oh! I understand, *par une machine alleman!!!*" Can any thing be more absurd? Having now, in many instances, vindicated lowland Scotch, I shall take leave of my reader in that dialect, saying *guid naight*, which would be quite clear to a Flemish person, *naght* mynheer, and *dak* madam, being the ordinary salutations of the country, which are literally nothing but day and night to you; but evidently meaning good day, and good night, as says, at this present writing

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P.S. Since writing the above, a fastidious friend observed that he always considered as a very indelicate phrase, the married woman in Scotland calling her husband *my man*, and yet, in polished France, what is *ma femme*, but *my woman?*

AN ARTICLE ON SERVANTS.

"Necessitas non habet legem."

"Necessity has no law."—PROVERB.

AN ARTICLE ON SERVANTS.

NOTHING but necessity, I should think, could induce one in humbler classes of life to become a servant; the very idea of being at the nod of an employer—to have the life of a man devoted to another—no will of his own—degrading offices to perform—to be subject to the harsh temper, the caprice, the varying humour of a master, must be a hard thing indeed. Then, again, the chance of being thrown into mendicity in old age, to be an outcast when past the time for labouring, must be a sad perspective to a servant who becomes such perhaps from the want of that very education which might be a resource

and support to him in the evening of life; a servant is, indisputably, a degraded class in life, yet what could the great, the proud, the vain, the opulent do without them? Idleness is, not uncommonly, the cause of a young man's going to service; and idleness is what multiplies his office. Amongst great people the Scotchman is a faithful servant, but he is not a smart one; he is dull, he is heavy; the office of an active, intriguing, dashing, lying valet does not suit him, not that he is a bit more disinterested or less servile and obsequious than another man when once he becomes a livery man, but because his cool, plodding, calculating, safe way of going on is at variance with the pert coxcomicality of the hall and anti-chamber; you very seldom see a spruce Scotch footman, and when you do he is remarked. I remember one of this description at the house of a general officer's widow in Edinburgh, whose three handsome daughters are amongst the "*have beens*;" they were very proud dashing ladies, censorious to a high degree, and particularly severe upon

their own sex, but pride must have a fall sooner or later. They all married ill, spent their small fortunes, and can now keep no man servant to insult decency and common-sense with as formerly. One of these young ladies (they were so *then*) had the effrontery to apologise for a female attendant's coming into the room, by saying "I am quite distressed for the want of a footman, as our's got a commission the other day and left us all in a hurry." These ladies had actually procured an ensigncy in a fencible regiment for a handsome rascal who had been their *livery servant*—this too from the daughters of a military man—for shame! however some one undeceived the colonel of the regiment who never allowed the man to join. This, is, however, (I hope and believe) a solitary instance; and your puppy footmen are in Edinburgh amongst the few: they are seldom Scotch, a strapping Hibernian, or a flashy English servant is more common. A *bit* of education is what the Scot likes to get, and

when once he has that, his mind, as may naturally be expected, soars above servitude, and more particularly above the livery servant. Good masters make good servants, as some people say, but I have witnessed the reverse, in a number of instances: not but that bad example, harsh, unfeeling treatment, irregular pay, and making too free with domestics, are sure to spoil them; but the reverse will but seldom bind them to fidelity and attachment, and there are many worthless ones who prefer going from place to place to remaining steadily in a moderate, economical, and orderly family. Waste is the bad footman's harvest, and those who merely select their servants from their being tall or good-looking do not deserve trusty ones; for my own part, I like to see an old, grey-headed, steady, faithful looking man-servant. But this would be odious to a dandy or to an affected lady of quality, who must have a brace of fellows like grenadiers behind her carriage, and must have half a dozen or more conceited, pampered attendants, merely to be

passed in review by the frequenters of her routs.

Having been carried further than I was at first aware of, let us go more particularly into the characters and conduct of this class by a stricter examination of the subject, and particularly of that of the servants of the great, which shall form the subject of the next chapter.

GREAT PEOPLE'S SERVANTS.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

" ——————— for when ruin'd's the rake,
The greater the harvest his liv'ry men make."

GREAT PEOPLE'S SERVANTS.

In looking about through life and making observations, it has often struck me that a great and expensive house was more likely to come to decay, from occult and imperceptible causes, than from greater and more obvious objects. These are generally guarded against, whilst the minor ones pass unnoticed until they come to an enormous amount, and produce a crash similar to one occasioned by the giving way of the complex component parts of a piece of machinery, which appeared at the time permanent and in good order. Order, counter-order, and disorder, frequently succeed each other with

wonderous rapidity; and, when the latter begins with "high life below stairs," the principle is an undermining one. "How are we ruined?" might be a question frequently made by a nobleman to his numerous attendants, through whose hands his substance is so continually sifted, that it is by no means a wonder that it should be so very often scattered to the winds; the ladder, or scale of perquisites, of itself, is a lofty account, inconsiderable as it may at first seem; but what renders it more injurious to the master's purse is, his ignorance of its existence, like cook's cousin, and butler's brother, a visiting wife to the coachman, and set company parties to my lord's own man. These invisible consumers are little noticed, but their avidity and appetites are felt in time, and most generally when it is too late! The serving man and woman's office places them at the back of him or her who is the head of the house, and for this reason their secret manœuvres are not brought to light. How often have I laughed, or rather smiled as in

scorn, when I have detected a stout lazy liveryman turning some dowager duchess into derision as he follows her in the street, waddling like her grace just as he passes a brother worsted laced knave, or white stocking'd varlet, standing with a swaggering air and a cane like a fishing rod, (in token that he and fellow-servant contrive to make a good thing of their place by hook or by crook;) of the same description are the anticks of a brace of conceited footmen at the back of the town landau, coach, chariot, or *vis a vis*. They will alternately sport their telegraphic mummery to each other, and not unfrequently take the measure of my lady's ancle by a glance as she descends from her equipage, and will saucily make it the *standing* topic of conversation at the third table, which they contrive to get attended on by the servants of servants, in the shape of poor boys, knife-cleaners, and fags, who depend upon the livery for a dinner, for protection, and a promised place at some future period; thus the peer or rich baronet is only calcu-

lating on three tables to support when he has four or five, one of which may always be managed by broken victuals, never given to the poor, except in the shape of hangers-on, and by a voracious dog, which never broke bread at the board, and by a devil of a black cat, on the back of which all fractures and wastes are laid. It may sometimes happen too, that John and Oliver cannot write, and then a servant out of place, as secretary to the *lower house*, is absolutely wanted, and Mary, too, has a sweetheart for whom a kitchen mercury or amatory message carrier becomes necessary; the sweetheart again may at some future convenient period rob the house, but that's nobody's fault. Of the insolence of *laquais* no one can doubt who has never had to pass through them at a crowded opera, or at the gate of Kensington Gardens; or if he has remarked their low affectation whilst waiting at a rout, their imitative powers stop at nothing; they must drink, dress, play cards, and intrigue with a relative resemblance to their betters, not to mention their mock titles

and down stairs gambles; we will now come to a living scene or two, and descend to particulars. Coming away suddenly from an evening party in consequence of an aunt's indisposition, I very shortly perceived that we were not expected by the party in the kitchen and hall; the latter of which displayed a brilliancy of appearance, which might have owed its existence to a gross of half burned wax lights, or (as I found that it was a birth-night ball) to a more elegant present from the family wax-chandler. The first footman literally looked sulky at our unwelcome return, and the whole establishment entered into a conspiracy to punish us. In the first instance we were kept waiting for a considerable time, whilst some of the servants were changing their dancing dress, and to allow others to complete the figure of the country dance. Next there was not one article of provision for supper, although the smell of the lower regions was most inviting. In answer to inquiries on this head, it was observed, that the vile cat had just knocked down a *ragout*,

which the French cook had prepared to be warmed the next day; a glass of wine being called for, it was stated that the butler was gone to bed very ill, but that if we wished he could be called up. This was declined, and some water-gruel was mentioned, but the fire had gone out as we were not expected; but poor Robin (a kitchen-pensioner) could soon light it again. This was done, and I heard my poor aunt called an old frump for giving so much trouble, but this I put up with for fear of causing the loss of a place. The game of extreme extravagance however went on until the good lady was forced to reduce her establishment, and to go abroad for the remainder of her days.

At a certain General's house, who is since ruined, I remember a dispute betwixt some of the upper servants and the French cook, which was so loud that it was distinctly overheard; the former taxed the latter with not giving them a share of the *champagne* which he pretended to consume in his made dishes, but which went to his own palate; the wine-

drinking domestics in the west end of the town are more numerous than would readily be believed. These *honest* creatures are not content with the bottoms of bottles, but receive presents from the different trades-people, which must be got back on the articles sold, but which minister to the luxuries of overgrown idlers, who muster more or less strong according to the consequence or extravagance of their employers, and sometimes leave them roofless at the end of a few years service. After which we perceive these retired stud-grooms, head coachmen, butlers, valets de chambre, house-keepers, and ladies' maids setting up business as inn-keepers, horse-dealers, grocers, boarding-house people, and lodging letters at the fashionable watering places, not to mention house-stewards, bailiffs, &c. upon a larger scale, who often purchase in the estate of the ruined rake or soft credulous man of quality, and are rich land-owners when their former masters are self-exiled abroad, or disgraced and white-washed at the same time by an insolvent act.

The ruin produced by the in-door plunderers of the serving train is also as multiform as it is mischievous. *Downright* dishonesty, in its form, is not the system of acting to be provided against; but the variety of indirect methods and combinations from the many-headed monster to be dreaded by one who is capable of becoming a rich prize to the menial crew. Waste, neglect, idleness, pleasure, poverty, and love, are amongst those unhinging and delapidating evils, not to speak of treachery and vice. If waste be general (as is very often the case) in every department of an establishment, how soon must it come to the ground! Provisions, clothes, money, liquor, every thing will be lavished; and wants will be so created, that the master will be expending twice or thrice more than is necessary, either in quantity or price, on every article of consumption for himself and family, for his servants and their invisible families. Neglect will produce the same effect from a different cause; and the health of the horses employed will suffer

severely from such conduct, both from the embezzlement of corn, and general inattention to their comfort. Idleness is called the root of all evil. Amongst servants it has increased culpability in it; for it injures the employer, first, by the business not done for him, and secondly, by the little duty that is performed, being so by proxy, for which the master has to pay directly or indirectly, i. e. out of his purse, in the dishonest charges and weekly sundries of cook, house-keeper, and butler; or out of the pantry, cellar, corn-bin, and kitchen garden. The neglect of furniture, linen, plate, china, and glass, is one additional evil. Pleasure creates poverty in servants, and poverty engenders fraud and theft; whilst love sets the maids and men sweet-hearting, or intermarrying, and then one servant ceases to be a check upon the other. There is a delightful going on of hops (dances) at home and abroad; of stealing away to the play-house, or to *fetch a walk*. The giving of presents, which masters have the advantage of doing without any re-

turn in honesty, attachment, or fidelity, from their servants. The cellar is drained, and the horses are rode and driven to death, to give airings to the dressing-room lady or handsome nursery-maid; or to get home in time from a party of pleasure to the country; whilst my lord or my lady is deprived of a ride or drive by the sickness or lameness of a part of their stable-establishment. Lastly. If a servant be married, it is the safest way to take both parties into the house at once, as both are certain to be pensioned on him or her who has hired one of them.

The good sense of the reader will easily perceive that these observations do not effect trusty, industrious old servants (the number of which is comparatively few;) nor do they aim so low as at small establishments of a man and a maid; or a footman with a poor boy under him, over whom he most probably tyrannizes, and who does half his work; neither do they interfere with cookey and her *kitchen stuff*; nor with the introduction of a washer-woman, or a char-woman, unknown

to the family, provided she does not rob the house of linen or provision to a considerable extent; they point at higher game, namely, large establishments, where systems of idleness and dishonesty are very likely to produce the ruin of the property, and at the multiplied offices of servants, who introduce their deputies *ad infinitum:* such as the butler's bottle-washer; the groom's stable-helper; the kitchen-maid's dish-washer; a *boots*, kept among the footmen; a knife-cleaner, fed in the area; a messenger, for the men out of livery; a mistress, for the fat porter; and a secretary (as already stated); or a letter-writer, for the firm of maids. In multiplying servants for show, without a due proportion of employment, idleness, vice, and extravagance must creep into the house, and less work (of what ought to be done) is performed by the many than by the few. Stiles, the porter, who looks forward to retiring as a publican and sinner, wont open the gates, or hall-door, unless he knows that his Grace, or her Ladyship is at it. He has the news-

paper to read, and the junior footman can perform this office for him. The second footman wont answer the bell. It is only for coals; let Molly do it, for he has a game at cribbage to attend to. My lady's footman sends the pot-boy with her letter to the post after looking into it, and gives him sixpence; this will come in for postage, turnpike, or something else forgotten last week; whilst the second coachman (the first being drunk in bed) has a parish-boy to do his duty in the stable—mops, brushes and curry-combs will easily provide for him—whilst he goes in a plain coat to the billiard-table or fives court. The confectioner leaves all to the cook; the groom of the chambers has almost a *sinecure* of it; the comptroller and secretary are mere men of pleasure; and half the gamekeepers and gardeners are working for themselves and friends; stud-grooms are often an incumbrance, and men out of livery (exceeding one or two) would be less expensive and dishonest if they were in it. We shall conclude the following observations by a few

articles of advice to masters respecting their servants. First, to keep as few as possible, and those as long as they deserve it, providing for them in old age and infirmity. Secondly, keep but *one* gentleman in the house, and let that be the master himself, unless he have a poor relation or friend; but a gentleman-servant, or servant-gentleman, is a preposterous being. Thirdly, overlook your own cellar and stable. Fourthly, have no married servants. Fifthly, beware of male servants who are particularly handsome or coxcomical. Sixthly, keep no men who are fond of liquor, cards, fights, or horse-races. Seventhly, let them not resemble you so much in size, &c. that you will have to wear your clothes jointly with them. Lastly, pay them regularly, or they will overpay themselves, and allow no deputies to do another's work. These may be useful hints, and are intended as such. "*Tel maître, tel valet,*" is an old proverb, but is not a rule without exception. A good master cannot always make a good servant; but a bad one has no

right to expect to keep a good servant. Bad example particularly must produce a want of respect; familiarity, and confiding secrets to domestics, are dangerous experiments; and, if ever they are admissible, it is to tried, faithful, and humble servants. To a trusty creature, born on the estate, and bred up in the family, such as those of a certain deceased and deeply regretted Duke, who used to observe, that he not only bred his horses, but his grooms, who were, sometimes, the grandsons of his coachman; or to an old Corporal Trim-like worthy, such as he who has long followed the fortunes of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

RETURNED FROM PARIS,

AND

A WORD ABOUT FRENCH EMIGRANTS.

" Parbleu qu'il fait bon à Paris."
COMIC SONG FOR A MILORD ANGLAIS.

" Freeze, freeze, thou wint'ry sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot."—SHAKSPEARE.

RETURNED FROM PARIS,

AND

A WORD ABOUT FRENCH EMIGRANTS.

I HAD scarcely emerged from the Leith stage and was preparing to gain my hermitage, when a very old acquaintance touched me on the shoulder and accosted me thus:—"Why man, you are the very person we have been looking for, do you know that Bob only arrived from Paris last night, and he will tell you all about it; you will be able to comprehend all these matters of which I know nothing. Bob has been to Italy too, but one thing at a time is enough;" (so I thought) "you will find him very much improved,"

(there was room for it) "and he gives a good, sensible account of his travels." "If he gives as good a one of his money," said I, "you will have nothing to complain of;" "that's true," answered he, "but here we are not quite so well satisfied, he has cost us a mint of money, but one must not be shabby when we send our children abroad, or into the world; every parent would do his best on such an occasion:" (this is true Scotch feeling and very meritorious, great sacrifices are often made to indulge it)—"one would like one's son to do as others do, and to see every thing that is to be seen; and Bob says that that's *no* to be done for a trifle." "He is right," said I; "if a man"—(continued the father)—"goes to a cheap country to live and to save money that is one thing, but an enquiring traveller is another; he cannot expect to find things at a low price; his very journies must be expensive, *wheels* are dear articles of themselves, besides I had made my mind up to the thing, and although it has gone beyond what I calculated, I kept a

reserve unknown to Bob, and a few retrenchments will bring up all the rest with a little time; but come away and see Bob, he will be very glad to meet a man who can talk to him about foreign parts, and who will appreciate his remarks." How a little locomotion on the high roads of France and Flanders elevates a man in his own opinion, and in that of the untravelled or unlearned! The very *air* of Paris puffs us up to a certain magnitude. "You have been in Paris," accented in a tone of *inquiry*, establishes a superiority in a little mind, and the answer generally is, "certainly, oh! dear, yes, more than once;" or, "bless you, I know the French Capital as well as my own." From whence a man becomes a *Capitalist* at once in society, and his remarks pass as current as Sir William Forbes's notes, if he has a *note* book. Again, he may be rich in remarks, and not wanting in imagination. A very *look* into a French sea-port makes a man think something of himself; but a fortnight at Paris, and a week at Brussels, with a peep at Vaterloo, as the cockney calls

it, and something taken down in the battle-field, about *cater* brass (Quatre Bras), the *Bell* alliance (an alliance pretty much in character with the Belle Savage and the Bull and Mouth, which happen to be La Belle Sauvage and Bolougne mouth, or harbour) and *Hog mount* (Huguemont) render the traveller an accomplished person and a man of the world all at once; but Bob had travelled further, and had tarried much longer than these tasters of information, who would often learn more from a tour printed, than from their own narrow observations and contracted views, of a very little, for a very little while. Bob's person did not at all bespeak the Paris *habituè*, or a frequenter of the Continent, much less the enthusiast of Italy, and the man who had seen the matchless cities of Roma, Napoli, e Genova la superba! Bob's person is coarse, but not quite devoid of affectation: his head is extremely large, and he had the good fortune to meet Doctor Spurzheim at Paris, who assured him of the advantage of such a huge knowledge-box, be the con-

tents of what it might. The young man is coarse made, and not over burdened with beauty, plain in his dress, and rough in his address; but a suit of mourning, a glass, pendant at his button-hole, added to gravity and silence amongst strangers, gave him a passport in Paris circles; and although the French people called him John Bull, and *gros patapouf*, yet they fancied that the pocket was well lined, and they welcomed him, in consequence, in company. He had seen so many French emigrants in Scotland,—he had witnessed the attentions which were paid them —the presents they received, the open doors which awaited them every where,—the common cant of "if ever we return to our own country, the English will see how we remember their reception," was so familiar to his ears, that he had pricked down a regular engagement daily, in his memorandum-book, but he was mistaken in his men; they scarcely recollected him; he had to put them in mind of his name, his country, day and hour, place and date, where he had met with Monsieur

le Comte, le Marquis, le Baron, le Chevalier, et Monsieur l'Abbè, when he extracted "O! effectivement, je me souviens d'un certain Robert———;" or, in bad English, as if intentionally forgotten, "Oh! yes, maister Robert ———; how do you do, Sir?" and, without waiting to ascertain how he could do, in a strange town, "good *mon-na*ing," pronounced through the nose, and accented as a signal for separation. Some of these worthies would say, that they were badly lodged (how were they in their garrets in London, whence some of them issued, either to earn their bread by old England, or to partake of our hospitable cheer?) some lived *en garçon*, as single men —so they did when treated at our taverns and coffee houses—some were such losers by the Revolution—so they were thirty years before —in a word, every one had a put-off; and some actually passed by old acquaintances, friends, and benefactors, unnoticed. In the streets of Paris, one was brought to on the Boulevards by an English officer, who, seeing him fat, and decorated with the order of St. Lewis

(two new honors, since his return home), begged leave to remind him of a large sum of money, partly given, and partly lent to him: dans l'emigration, the Knight was greatly humiliated; but, furthermore, my informant told me not. Honest Bob assured me that he had been sadly affronted by these short memoried gentry; and what mortified him the most was, that some of them were actually receiving half-pay from our government, whilst others had brought away little fortunes from London, which they could not have amassed, but from every door being open to them, and from the warm and generous patronage of our nobility. A certain Countess treated Lady G—— so shamefully, at a party of hers (the emigrant Countess's), that she actually returned to her lodgings, sick with disappointment. Added honors have been given to some of these returned nobles,—a step in nobility, a ribbon, or a star; and, such is their weakness, whether from age, or debility of mind, or body, that the burden sits so heavily upon them, that they cannot open a hand,

extend an arm, or move a foot to serve an Englishman. The *ancienne noblesse* is every where stiff, unbending, and unmindful of the past. They have suffered persecution; but I leave it to them to say, whether they have, or have not, learned mercy, mildness, or even the virtue of gratitude. Shut out, every where, by the emigrants, poor Bob, who had no favor to ask of them but civility, informed me, that he got into another sort of society, namely, English settlers, and house-keepers in Paris, who had their motives, too, for emigrating, and for spending their own money in France. This fault was not a reproach to the emigrants of the Revolution; or, if it was one, it was a very small one indeed.

Within the walls of a hotel,* like a palace, with spacious gardens, lofty apartments, and halls formed for banquetting, and for all the other purposes of hospitality, dwells a self-exiled noble. His *bifores*, or heavy double

* Our readers are aware that the houses of the nobility are called hotels, as well as the public hotels.

folding gates, are calculated to give admission to an illustrious list of visitors,—to open wide to the arts and sciences,—to answer the knock of the numerous poor,—but is it so? no: a pale looking man is there buried alive, unless when he makes himself ridiculous by going out alone in a shabby carriage, which, however, shabby as it is, has all the accompaniments of pride in servants ill-dressed, yet imitating the style of a foreign ambassador. These gates know not the tread of the English traveller; nor had honest Bob any wish to intrude on the solitary and gloomy pride of a being very unlike a Briton. The natives of that nation who, like *Lord Musk*, and others, are *rich* and *willing* exiles, merit only the contempt of that soil, whose manners, customs, and pleasures, are at variance with theirs, and whose very failings are virtuous, when compared with those which effeminate and enervated countries tolerate.

Within ten minutes walk of this dreary, yet costly pile, stands the Hotel de Longpole, formerly the residence of a Marshal of the

Buonapartean manufactory. Here Bob was delighted at being received with old Irish hospitality. The life of the proprietor seems to be like a long leasehold tenure, taken for a hundred years, and this *ancien* has hitherto preserved all his faculties. He is one of the breed of A'-grip-a' (to use a Scotch joke); for, it is asserted, that he never got a thing into his hands, that he ever could prevail upon himself to part with, except it were a bottle of wine. He got tired of England, after a fifty years' lawsuit: during which long lapse of time, he never could persuade the Lords and Commons, the Chancellor, the bar, nor the nation at large, that he had a right to the property, on which he laid his tenacious fingers. He, therefore, went off in dudgeon with old England, and arrived, *strong-box* and all, in the French Capital: for as he found himself in the *wrong box*, one side of the water, he had certainly a right to bring his *money-box* where he pleased, and to *box* the compass until he found a spot where the iron chest might rest undisturbed. He has bought a

house, he has bought a title, and daily buys popularity, by keeping open house to a few French flatterers, and a host of needy and fly-blown characters, who leave the land of liberty when it ceases to be *such* to them. The old gentleman, however, is delightful, according to my informant's account. When he presides at the head of his table, his memory is as tenacious as his touch; and he will repeat tawdry stories, and sing obscene songs, made in the reigns of Queen Ann, and the two first Georges, of the Brunswick line, and which he himself has sung, for the *edification* of youth, in the three last reigns of the Sovereigns of that name. The man is a walking history of anecdotes, and likewise a very good tempered, cheerful table companion; and it is declared by those who know him, or are connected with him by family, or other ties, *both* sides of the water, that

"—— they ne'er shall look upon his like again."

They are both right, but their reasons for so saying are very different indeed. He has

been a very gallant man in his day, and so great is his memory, that it seems to him *but yesterday* that he lived in amatory story. Madame de la France, however, when she hears his love tales, answers, Mon sieur *c'est possible.*

One of the advantages of our traveller's introduction to old Longpole, was an *entre* into a house of a French nobleman of the first class, who had visited England, from his attachment to the Bourbons, and who, from his civility to the English, evinces that he has not forgotten the asylum which sheltered and fed so many of his countrymen, the victims of the Democratical and demoniac delirium of a revolutionized and misled people; but, as this noble edifice, and its inhabitants, merit a separate chapter, they shall not be confounded with Longpole, nor the late Colonel Longbow, or any other rum characters from England, Ireland, or from the land which produced

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A FRENCH CIRCLE, AND ADVICE.

" Qui facit per alterem, facit per se."

A FRENCH CIRCLE, AND ADVICE.

Our motto in the preceding page is a Latin saying, which involves much difficulty, and lays heavy responsibility on us: it holds good also in evil deeds, as well as in benevolent actions; but I think that it is a sweeping remark, which certainly should not be admitted without some qualification; and as I was bred to the bar, I think it fair to combat it: my reader will soon perceive with what view, and how it bears upon the present case. Let us begin by good, evil comes quick enough of itself.

A rich man employs an almoner to dispense extensive charities; the donor of these bene-

ficent gifts takes his pleasure all the time, indulges in idleness, revels in all manner of pleasure; from time to time the faithful chaplain, or steward, informs him of a great case of distress which he has relieved with the money of his patron, or of a great number of objects who have been fed and clad by the funds destined for that purpose. The rich man says "'Tis well;" perhaps, *even*, from time to time, the latter will say, "Doctor, or Reverend Father, I hope that you are doing all the good you can with such a sum?" The almoner offers to convince him, by producing his accounts; but the man of pleasure declines the trouble of inspecting them, and here the matter ends.

Can it be maintained that this doer of charity by proxy is equal to the mild, zealous, exemplary man, who seeks out personally the gloomy abode of poverty, of sickness, and of suffering—the shade in which bashful and indigent merit withers and pines away; whose active charity examines and exerts itself, and adds counsel and comfort to a donation; who,

whilst it throws a shelter and a covering over the shivering and starving pauper with the one hand, wipes off the tears of affliction with the other. The former really does his deeds by another's hand, the latter by his own. Nay, a great part of the good must be attributed to the judgment, the sympathy, the impartiality of the agent employed;—on his trouble, his leisure, and his inclination, far the greater share of these acts of mercy must depend. And, lastly, the promiscuous giver by proxy, he who examines not the treasurer's accounts, knows not what is given, and still less how it is applied.

In evil there certainly must be a line drawn between the man who lends his sword to another to defend himself in an affair of honour, and him who, angry and vindictive, borrows that sword, because he knows it to be a good one, and goes out determined to kill his man with it, and actually does so; the one is guilty of culpable indifference, the other of culpable homicide; for gentlemanlike murder seems to to go no farther, at all events, in courts of

honour. Nor can a person who lends his house to a friend, who games, keeps bad company, or scandalizes his neighbours in it, merit the same *onus* of blame as the borrowing acquaintance thus transgressing the laws of propriety towards the lender and the neighbourhood.. If I have made out a good case, I leave its application to my readers.

'I must now take up the thread of my discourse, or rather of my relation of facts. Bob —— got admission to the nobleman's house, where stars and ribands lent a lustre to the lively *at homes* given there by the fair one to whom this accommodation of a brilliant *suite* of rooms was afforded. Here every one was at home, and the gaping stranger might fancy himself in the bosom of his family. The lady who does the honours is a wholesale article of beauty, if magnitude be a recommendation. Her manners are prepossessing yet dignified: she has a certain air of friendship about her; but whether that sentiment be disinterested or not, "*c'est une autre chose.*" To be truly welcome, at this *belle*

assemblée, a man must be either useful, or ornamental,—Bob was neither; but he got his lesson from an old hand, and he appeared to be an object to the party, whence his bit of advice for the benefit of others. The ornamental cavaliers (all of French growth) filled up the corners, furnished the apartments, served as dancing partners to the ladies, sung, played, or stood near the throne of power. The useful visitors at this hotel were flatterers, anglers, introducers, and make-ups at a card-table, or to turn the leaves of a music-book; for harmony, dancing, scenic representation, and card-playing, formed the evening's amusements of the circle. All these were very innocent; and the refreshments (which suited not the Caledonian's taste) were truly wholesome, and of great benefit to an English guest, coming brimfull of wine and substantial fare from the Hotel de Longpole, or from any of the public hotels, where John Bull's excesses are proverbial; for you might have as much sugar and water, lemonade, or spring-water, neutralized by a little currant

jelly, as any feverish patient could desire, and female attractions have a very feverish tendency—"*aye there's the rub.*"

There was, in this gallant mansion, a young lady to get married, and the net of enchantment was cast at or over every supposed great fortune which came in the shape of Jacky Bull to Paris; not that *un Anglais* was a greater favourite than any one else, but that his money was thought safer The *only* person who ought to have been concerned in this speculation was the least so. Very young, modest, and pleasing, she merely looked to the rebuilding up of her parents' fortunes (such things are too common abroad), whilst Madame and *her allies* manœuvred all the rest. The Ex-Colonel whom I met at Baillie Carvey's was one of these, and was (according to my information) as fulsome a flatterer here, as he was a bitter abuser of his own country.

A number of unsuccessful attempts were made, beginning by the heir to the Longpole property, provided always that no other heir

should interrupt the succession; the pious mother, next, cast an eye on a youth, who passed for a man of fortune and fashion abroad, but who turned out upon scrutiny, only to be the minor part of *piano-forte* airs, which he played off in Paris, and to have but a very moderate income, arising from the *notes* which his papa had been the operative maker of; all that he could, therefore, do, was to speak to his friends.

Sly Bob, learning all this, from an old stager, had it given out that he was the son of a mercantile man, of immense property, and on his travels on the continent, and as his stay was but short, after his introduction (which he kept a profound secret from the party,) he was sure of a hearty welcome, and at least, *three times asking*, before any serious *question* could be put to him. It is an old soldier's, and an old Scotchman's trick, never to be on the go, until gone; never to be married, except when at home, or when a wife is present; never to *be* poor and seem poor at the same time; the departing friend is for-

gotten before he is absent; the moving lodger has nothing to expect from his landlady, or host; the motive for pleasing is now at an end; the married man gains no virgin smiles, no matron's attentions, no parent's interest; the poor man has no friend, but whilst Sandy pays his way with seeming ease, be the task ever so difficult, whilst the lodger has the appearance of remaining, he is every where welcome, every where looked up to, and can turn to account the very people who thinks that they are turning him to account. Bob was well acquainted with all this management, all these peace-time manœuvres, and thus he was fully enabled to see high company abroad, and to talk in a higher tone to his untrammelled friends at home, whilst he could laugh in his sleeve at all the able negociations of the court of Venus. The last bold stroke of the house, was an attack on the vacant heart and head of a rich Creole; he swallowed the bait, with ease,—what would he not have swallowed? But a brain surcharged with wine, and an appetite rather over-dosed, caused the hook

to lose its hold, and Masser Buckera got free again; the West Indian was not particularly nice about delicacies, proprieties, promises, nor the nonsense which wine might have inspired, in the way of flirtation, so he cut adrift and threw himself into the arms of his mamma, and went home, all safe. Lucky it was that he sinned *only* in *words*, for there were plenty of blades and triggers to resent an attempt at injuring the fair fame of one who deserved defending; but the movers of all this mischief will never escape free from censure, nor will their Hiberniam Ambassador, who was crest-fallen, at finding young Sugar Cane impregnable, at home; and on learning that civil law, and peace officers were his referees in matters of difficulty, and in his juvenile scrapes:—but the *soirees* of the enchanted castle still go on, the lady's husband seems to enjoy a sinecure place, the patron, occasionally sits in awful state, and smiles on the circle before him, the component parts of which are no great characters, save only the returned emigrants, shining in orders, and

the succession of strangers, who gain admission for the purposes herein above mentioned. Bob concluded, by saying that this was a leaf of experience in his book, and that he should advise minors on the point of coming of age, with large estates blooming in promise, to avoid this glittering circle; but he would recommend it to all young men who had nothing to risk, and who wished for an evening's entertainment, *à la mòde de Paris*, to get introduced as he was, and to play off the same stratagem, to ensure esteem; and it is with a view of being useful, that this advice of the wary traveller is repeated in this form, and given with the very best wishes, by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

DAVID BLUNT.

" Homo sum."

" ——————————— le seul honneur solide
Et de prendre toujours la verité pour guide."—BOILEAU.

DAVID BLUNT.

"DID any one call at the Hermitage this morning?" said I to my old *fac totum*, who is my butler, hair-dresser, footman, courier, and sometimes my adviser; an old Highlander, with a very long head, and no very mean opinion of himself. He took a moment to consider — "why surely Alpin you must know if any one has called or not? we have not so many visitors at our solitary abode." "True, Sir," replied Alpin; "but then when a person visits you, you would like to know who and what *he** is, and what he wanted;

Hermits do not receive ladies in their cells.

now I hold it impossible to tell you, that first and foremost he would not tell his name, next I could not make out what he is, and lastly he wanted nothing but to see you." "Is he a gentleman, or a tradesman, a man of business, or an idler?" Alpin thought profoundly, the only thing about him which he carried to excess; he was so *sicker* (secure or cautious) that he would have been the death of a hasty man, or (what would be worse) *vice versâ*. "As for a gentleman he can't be that," quoth Alpine deliberately, "for he told me that he was *not* one; a tradesman I take it he is not, for he looked more like an officer; and then again he told me he was not an officer, his business he said he had none, and he was very much like an idler; I picked out of him that he was an old soldier, but if he was a private I may be any thing."

"And why not, Alpin?" said I; "a man has a right to be any thing which his merit can make him; favour and intrigue, corruption and interest, thrust men into very elevated situations which they have no right to; but

merit may make a man any thing, and his title to possession is hen undeniable." Here I threw down my camlet cloak, put my horn mull upon the table of the vestibule, and flung myself into a garden chair, of old fashioned, singular form, like myself, being made of the fantastic roots of trees, which I sometimes persuaded myself had at some time or other afforded their umbrage to William Wallace—to the royal fugitive, Charles, before the restoration—to the young chevalier, renowned for his misfortunes—and to the able poet, Burns, as famous for his disappointments in life. I now made my usual signal for unlacing my gout-boots, and Alpin ventured to make his remarks as follow; I dreaded a long story, but I assure my reader it shall not be so.

Alpin and I were often *tête-à-tête*, and he passed half his time in thinking what he was to say, and the other in making amends by the length of his tale; old age is garrulous, and we ought to be indulgent to it. "What your honor says," com-

menced my trusty veteran, "puts me in mind of what happened to the son of a lord; he was muckle given to drinking, and street rioting, and to exposing himself and family; so his *friends* (an odd way of shewing friendship!) got him put up in the Tolbooth awhile, to keep him from mischief, and then sent him out o' the country, that he might not *affront* his name; one day as he was looking out of the bars of a high window in the prison, an acquaintance passed by, and cried—"how the de'el Alek did you come there?" "Just" quoth he, "as my second brother got his promotion in the army, and as my next brother got a place, that is to say, by no merit, or good actions of my own, but by the interest and interference o' my *faimilie;*" and I remember puir Mrs. Mac Naggin being sent to Inveresk,* just as much mad as I am, and making the same answer to a person who saw her, by accident in the garden of *thon* d——d place; it was a real shame, puir body—she only li-ked (making two distinct

* A place where there are private mad-houses.

syllables of the word,) she only li-ked a drap-dram, and had been a little wild, or so, and her husband shut her up; feggs, if the wives could do the same, how many a braw gentleman would be wearing out his e'en against the bars, and I remember——"Stop Alpin," said I, putting an end to his remembrances, "I know now who the visitor is, it is David Blunt!" Alpin gave a shout of discovery, "Exactly," cried he; "for he said, is the Hermit *visible?*" "Vi-si-ble," repeated I: "he's, *oot.* Who shall I say has called?" "No body." "Weel Sir," adds I: "then I'll *juist* say a gentleman, and describe your person." "Don't do that," said he, "for there's no kenning what, or who is a gentleman now o'days, I hate the name, and will have nothing to do wi't: you'll say that a man (pronounced as if it had a double n) called." That he was an "officer," interrupted I. "That's *juist* as bad," quoth he: "no, an old soldier, of the tribe of David, and that's *blunt.*" "I *booed* the person to the door, for I did not take his meaning, but now I see it with half an ee." My boots were now off,

and I was on an easier footing with myself, which will enable me to give David Blunt's short account of the terms gentleman, and officer, with a few prefatory words, forming his history.

David Blunt is a lowlander, whose father had a very large estate, and went by the name of it; but as it was not entailed, and he married twice, he sold it, and parcelled it out, *mostly* amongst the children, *du second lit*, as the French call them; the *injusta noverca* took care of this, and poor David came off with a very small portion: from this time, he forbid all his acquaintance to call him by the name of the lost acres, (Dawnington let us call the estate, for the sound is not unlike it,) and he frequently reprobated the poverty and pride, closely allied, of Scottish lairds; either retaining the names of forfeited (I mean sold) land, or of petty estates, not worth a name, (as already has been alluded to in this work;) his next retrenchment from the designation of his correspondents, was to lop off the esquire from the superscriptions

of his letters, assuring them, that he was not the follower of a knight, the *hanger on* of nobility, the horseman or equery of any master, and lastly, no esquire:—determined to pester him with a name, his associates, and his trades' people, now addressed him as captain; this he rejected, having sold his company; adding, that if he were the king, he would expunge the rank from the army, and would substitute that of centurion, commander of a company, or of a man-of-war, chief of a squadron, or any term but captain; whilst it is prostituted to the captain of the night, to a police fellow, to a skipper, to the captain of a jail, and to the leader of a banditti; the word officer, he has much objected to, since the sheriff, every justice of the parish, the excise, customs &c., all share in this *honor*, but which might be avoided by these animals being denominated, men-hunters, magistrates, whippers-in, parish *beagles*, (not beadles,) blood-hounds, body-dealers, seisers, (not Cæzars) night-watchers, and the examiners of goods; so that the

words Hunt and Examiner, might still be held up to the people.

It was proposed to him, lastly, to designate him David Blunt, gentleman; but this he forbade, as positively as all the rest, remarking that every man (almost) who can put a good face on his affairs, gets credit for a handsome suit of clothes, give himself airs in public, and pays his way, styles himself, and procures the ignorant to call him a gentleman; so much so, that trade would *now* become *honourable*, if its members went back to *Master* Jones, the coppersmith, Master Maltby, the publican, Master Selvage, the woollen-draper, and the like; as the *Master*, denoted a *master* draper, tailor, shoemaker, or tinsmith; but in all common affairs of life, these honest people would look, (he said) very much in their places with simple Thomas, Robert, Daniel, or George before their humble surnames, instead of Robert Robson, Esq., Daniel Town, Esq., and George Guttle, Esq., alderman and fishmonger, which sound so very like Robber Rob-

son, Esq., Dunall Town, a squire, George Gutsall, &c. &c.

As long as we hear of a company of tailors sitting down to a sumptuous repast at the Goose and Gridiron, with their president, Spencer Short, Esq. of Clipstone-street, in the chair, and the utmost harmony prevailing amongst the *gentlemen*, and as long as we read a long important looking list of the following licenced *guttlers*, being the *gentlemen* appointed to carry up (not a round of beef and a gallon of beer) but an address:—*to wit*, Frank Fudge, of the Goat's Head, Cripplegate; Benjamin Belcher, of the Hole in the Wall, Broadway; Frederick Froth, of the World's End, Wapping; Jonathan Foulshame, of the Cock and Dunghill, Shoreditch; Samuel Scor'em, of the *Blushing* Rose, Curtain-road; and, Simon Short, of the Golden Fleece, Petticoat-lane; so long, my friend insisted, the word *gentleman* ought either to be considered as meaning nothing at all, or ought to be given to the few, whilst

the many might share amongst them, the mister, the master, the citizen, the office-bearer, the merchant, tradesman, publican, and servant, since the publican is certainly a servant of the public, whilst the servant of nobility gets his share of *gentility* by being thrust into my lord's gentleman, which the ignorant are very apt to apply to these characters. The name of merchant is respectable; master denotes power, and the being no longer an apprentice; citizen marks a man's being on his road to civic honors; an office or trade affixed to a name proves unequivocality; viz. Sheriff Trustworthy, Judge Sharp, (although Judge Nott might be better,) Inspector Keen, Surveyor Bright, Collector Close, Bailiff Bluff, and Master Tailor, men, so called, would lose nothing in public estimation; nor would an author of to-day, putting Esq. to the end of his name be less read if it was given without this very uncertain ambiguous termination. An A.B., A.M., Dr., LL.D., R.A., or such like significant initials

may have weight, but few would read an *Esquire's* book merely on account of his *ipsi dixit*, being so. Joining with David Blunt in thinking his unassuming names, plain and becoming, I shall confine myself to a still more obscure one, which courts neither notice or elevation, that is

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A CHARACTER.

"Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest."—POPE.

"Man wants but little here on earth,
Nor wants that little long."

"Laudet diversa sequentes."—HORAT.

A CHARACTER.

I VERY often wondered what made my old friend M'Millan always wear a smile on his countenance, and preserve the rosy tint of health in the decline of life, when I recollect that he was thin and much paler in youth; and when I consider that his family has been brought to nothing in three generations, and that his means are very circumscribed. What appeared to me still more surprising was, that he had not that happy even temper, when a boy at the high school, and that the disappointments of after-life were not calculated to mend his disposition: nevertheless, at the present day, he has always something good

humoured to say to you, and a jest at his tongue's end, a thing not common with my sedate countrymen. "Were you ever married, Mac?" said a certain Lord to him one day. "Faith, no;" replied the former. "That accounts," continued his Lordship "for your unruffled and unalterable temper." "*You may* say that, my Lord," quoth honest M'Millan. This reply opened my eyes, in a certain degree; yet, as happiness is the great (generally unattainable) pursuit of man, I deemed it worth my while to make further inquiry; for, up to the present exception to the general rule, I ever found men with whom I was in the habit of mixing, discontent with their situation, envious of that of a neighbour, or employed in seeking after something which *was* to fill up the measure of their wishes; but which was found on nearer approach, like a glow-worm light, a work as interminable as the web of Penelope; a desire as far from being satisfied as the thirst of Tantalus; for ambition engenders ambition; pleasure only leads to a further craving of false appetite;

wants increase with the possession of worldly goods; and although the poet is right in stating, that

"Man wants but little here on earth;"

and that the period of his want is but short; yet, so blind is he, that he perceives not this obvious truth.

On questioning my friend on the cause of this happy change in his temper and appearance, he gave me the following account in a very broad Scotch dialect, which I shall omit, in favor of my English readers, and give them in plain simple language:—"When I entered life," said the contented man, "I was mortified enough to find a baronetcy dropped by our family, on account of not having fortune enough to support it; and it was not very pleasing to me to see the estates of my ancestors sold and parcelled out to a grocer, a lawyer, and a broker. I should have liked very well to have been a private gentleman doing nothing, or to have put on a red coat, for which I had vast ambition; but I was too

poor for the former, and my family had no military interest to put me forward in the latter. It grieved me to see my cousin Adam in the gold laced trappings of his regiment, to behold the grocer keeping a pack of hounds on our estate, and to find that my half brother was making a rapid fortune in the law; and I was cut to the quick, after leaving school, to witness one school-fellow going into the navy, another into the army, a third fitted expensively out for India, a fourth obtaining an easy and lucrative place under government and so on. Trade offered a road to independence, but my family's pride forbade me to enter into it, and my capital was too small for any thing else. At last, I took to studying the classics deeply, and became a regular domine, a teacher, a tutor, a translator to anybody. In this my occupation, I met with many humiliations; I was pestered by the tempers of my pupils, oppressed by the arrogance of my employers, often out of place, and once made to set down at a lord's second table, whom I had often helped at school, and

with whom I had been most familiar. These were bitter pills to swallow, but they were wholesome for the constitution of the mind. Walking one day, in Prince's Street, I met an old school-fellow, who had been married twelve months to a rich heiress; he had not a shilling which he could call his own at his out-set in life, so that he was still poorer than myself, but his handsome person was his fortune, and through it he married a woman of title, and drove his coach and four. "Ah! Jemmy," said he to me, "come, and dine with me to-day, lad. It will be a treat to me to have an old friend at my table, to raise my spirits." Why, thought I, who ought to be in spirits, if it is not you? I very soon, however, found the reverse. His lady kept dinner waiting an hour. "Where's my lady?" said he to one of his footmen, "Sir, she has but come from her ride, and is now *changing* herself." "Would to fate that she were," whispered he to me; "*any* change would be for the better."—In a word, I found him the most miserable of beings, tied to a

vixen of quality, who looked down upon his friends, stinted him in his wine, kept the purse herself, and contradicted him in every thing. This was the first lesson that led to my contented state. I would not have changed with him for all the riches of Potosi and Peru. Taking up the news-paper the next day, I saw my cousin Adam's name amongst those killed at the battle of Talavera. His head was knocked off by a ball. I put up my hand and found mine safe upon my shoulders. Lesson the second. I now determined upon employing my little capital, in building a cottage at Porto bello, and letting it. In this I succeeded most fortunately; and who should propose himself for my tenant, but my half-brother. I was delighted at this, and mentioned it to a friend, who exclaimed, "take good care to have a regular agreement, for he is the greatest rogue existing; every body hates him, and fears him." Another good lesson—I had no cause to complain of my fate; for I was well considered by all who knew me, and had preserved my reputa-

tion through all my poverty. I was now private tutor to the grocer's son, which was humiliating enough, but he broke his neck when out hunting; and his son, who was now a rich minor, on the eve of setting out on his travels for the continent, gave me a handsome present; and I got rid of a stupid, troublesome scholar. I now resolved on visiting London; and on trying my fortune there, I did so accordingly, and made a decent living by my pen. On running over the Gazette one morning, I saw Aleck Timberhead, another play-mate of mine, in the list of promotion, as high up as a Major General. "Blind fortune!" cried I, "so young, and so dull a man, to be at the head of his profession!" I wandered in a complaintive mood to Hyde Park, where I met the General, as thin as a lath, and as yellow as a guinea. "Ah! Mac," cried he, on approaching me on his pony, "what would I give to be as healthy as you. That d——d West Indies will be my death. My constitution is broken up entirely. I have neither appetite, rest, or

taste for any thing." I now felt elated in spirits; and being then as hungry as a hawk, I quitted the Park, walked briskly down Oxford-street, and dined with my bookseller, at Hampstead. On my return, I recognized another High school-boy, a captain in the Navy. He was very glad to see me; but he had lost his right arm, whilst mine yet furnished me with bread. A trifling legacy was left me this year; and I returned to Edinburgh, where, with the produce of my cottage, and a few hundreds sunk for an annuity, I exist quietly and contentedly. The proud lord is now ruined, and living on the continent with a view of recovering, in some measure; and one of my acquaintances, in a public office, is proclaimed a defaulter to government, and has fled for it. Every body complimented me on my good looks, on my return home; and I found my waistcoat too tight for me, on my arrival in the land of cakes. So have I continued for years, which may account for my cheerfulness. I put my hand upon his lips, at this moment; I heard

enough; he smiled, and, in the language of a Domine, said "*verbum non amplius addam.*" This is no bad hint to me. Nothing better, nor more apropos can be said or done, on this occasion, by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

P. S.—I had nearly forgotten to state, that Mr. M'Millan's friend, who went out to India never returned; but fell a victim to a liver complaint.

WAYS AND MEANS;

OR,

THE ART OF LIVING WITHOUT MONEY.

" I had a horse, I had na' mare,
I got him frae my daddy."

SCOTCH SONG.

WAYS AND MEANS;

OR,

THE ART OF LIVING WITHOUT MONEY.

To the younger son of a good family, or to a handsome subaltern, whose purse being scrimp, (as we call it in Scotland,) must have his wits *aye* ready, a horse, so far from being an encumbrance, is a wonderful resource: it puts a man above the vulgar herd, it raises him to a patrician appearance, for betwixt the *equites*, *peditesque*, the distance is very great; here the case is pretty much the same as that between the mounted Doctor,* and him who

* By *mounted* Doctors, is meant physicians riding in carriages, coach, chariot, or the like; not your

travels by the *marrow-bone* stage, or on St. Francis's horse, *id est*, in plain English, upon ten toes; the *charge* of the cavalry must, necessarily be greater and more effective than that of the infantry practitioner, inasmuch as the former must occasionally administer *horse*-medicines to his patients, not *strong* enough for a horse's drug, but strong

demi fortune gentry, such as are seen in London, *so low* as in a *solo*, in gig, tilbury, or dennet, much less on horseback, as if riding post for practice; no, Sandy is too decent and discreet for such a thing, and would almost as soon be hanged himself, as to have his nag hanging upon a sick gentleman, or lady's gate, or led about by the first beggar in the street, who may be within hail for a penny; one horse conveyances suit village and other country surgeons and apothecaries; the *solos* and landaulets, with a pony in the shafts, are only suited for fiddlers and other music masters, the dancing master, with his kit in his pocket, or the travelling tooth drawer. I may perhaps be reproached for reverting so often to this subject, but I have so high a respect for the faculty, that I cannot help it.

"Je reviens toujours à mes moutons."

enough for the horse's stomach, because the animal must live by medicine, as well as his master.

This short preface is necessary to shew that a good-looking young man has all to gain and nothing to lose by his horse; what lonely widow, or what waning Miss can resist the graceful bow of a mounted cavalier? what even obdurate tavern-keeper can refuse tick to the youth whose horse is led up and down for hours before his door,—is it Oman? no man, or Fortune, (when he was to the fore?) certainly not, for *Fortune* favors the *bold;* or, M'Culloch? no; the beast (the horse be it understood,) is a powerful attraction to him, like a bank token, it is not money, but the hope, shade, or promise of it, so that a *promising* youth, and his palfrey together, are really two *creditable* articles; with what ease and familiarity a buck can leap off his horse, at the hour of dinner, at an hotel, or tavern-door; how commandingly he can speak to waiter, chamber-maid, ay and to his host also.

For example, "Charles,* I say, is the Major arrived? is my Lord in the chair? is captain Mac to be of our party? what soup have we to-day, Oman? or, Jessy, show me a room that I may wash my hands; I have just returned from a ride of twenty miles, and—be sure to order the waiter to ice the wine." Irresistible! so Mac, and Tom, and Jack, knew well, and calf-faced Bobby tried it on for a certain time, until getting a little money, and being naturally of an avaricious turn, added to his submitting to be spouse-ridden, he paid off his old scores, and took to living frugally and decently. Bob was one of those, who considered it all fair to get deeply into debt, ("drink deep, or taste not," hem!) when the prospect of paying was distant, and involved in clouds of doubtfulness, but when the ready penny was at hand, he parted with it with all the tenderness of one who parts with a

* Charles Douglas, a most accommodating waiter, and a good natured man, who might have saved money, but who died in the direst indigence.

dear friend, and to do him justice, he never kept any other friend, not that he never sought for one, nor bore hard upon one; but that having used them like credit, in the *tempora nubila* of his life, he got rid of them at the *cheapest* rate: but this is a digression from my subject. I knew three blades who lived for a considerable time, on the strength of their horses, which were nearly as accomplished as themselves, being equal not only to *advance*, but to make others do the same, and also being as able to *stand* the charge as to retreat in good order. Of these three delightful rakes, one has discharged his debts, since the period alluded to; one has paid the debt of nature, and his name shall be at rest; the third is still scored up, and remembered by all *enquiring* friends. They were the delight of the ladies, the dread of the jewellers, the army furnishers and tailors, (Miss George,* and all,) the con-

* A *man* so called from the softness of his manners and speech, so much so, that he might have passed for a dove, were it not for the length of his bill.

stant attendants and support of the tavern-keepers, and the ruin of the wine-merchants; the tavern-keepers having this decided advantage over them, that if the three cavaliers were tardy and uncertain in their payments, they were such magnets of attraction that their friends paid for them, either directly or indirectly—directly, by being proxy for one of the party; or indirectly, by the worthy landlord's scoring them doubly for fear of accident; and why not? This custom was taught them by their brethren in the south.

One of this triumvirate used often to say, that any idiot could live well with money; but the art of living without it was what required high talent and ability. The essential qualities necessary for compassing this end, were personal advantages, courage, the art of pleasing, well-judged flattery, good-humour and conviviality; all of which these three characters possessed in a high degree, and their success was effected as follows:—a first strong impression was made, which drew re-

spect from one side of the house, and partiality from the other: the man of the house or shop dared not to be impatient or importunate for his bill; the female (and it was essential that there should be one in the concern) thought two out of the three *sweet fellows*, and the third a fascinater by his wit, eloquence and adulation, so that her *vote of credit* and of prorogation was never withheld; and if she had a control over the cellar, warehouse, or pantry, its contents might be commanded. Then again, the numerous acquaintances of the party might be offended in the person of either who should be either menaced or coerced. And whenever a feast was set on foot, the three male Graces were necessarily asked; so that mine host could not lose on these occasions.

Fashion-setting and recommending were two other resources, added to goodnature in seeking credit, and eloquence in gaining time. Lastly, when all failed—Love! mighty Love!

was called in to their aid, not in the vulgar form of Paddy to his washerwoman, "Judy, honey, I can't pay the bill, but I'll marry you, if you like it;" but by more refined manœuvres of prose and verse, sighs and vows (which one of them called his wind bills and *bonds*), *obligations* which he was fond of bestowing on his friends, and were happily and dextrously addressed to some female connection, who had a secret, or avowed interest with the dunning or pursuing party. All this, however, was done in so spirited and lively a manner, that it was impossible to be out of temper with the *acting* person.

When it is said that these blades could live without money, that statement is not to be taken exactly as it is made: it is only intended to shew how expensively and how well some people get on with a very little money, the major part of which goes in presents, in flash, and in keeping waiters, chambermaids, and servants regularly and hand-

somely feed, — another justification of the French song—

" Quand on sait *aimer* et *plaire*
Qu'a' ton besoin d'autre bien?"

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

MY MARRIED FRIENDS.

"Love has no gift so grateful as his wings,
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."

LORD BYRON.

MY MARRIED FRIENDS.

This is a dangerous doctrine to promulgate, and might lead to immoral consequences; yet there must be something of truth about it, else, why should Cupid always be represented with wings, like a *volage?* It certainly does not give an idea of constancy, or stability; and, if we listen to all the love-tales, both ancient and modern, all agree that there is no fixing the mischievous urchin. If there were any certain means of effecting this purpose, one would naturally suppose that it was wedlock. In order, however, to ascertain the truth of this idea, I called over in my mind the long list of my married friends.

Prospero was a young man of warm feeling and of sanguine temperament; he married for love; he has a handsome partner and a numerous family. Of all the men in the world, I should have expected him to be the happiest, whereas he has become a mere conjugal slave, the fag of an overpowering, overbearing wife, the drudge of a clamorous, over indulged offspring. "Warm my shoes, Prospy," will his soft spouse say, at one time; "do go and see what is the matter in the nursery;" at another, "I am sure you are no judge of marketing," will, one day, be the *compliment* at table. "My husband cannot possibly dine with you to-morrow," will be the sentence on the next occasion;—"my husband won't go without me," is the broad hint in one instance, a wink, and a reminding that it is time to rise from a pleasant party, are the *sweets* thrown into the hymeneal bowl, whenever poor Prospero is growing warm and comfortable, and trying to flap the clipped wings of his former freedom. Poor Prospy has fastened the noose for himself, but the patient and non-resisting

look which his features display, proves beyond a doubt, that if he had his liberty once more, he would never surrender it up again. Mrs. Prospero, however, passes for an excellent wife, an admirable mother and a *masterly* house-wife; but the question is, whether thrift alone can fill the heart, or economy alone make a man happy?

Alonso was a volage, a general lover, a prodigious favourite with the softer sex, a too generous fellow and an excellent companion; his better half prides herself upon having married a reformed rake; upon having fixed a voluptuous gay butterfly; upon having saved a giddy youth from ruin; but poor Alonso does not represent the matter thus; his reformation has reduced his enjoyments; his being fixed has made him nearly a fixture in his lady's apartment, a fixture without free will, without a voice in domestic government; his saving has left him nothing to save; his retrenchments have created a void in his pocket which produces endless humiliations. "Ask your mistress for money, you know I never keep

the purse," is his answer whenever an article is brought to the house for payment. "Go to your mistress, John, and tell her to send me half-a-crown," is his meek request; if he wishes to go to a coffee-house, or to take a hackney coach, and, in general, John has to return to his master, with, "Sir, my mistress wishes to know what you want it for," before the coin is parted with; nay, on one occasion, I recollect his deary's questioning him, before company, as to how he had spent the last sovereign which she had trusted him with; *bien entendu*, that the money was his own, but he had given up the command of it, together with all other power, dominion, and controul. Then again, poor Alonzo was forced to tell so many untruths, in order to get a day's pleasure, or a piece of gold into his pocket; "say that I am to dine with you to-morrow," whispered he to me, on observing the approach of his *gentle* Sophia. This was in order to get out and to dine with a few old college companions. "Sophy, love, I wish you would pay Mr. so and so, a guinea

which I owe him," was the degrading resource of another day, whilst madame pulled out the money and handed it over to him with a frown; doubtless he was brought to book as to the purposes to which it was applied; and, if he prevaricated, had a curtain lecture for his punishment. I well know that he has to beg for snuff money, and to pretend to lose at whist, to give charity with what money he can obtain from his female treasurer.

Docilis is wedded to a stately dame, who has honored him with her hand and nobility of alliance, in return for his handsome person; he was very proud of this match, when it had the charms of novelty, but pride will have a fall, and poor Docilis is come down to nothing; her ladyship's arms are on the right of his escutcheon; she has preserved her livery, *kindly* to put him in mind that he has none of his own; she never lets his memory slumber on the subject of her brother being Lord Lieutenant of a county; of her grandfather having been one of the sixteen peers; of the part which her ancestors took in the

troubles of the year forty-five, nor of the importance of her name in the north. If Docilis should inadvertently say, "call *my* carriage," his proud dame will reply, "*my* carriage, if you please, Mr. Docilis; it was stipulated when we married that *my* establishment should be separate and distinct." Then again, if the subdued commoner should inform an acquaintance that his horses cost him so much, the Right Honorable Lady will remind him that *her* money paid for them; and if an humble-looking visitor be seen in the house, she will contemptuously observe, that it is one of Docilis's relations.

Ernestus was a person of high mental acquirements, a profound scholar and a man of taste; any woman might be proud of such a husband, and might be happy with such a companion; abstraction from the world, and a single hearted disposition, kept Ernestus free from the vices of ordinary men, and induced him to consider wedlock as a state of pure felicity. He married for a partner to unbend with, one who would sweeten the hours

of rest from study, (and my friend lived by literary pursuits) one who would conduct all his worldly concerns, for which he was wholly unfit, one who might look up to him, and be instructed, moulded and formed by him, at least, whose mind might receive that advantage; he, therefore, did not look for fortune, but laboured in his study to provide for all her wants, nor was he unreasonable as to beauty; health, youth, and temper were all that he sought for, and his wife had *a temper*, yes, it was one of her own, the most varying, uncertain and contradictory in the world; yet it seemed to grow under the maturing flame of Hymen, for it was imperceptible before marriage: his dear Amanda, the subject both of his prose and verse (when courting) was never satisfied; never in the same mind two days together; the variety of her whims, fancies, amusements, and dresses became ruinous to the author; his toils were useless, his struggles were never crowned with success, whilst she, not only undervalued, but detested the very means of her support, and

despised the talent which raised him in the estimation of every one else. Never was man more disappointed: if he called her into the library to read her a fine passage in a new production of his, "I have no time, dear," would be her language; "I have things of more importance to attend to; I am quite sick of books, and of authors; I must dress for Mrs. Newfangle's card party;" or "I shall be too late for the play; my milliner has just brought home a new bonnet, and I can't be bored with attending to your dry stuff." Such was the encouragement which he got for his arduous task to support a dressy, pleasurable wife; such the meed of praise which he looked for, from one who might naturally be partial to his talents, whilst Amanda was incessantly complaining of him to her neighbours and visitors. "Where is your husband?" one would say. "Oh! at the old story, stupifying himself over his musty books; up to his eyes in ink and nasty papers; fagging and poring over his lumbering manuscripts: who would marry a book-

worm? who would be plagued with an author?" would be her reply to such enquiry; and if asked how she liked his last work? if it was as successful as it deserved?' or if she heard it quoted, or praised, she would flippantly tell the enquiring friend that she knew nothing about it; that she never read Ernestus's works; that she was sick of the sight of books, and *now* never read any thing but a newspaper; that she heard of nothing but composition from morning until night, and abhorred the sight of pen, ink and paper, to which she added occasionally, by way of seasoning, the epithets of humdrum and old foguey, applied to her husband, who was scarcely forty.

Placidus married in the decline of life: he had better have *declined* it altogether; but he gave his hand and ample fortune to a young woman not only without fortune, but dependent and unhappy in her family. The mirth of her disposition, and the gratitude which he expected, held out a strong hope of happiness; he was, however,

repaid by being talked and laughed down whenever he attempted to raise his voice, or to use his authority. "Not I, I'll not go to your stupid family parties; I can't be bored with your country walks; I positively will not come home before three in the morning." These were the rebellions and risings up against age and superiority, rendered more pointed by unceasing remindings of his years and infirmities, and by horse-laughs at his expence. "My old husband," was sometimes the *endearing* word of the day. "What are you poking about? Oh! he'll be an hour before he comes. Law, how you creep!" with other equally *liberal* allusions, were daily bread to him, and, to fill up the measure of his felicity, his rib passed whole nights at balls, gave late and expensive parties at home, broke his rest, by thundering knocks when he had forgotten his plagues by sleep, and flirted away his peace of mind,—not to forget her *comfortable* habit of, ever and anon, ringing in his ears, the probability of her surviving him and indulging in plans,

to be carried into execution when that period should arrive. "You shall be my second," passed, for a long time, as a good joke with Placidus, but his deary repeated it so often and to so many, that he at last considered it as a wish: it might be a jest with her, but it was a *grave* subject to him.

One of my friends complains of having no family; another says he is to be pitied for having so large a one; one married acquaintance tells me that his bottle is his only comfort; another admires every other man's wife but his own. Per contra: one wife murmurs at her husband's want of attention to her, whilst another sprightly dame is plagued to death by that of her spouse: "one cannot stir an inch without him; he will never let me have any pleasure," are her accusations against him. "Keep my husband a long while over the bottle, whilst I go out," said (in a whisper to me) the warm constitutioned engineer's wife, once so admired at Edinburgh and at Leith. "Here, woman, tak' that pund note and buy bread with it," said Benevolus to a poor object; "but dinna let

the mistress (his wife) ken any thing about it." Here a husband hides his expences from his wife; there a wife conceals her extravagance from her husband; the man of fashion blushes for his rustic partner's ignorance; the lettered lady looks down on her plain honest piece of lumber; a contention for dominion characterizes one couple; a constant combat for who shall wear the pantaloons makes another the subject for gossipping of their neighbours; one wife makes her husband a tool, and the next door-husband makes his wife a fool; the man fond of liquor has a water drinking parsimonious wife; the abstemious man's lady is an excellent bottle companion; what a pity that they should be thus paired! And are these the sympathies of wedded life, the sweets and comforts of that delightful state? The *pulling together* of partners; the—

"Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,"

described by the poet? Are these the facili-

ties afforded of stemming the rough tide of life? Does the *maitresse femme* gain consequence from the lowering of her partner? Does the active housewife require more credit for thrift, by endeavouring to stultify and make a cypher of her help-mate? Will the rose of youth bloom more luxuriantly on the cheek of the wife whose husband's grey hairs are brought with sorrow to the grave? And are the pinchings and parings, the waterings and reducings, the checking of the generous flow of hospitality and charity, calculated to serve as fuel to keep alive the flame of affection and desire? Not to mention those jealousies and tears, which are artfully practised to enslave and lay under contribution, by turns, the flouncings and poutings, the weepings and sighings which serve as a cloak to transgressions, or insure the payment of a bill.

"*Domus et placens uxor*," is the quotation of an advertising doctor, but it strikes me, that if he can find the *placens uxor* without variation or alloy, he may also discover

the philosopher's stone, and be nearer to the longitude than either Ditton or Whiston, so celebrated in Doctor Swift's dirty line; this, however, is a subject which a solitary *Celebs* can only know by what he has seen in others, nothing would be more pleasant, in this point, than to satisfy the doubts of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

POOR EMILY.

"Something than beauty dearer should we look,
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face."

POOR EMILY.

I HAD not seen her since her childhood, when sporting like a gamesome lamb on the braes of Yarrow; she had been since that period at school, in the world (if Edinburgh may be considered as such;) she had been admired, sought as a partner in the dance, flattered, disposed of in the gossiping circles, to two or three rich and respectable young men; she had been the pride of a father, now reposing in the field of honor, had been envied, courted, and, lastly, she was married. Six moons had now passed over her lovely head since she became a bride, yet she had not completed her nineteenth year; in her

features there could be no change, their attractiveness and regularity were the same, nor had the doubtful hue of her velvet cheek, where the rose and lily contended for dominion, altered in the least; the glossiness of her auburn tresses was still unimpaired, and the coral of her lips was second in lustre to none, but the fire of her eye seemed half quenched, the expression of her features had assumed a new character, a tinge of melancholy passed across her countenance like the obscuring cloud which sullies for a time the sunny lustre of the landscape, and all playfulness had fled from her for ever. Had she been widowed, the language of her eyes would have been easily understood; but she was a young bride, married to him whom she loved alone, and her partner, (as she informed me) was every thing that her heart could wish. What then could bend the rose but to droop its dejected head and weigh it down with the dew-drop of affliction? Poverty and the chilling blight of the worldly, the wrath of an offended, ambitious mother, and

the frowns of the former friends of her dawning days; the hands which had once pressed her's in warmth and seeming tenderness, and which promised protection and support, were now shut in distance or in coldness, or raised to point derision, or to motion her to depart from them; the tongues which had been clothed in the accents of flattery and of praise, of admiration and lavish professions, had now sunk to the key of cruel pity, or to the uncharitable murmur of censure; the relatives who had sought her society now strove to unlink and alienate themselves from all kindred with her; her intimates disowned her acquaintance, and every door was closed at her approach.

What was her crime? Love. She had wedded the youth of her choice, without fortune or interest, highly educated and well connected, but without any certain income; and not having yet embraced any profession, he had vainly imagined that virtuous love might meet with its reward even in our nether world, and that the heart must be formed of

adamant which could not exert its sympathies for Emily. He had persuaded himself that he had nothing to do but to produce her captivating form and pleading beauties to his rich uncle, in order to ensure forgiveness and the means of living in at least moderate circumstances. He was deceived in the flattering picture which he had drawn of man. The stern old man, verging towards the clay from which he rose, became like the arid clod, unproductive; his scanty crop of benevolence was long reaped in, and nothing but the frost of winter remained in his bosom; he refused to see what he inhumanly termed the beggars, adding that if she could live upon her beauty, she might for him starve, work, or perish. Her mother, a church-going old lady, held her breach of duty as a mortal sin, and one which discharged her from all feeling of maternity towards her. "I dinna consider her any longer as *my* (laying strong emphasis on the proud, selfish pronoun) "child," said she; "and he may enlist as a private soldier, and she may go to service if

they like; two young idiots *juist* bent on each other's ruin." Where did she find this doctrine? was it in her huge, splendid family bible? or in the swellings of arrogance and avarice of her mind?

Emily was poorly dressed, and I had seen her a star of elegance; trinkets and ornaments had been converted into food; nay, even her wardrobe had dwindled down to a poor display. Her unfortunate, enamoured Edward had knocked at every gate, had thought himself into a state of stupor, had applied to the former associates of his cloudless years, and found them all fail him in the hour of trial. "How weak it was of him," (they kindly observed) to throw himself away, who might have married *anybody*." Yes, but did he adore *anybody*—or was anybody or every body, with a fortune, alike to him? They were now completely two outcasts, with all the virtues and perfections which might claim kindness at every hand.

On my entering her humble apartment, she thus addressed me:—"This is truly kind—

are you really come to see us in our hovel? I thought that *you too* had cast me off; or that my mother had poisoned you against me, and had forbidden you to countenance me: my poor Edward will consider your visit as a high honor." "Yes, by Jove," exclaimed I, electrified by her appeal to all that dignifies nature, namely, feeling: "yes, a high honor indeed! the visit of an old man to the handsomest couple in Scotland, and one of them known to him from her cradle, and most highly esteemed by him." This language was unexpected, and it drew tears from her: after a short pause, she explained to me the circumstances of their secret marriage, and all the upbraidings which she had to endure.

A very few school companions had visited her for a very few weeks, but as she could not entertain them with an overflowing board and with the exterior of prosperity, they had all dropped off from her society; she shewed me at the same time a volume of letters from her's and from her husband's relations and quondam friends, exhibiting a revolting pic-

ture of the human mind in all the dirty, shallow, petty, and contemptible forms of refusals, excuses, puts off, and advice substituted for service rendered: two or three conveyed niggard relief, rendered odious from its form, from its ungraciousness, and from the pride which accompanied it; in one instance it was insulting, so much so, that her husband could do no less than to return the dross, the want of which was so severely felt.

Such heartless conduct is not national: it is a disgrace to all the most *civilized* countries. In old Scotia, families in general cling together; but the higher the class the more is disinterested love a stranger, the more severe the resentment of parents towards children marrying to please themselves. The fate of such unfortunates seems to me unspeakably hard: their situation forms an imperious claim on sensibility. The honest merchant who has failed in his industry is (not often enough) taken by the hand; he whose habitation has been a prey to the devouring element is recommended to general notice; the

shipwrecked mariner draws succour from his affluent brother; yet not a bosom beats with the increased tide of sympathy, not a tear of compassion bedews the cheek of humanity; no wide palm of munificence scatters the generous gift on the couch of drooping, desponding love, nor nerves itself to Herculean strength to grasp and draw towards it the languid lovely one fainting for want of hope, nor to push forward the manly sufferer, concealing the tide of nature from her with whom he strove to stem the current of wretchedness, and to weather out the storm that lowers its threatenings above their heads. What greater, what more magnanimous act, could a monarch or a rich man perform, than to step in betwixt such a young, loving pair and ruin, and to pilot them to a harbour of ease and shelter? to provide for their wants, and to advance their interests, and direct their steps, in the uncertain journey of life?—to reconcile unkind relations to them, to weary, to importune, to exhort, to condemn them, until the purpose be effected? It does not become me

to say what I did: my visit, however, was not an useless and worldly one.

If this imperfect picture should meet the eye of a harsh parent, acting as has been seen above, it is to be hoped that it will not be read without attention and reflection. Happy unions are so rare, that it is sad indeed when we have to complain with Burns, and to inquire

> "——— why should Fate sic pleasure take
> Life's dearest bonds untwining?"

I am not blind to what makes marriage *à la mode* the object of satire; but I am not dead to that feeling which would confer unmixed felicity on disinterested wedded love, although I am the solitary.

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE RETIRED OFFICER.

"I have done the state some service."

OTHELLO.

THE RETIRED OFFICER.

To Othello's words opposite might be added these which follow—

"——— but of that no more."

Such is the lot of the victor, when a few years shall have mouldered away from the crumbling edifice of time: half pay, or no pay, a proud carriage and a broken constitution; these are the ordinary remains of the military man reduced or retired from the service. Few are the advantages which he retains—many the obstacles to getting forward again in life. The officer and the gentleman are still his

characteristics; but his youth and bloom have fled; poverty is his portion, and he has no longer his mess-room, his servant to attend him; free quarters, bat and forage-money, but must mess and forage the best he can, upon short allowance; and in all the solitude of a pilgrim, there are few exceptions to this general rule, and they most frequently occur in the land of bannacks o' barley meal, because frugality is there at head-quarters; and a man may eke out his half-pay, if he has any, as well as on the continent, where it must grieve every honest heart to find so many hundreds of the defenders of Britain, living merely for the advantage of drinking a little thin wine, and of concealing their narrow means from their friends and relations.

The character before us is of a different stamp. He had been entrusted with command. He had risen, by long time and hard service, to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and, from having purchased some of the steps of his promotion, and dearly earned the others, he was allowed to sell out, which he did from

the honourable motive of paying his debts, and of giving five hundred pounds to a sister, destitute without his aid. When he discharged these duties, which principle and feeling imposed on him, he took out his commission, cast a melancholy glance upon it, locked it up in his drawer, and laying his hand on his trusty old friend (his sabre), rubbing and polishing the blade, and heaving a deep sigh, he hung it upon a nail, with his sash, in a festoon under it, his rusty spurs on each side, and a Dutch-clock over the whole. Here were the emblems of time and of trial, of by-gone life, and of reduced circumstances. His spurs would be useless to him for life; but his sabre might yet second his loyal arm, should the state require it, although his rank and avocation were gone. A goat-skin, which had covered his charger, served for a carpet in his single room; a field-bed, and four camp-stools, were all his furniture; a few maps, and an engraving of the King, were the only ornaments of his apartment; and as he could not afford to

give a suitable frame, he therefore ornamented it with the rosettes of his gorget, which being silver-gilt, he beat out into a drinking-cup, and was all the plate which he was master of; his epaulettes were melted into pewter utensils for his scanty table, and his scarlet-jacket was brushed, put by, and wore on his Majesty's birth day. He was a man of social habits, and what is called good company; but he was not of that description of beings, who cannot endure solitude, and who, rather than be alone, submit to be a hanger-on at a number of hospitable men's tables, or to the pillar of a tavern, or a coffee-house, where they tell long stories, and allow themselves to be treated by richer idlers than themselves. He would have preferred to have passed whole years, with a few books, and the cultivation of his small garden; but he was not put to the trial. As soon as his retreat was known, in a small village of the north, three brother officers of his, now placed on half-pay, immediately came down, and settled near him. His whole substance was reduced

to eighty pounds per annum, the produce of an annuity obtained by sinking the residue of the price of his commission; yet, with this he preserved a degree of dignity, which ten times the sum could not have bestowed on the owner. Buttoned-up to the neck in his blue coat, or surtout, with a black stock surmounting it, he shouldered his cane, or carried his umbrella, like a sabre under his left arm, and marched forth from his quarters, as if he had been going to take the command of a brigade. No one could say that he owed them a shilling, or an obligation. A visit, or a glass of wine, for he would not accept of the invitations of his neighbours, but never failed to call on them, if they were in trouble, or sick, and gave to them his advice, consolation, or condolence, as the case might admit. In his morning walks, he was never alone, at least one or two of his comrades were always with him. They looked up to him, and treated him with the utmost respect; nor was there any thing of interest, servility or flattery in their conduct. They considered him still

as their Colonel, and their brother, although they had nothing to gain by subordination, nothing to apprehend from the authority of a commanding officer. "Once a Colonel, always a Colonel," is a common phrase; but it has not common sense in it. Courtesy will continue the title in society, when the office exists no more; but this is a mere affair of words, an empty sound, and goes no further. In every other respect, the individual is a simple citizen,* a man with-

* There is no character which requires more good sense and *decorum* to fill than that of a retired officer; or of one who has sold out; the earlier the period of life, the more difficult the task, because an elderly man must have some experience, and have seen something of the world: now the more experience he has, and the more he has seen of the world, the more moderate, liberal, social, and modest he will be; but the young, half-taught man, has the greatest difficulty in passing from the soldier to the private gentleman; and he will most probably over, or under-play his part. If ill health, want of means, or the reduction of the army, has transferred him to a citizen's life, he will be dissatisfied with his situation; restless, uneasy, proud, contemptuous towards those, who have never

out weight, or influence; not rich enough to be an object to the designing, and (too often) a cypher guest at every one's table. But the case was very different with this Colonel (he was never addressed otherwise); he held his rank in the affections of his companions; he kept his superiority from the free will of those who addressed him less from habit than from heart; he who had known the duty of obedience, could judge of the feeling in others; he who had practised moderation in power, must insure the esteem of those who had served under him; the soldier's friend, although bereft of his external trappings, and temporary rank, must hold a rank in remembrance, and a claim to the mutual service of

worn the sash and gorget. He will be vain, voluptuous, and not unlikely give himself up to the bottle, or to idleness. If he has quitted the army from misconduct or disgust, he will be complaintive, unjust, and will abuse his former profession, over-acting the sportsman, the tradesman, or some new character; but the true retired officer is loyal, loves his King, regrets his colours, and is kind to his fellow-citizens.

those who have been the companions of his honors and his toils; he who has suffered hardships and privations will never be a petty tyrant, nor will he, who has shared the hottest of the fire with his brave men, pester them to death upon parade, nor be the mere martinet and disciplinarian of pipe-clay and heel ball, oil and emery, bright buttons, and minutely well-cut hair; had the Colonel been in time of peace, such a feather-bed commander, he would not have found his old captain and two subalterns stick to him, and hold him in high estimation in the decline of life; they would have avoided and have hated him, whereas they were his daily visitors, to smoke a pipe with the Colonel was their delight; they considered his one room and cabbage garden still as head-quarters; and, on the quarterly 25th, each of them had him in turn to an honest joint of meat and a proportionate quantity of whisky-toddy. Thus passes his serene life. What a mortification, what a self-reproach it must be to the tyrant, when in office; to the unfeeling commanding

officer, or to him, who has shrunk from his duty, or done it negligently and disgracefully; to one who has never seen blood, except on the cat-o'-nine-tails, which his severity has applied to the back of a poor soldier; or to him, who has dressed and domineered upon the private's hard earnings,—what a burning shame it must be to him to meet the man whom he has oppressed, whether officer or private,—to behold, in his eyes, contempt and accusation; to observe the one refuse him a salute, and the other murmur out a malediction; to find himself contemptible in a blue or a black coat, and his abode, even if it were splendid, avoided by all those who have had the misfortune to have served with him: such a one's cabin might become his prison, if sickness confined him to it; no kind brother soldier would converse away the heavy hours with him; and here, the example of my friend, if not amusing, or instructive to the civilian who peruses it, may serve as a necessary lesson to the red and blue coat-flutterers of fashionable corps, to those whose importance dwells

in highly laced crimson pantaloons, or whose scented pelisses have never been put out of shape by a passing bullet; to coffee-house cornets, and to the dandy of the parade, the drill of a procession, or to him who gives the lisped out words of command of a muster-day: whatever be their military rank, they will sink into nothing, whenever they part with it, and will discover, when too late, that the union of starch and stays with gunpowder and naked blades is as unnatural and ridiculous, as monstrous and incompatible as that of a butterfly and a lion, an eagle and a jack-daw. May this hint be of service to them; if not, they will have no apology to qualify it, for it is offered without *present* respect or any ceremony by

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE ROAD TO NOTORIETY

"Money makes the mare to go."

THE ROAD TO NOTORIETY.

In England and its metropolis, the theatre is so extensive that we naturally expect to see a great variety in the drama of life, scenes are shifting, and different actions are incessantly passing before the eye; vicissitudes are so multiplied daily, that their effect is scarcely perceived. Thousands are plunged from affluence into poverty, from fashion into contempt; whilst as many are elevated from obscurity into notoriety, and are thrust up from low stations into elevated situations, ample fortunes, and even purchased titles, and mercenary high connexions. From extravagance springs debt; from the emi-

nence of fashion issues envy; from giddiness of power, or pleasure, arise intoxication and folly, which undermine the uncertain fabric, and brings it soon headlong to the dust. Wealth, without wisdom, is of dangerous and most uncertain tenure, for it is, of itself, a substance,

"That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding place,
But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass."

On the other side of the scene, we behold cash accumulated, it matters not how, by fair, or foul means. Trade, a legacy, a lucky hit, a lottery-ticket, or a rich wife; gaming, usury, secret-services, intrigues, quack medicines, vice, profligacy, fraud, juggling, monopoly, or embezzlement: the coin buys land, and influence draws acquaintances and connexions, ensures luxuries and consideration, places the possessor in the magistracy, and county influence compasses a borough, and then may aspire to any thing.

But these wonderful accessions, and reverses of fortune, are not frequent in the

more sterile land of thistles; and the stage is so limited, that the performers have not scope enough to figure away to the best advantage. The law and trade are the most ordinary roads to money and promotion, but do not point to the notoriety of high life. A few *mutes* in the lower house, and here and there a provost, *my lorded* for a year, and be-knighted, or be-baroneted afterwards, are the few splendid instances of fortune's favors to her children of the north; whilst, in the south, she runs full-gallop with her favorites. There are, however, now and then, a character or two, who, from the sale of sugar and rum, the sudden rise on the price of some article, a constitution injured in tropical climates, or *good* practice as an agent, steps up, on a sudden, to the top of fortune's ladder, which he kicks down *instanter*, looking contemptuously and highmindedly on his *quondam* companions and friends; the latter character (the *doer* or agent), may, if he be highly gifted with cunning, industry, and perseverance, *do* his extravagant landed clients,

and step into their shoes, when they are barefooted and pennyless; for bargain buying never leads to a fortune without ruining one of the parties; who, besides the great pull against him of necessity and haste, has an overpowering force of "*bussiness done*," law expences, parchments, papers, nay even of *valuable* advice, and attendance dearly paid for, to kick up the beam to his prejudice; thus time (his is not paid for) as well as tide carry him down the stream, and adieu to his *prospects*: he may change his *views*, but they will afford him no other change, not even of a a guinea. These are the most frequent alterations of worldly circumstances in the Caledonian capital: trade aspires at the gold chain of office; "a little brief authority;" at getting sons on in the liberal professions and marrying daughters off to lairds, or gentlemen; at a clumsy carriage and a clumsier high dressed wife, and stops there; seldom indeed does the shop aim at celebrity in fashion's ring, nor do the colonies ambition any thing beyond scrip, long annuities, consols, per cent, reduced navy and exchequer bills,

India and other bonds, a slice in the loan, set dinners, a town and country house; but old Edina has produced and smiled upon some half dozen characters, who hit at a high mark and were too unlettered to have read the following line in Horace—

"Romani tollent equites peditesque chachinnum."

One of them, a rum puncheon looking fellow, with a face like a sun-flower, travelled to his summit of fashion and eminence through the columns of newspapers; if he and his family went to a watering place, they were gazetted there in print, among the fashionable arrivals; if they had a score of persons to dinner, or a few score to a *brag*-party, it was Mrs. ———'s evening party, concert, ball, or at home edged in amongst the right honourables and honourables, who adorned the pages of the Morning Post, or some other breakfast paper, or the man's name at full length was inserted after ministerial dinners and the opening of the town residences of the great. When peace permitted the exportation of this huge bale of

goods, its removal to the continent was announced with as much pomp as if some crowned head had sailed from our shores, and the return of wond'rous self, his lady, and *amiable* family, produced the congratulations of *himself and said family;* but he got posted thus—"We congratulate the numerous friends of so and so, *or so, so,* on the safe return, &c. after visiting ————————" (here followed the list of foreign parts); and here we will take leave of the would be important man and his scenic part, placed like an oversized fly on fortune's wheel, and exclaiming as *it* (the wheel) performs its rotation, "See what a dust we kick up." Titled idlers will always be found to visit such people, and keen scented flatterers will not be wanted to smell out a turtle, a haunch of venison, French cookery and French wines; nay, would even stick to the fat man, if he came down to—

"Rum punch and toddy O!"

Nay, who would be ungenteel enough to add

R, for rum, and P, for punch,
And D, for———

there we leave them. Not to trouble our readers with many more purchasers of notoriety, who justify the verity of the proverb, we shall only name one. This gentleman, (since so people are called who have acres and a purse, and esquire, tacked without further inquiry to their name)—this gentleman first took up a quill as a very common man; some think that he wrote nonsense in the *line* (at so much each) of his profession; others that he wrote common-place stuff, at all events he only made the common profits, and lived for many years in the airest situation of a house, in chambers, honestly and obscurely; a relation died, and the man who lived by the *page* now found his way into *the pages* of the public prints. He got two names which double a man's consequence, although they may be as obscure as Grub Hobson, or any such other denomination. There is something we will allow very taking in two surnames, with the euphony of lordliness about them, such as Montague Mathew, Berkley

Craven, Villiers Somerset, (we will suppose) Granley Greville, Percy Windham, &c. &c. and such names are the most elegant furniture for a novel, and the most attractive signs hanging out to invite rich and romantic maidens to change their own names and conditions; but your Budge, Foreman, Jobson, Green, Bar, Jackson, Bunt, White, and the like, are only sufferable in a testament or codicil, and ought never to be named in polished society. Nevertheless, this honest man's family surnames were of this last class; yet they came forth, such as they were, with the —— Esquire's arrival at his estate, with his hospitality, the loyal toasts at his dinner, the donations to the parish, with his departures from country for town, and his safe arrivals from, (the name of his place) not to his lodgings in the new town of Edinburgh, but to a fashionable hotel in London. There he was *lost* (not *missed*) for awhile. We then had him ushered into company who had imposing names, and next noticed as a traveller in Great Britain. At length he got

over to the continent, unwillingly, unperceived, for he had kindly allowed the inns on both sides of the water to insert his Christian name, family name, and name of adoption per will and testament at full length; but they passed unregarded with the other Whites, and Browns, and Blacks, and Greens, with the Millers and Bakers, the Alcocks and Hitchcocks, the Hancocks, Budges, Fudges, Cods, Haddocks, Herrings, and other queer persons and fishes which the cessation of hostilities have set afloat, and made travellers of within the last nine years.

The two-named commoner had now a new part to take, or he might have been lost to the public for ever. He got mentioned on his *grande tour*—the *world* was advertised of his *motions*—performed and intended to be performed;—he was *read* of in France—*perceived* in Italy—*announced* as about to visit the Archipelago. It was *hinted* that he was a very curious, clever fellow, *positively asserted* that he *actually had*, or *really intended* to purchase and bring home a valuable collection

of rare matters from the parts which had the advantage of being visited by him; he next flirted and coquetted it with the expectations and regrets of the readers of morning papers; and Mr. Somebody Something was absent from the tea-board for a long time;—at length he came out again in small print, presented at a court or two, and travelling like some new star northward, taking and making observations; and lastly, being for one second, hand and glove with majesty; for mankind was gravely told that Mr. —— had an audience of one of the modern and minor kings in the globe, who actually shook hands with him. The Pope's toe, or rather the "*sacra porpora*" was nothing to this. What must mamma think, whose birth and appearance were so plebeian? What must sister (a mantua-maker) feel upon such an occasion? What will the students and clerks who formed the *elite* of his company in war-time, and during the days of his mediocrity say to all this. "*Mirabile dictu!*" (let us breathe.)

The writer of this account, who occasion-

ally visited Jack or Bill* in his lofty story says nothing, for nothing surprises him. He remembers his having a *chaotic* companion place-book, into which he crammed every thing which he could collect from newspapers, magazines, hand-bills, and picked up from private conversations; this proved him to be a person of observation. He recollected his having sung imitations of funny songs, and his having once danced a hornpipe in his own parlour, which gives an idea of activity of body, as well as of mind; nor can he marvel at his getting noticed by the fashionable prints, when he considers that he must have paid fairly for such notice; and when he bears in remembrance the nephew of a butcher, with not half this man of fortune's capabilities, being gifted with a second name, also, and making his *debût* from the Scotch desk, as hunting with a Duke, in the north of England, eminent on the peerage list. This insertion in the newspaper, was

* It signifies not much to the reader which.

the first printed, announcing of his first step on *fame* and fortune's ladder.

The reflective enjoyments of the novice great men are like those of monarchs, without the alloy of truth, which is studiously kept from them by flatterers and retainers; and they are not aware of the sneers and harsh remarks of quality, and other ill-natured readers of fashionable engagements, arrivals, and transactions. "Who the deuce is this man, with two vulgar names?" exclaimed one, who sees him thrust into the columns of a newspaper, whom nobody knows. "What Mr. Stiles Cramp again?" says another, with a smile of contempt; "why we see this fellow every where in print, but no where in person." "Oh! yes," observes a lady of quality, "I recollect meeting a very mean, ugly looking man of that name, at the baths of Lucca, a Scotchman, who seemed as if he fell from the skies, for nobody knew who he was;" or probably, "let me think who this man can be; oh! now I have it, it is that over-dressed, officious little

fellow, who had the impudence to ask me to dance with him, at ———, the banker's ball, at Paris;" or, "the everlasting so and so who one is tired of meeting at all the watering places." These are the disadvantages of notoriety; but they are generally hidden from those to whose share they fall.

Far be it from the mind of humanity to despise or ridicule, to envy or obstruct an honest man arrived at riches by honourable, industrious means, or who has inherited what either his birth-right or merit may entitle him to. Such a one may enjoy every comfort in life, without soaring above modesty, or entering fashion's lists, as the rival of the great and gay. If such a one makes use of his affluence, for the benefit of mankind; if he becomes the patron of the arts and sciences, the favourite of his neighbours, and the father of the poor, his notoriety will be praise-worthy; his name will be ennobled by good actions, and recorded in the hearts and memories of those who have benefited by him; but when the mushroom growth of a

lucky hour exalts itself merely by intrusion into notice; when the wealthy fool pays for puffs and paragraphs, lauding himself for great dinners, houses, carriages, or some other similar article: when the eye is arrested whilst perusing the list of fashion, and surprised by a name which announces nothing, and nobody, or nothing better than Mr.——, the commoner, taking a journey, or his dinner, it is natural to lay down the paper with disgust, and to wonder how folks can thus forget themselves; at least, such has ever been the feeling of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE APPLICANT.

"Blow, blow thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE APPLICANT.

I SET my face against all tyranny and oppression, pride, haughtiness, and want of feeling. When these vices are shown undisguised, they are hideous to every beholder. Man shrinks from their deformity, and dreads their baneful effects; so it is with that black and base quality ingratitude; but, unfortunately for the dupes of proud and insensible wretches, who lord it over the meek and suffering part of mankind, these abominable defects are hidden under false appearances, escape detection and execration from the ermined mantle of power which covers them, and from the gaudy trappings which conceal their

deformity. Pride and ingratitude are of two kinds, direct and indirect. The man who dares not to be directly disdainful, can wound by indirect tyranny; and he who professes not to forget benefits bestowed, may indirectly rob another of his time, his talent, his health, and peace of mind, in lieu of which, he gives empty promises, without an idea of ever performing them; holds out delusive hope, which leads on the victim, until patience is worn out, and despair succeeds to agonizing uncertainty. There are titled, and other villains, who joy in the fading cheek of the expecting wretch, who feast upon the disappointments of a throng of misled creatures, looking up to their interest, their affluence, or their power, no share of which they have the smallest idea of imparting to suffering worth, or to their fellow man in distress. I could smite to the earth certain mighty ones, whose halls are filled with attending acquaintances, expecting favors which they never mean to bestow, and whose tables are covered with applications,

growing out of their false promises, expressions of kindness, or proceeding from the mistaken idea which has been formed of these outwardly kind and courtly beings, whose hearts are rotten to the core. It costs nothing to promise, as little to raise the expectation of the frank and unsuspecting man. It is a common, although a demoniac practise, to give the world to understand that when title, fortune, influence, and high situation fall to the share of the man looked up to. He will think of such a friend, serve such a one, provide for a poor companion, or recompense him whose society has charmed, and whose time and purse may have been both sacrificed, or, at least, impaired by associating with the profligate heir to a fortune, the worthless next of kin to him, to a title, or the converted blockhead, whose family interest gains him honors, emoluments, and ascendancy over humbler and better men. How many amiable members of society, persons of high talent, scholars, amusing guests, and obliging acquaintances, are

daily sacrificed from being attached to such contemptible characters. They fallaciously conclude, that the festive hours spent with these dissipated revellers, will be recollected when fortune smiles, and that when their nominal friends have it in their power, they will not allow them to taste adversity. It is far otherwise: the monsters are either wholly indifferent to their fate, or secretly exult in the distance which worldly prosperity has placed between them, and triumph over their sufferings, whilst their gates and bosoms are alike closed against them, and their letters are left unanswered, and are treated with contempt.

The more to elucidate this statement, I shall give a short account of an applicant, who had the misfortune to get acquainted with Lord Polyphrage, in Scotland, at a time when he was only looking up to a coronet, and attempted to be all things to all; when his dissipated company was sought, because he was considered as a good fellow; and when the barrenness of his resourceless brain was supplied by the talents and social qualities

of those who formed his circle, his golden dream being realized, those friends who had been familiar with him depended on his exertions, and counted on his professed kindness. He let them fall off one by one, and left them to regret ever having known him. Of this number was Frank Freelove, a most entertaining fellow, with a store of wit, kind heart, and cheerful temper.

I have seen this same Frank voted to the chair, by a numerous meeting of choice spirits. I have marked the noble dunce approve the choice, and join in electing him. I have observed the favourite of a circle of gay fellows, nay, even of scholars and men of talent, hung on to the arm of this body, without heart or mind; and I have marked the ignorant and inexperienced measure him from top to toe, with looks of envy. They conceived that when the sun of power warmed the insect into growth and magnitude, the man would rise with him. Patronage was supposed to be so potent, and so kindly

directed, that the man of merit would expand under the ray of favor, and would grow into prospering independence; when the contrary occurred, the vacant stare of surprise was reflected by the more vacant look of the right honourable, wondering at the consummation of all his wishes and seeming to marvel at his being what he was. His papa was a simpleton, his uncle an octogenaire. His mamma ——— (we war not on women), a cast-away; so that his chance of succession was (to use the vulgar tongue) *duberous*. Polyphrase had nothing distinguished in his appearance; so that he was more like Duke Humphrey than Lord Anything; but one sly idea introduced itself into his cranium; namely, that distance, and inaccessibility would give consequence to him; and he had learned one lesson of his profligate relation, namely, that when a man is determined *never* to do a kind, or generous act, he must intrench himself in cold and distant civility; but the heir of inheritance even beat the cold original,

by having a legion of porters and livery-men, of lying-valets, and bullying-blackguards, to fence him round with insolence, and so preserve him from remonstrance, or apprehension. Frank Freelove trusted too much to appearances; and, when his quondam friend came to England, he considered that the star of promise had risen upon him.

The great man, like his brain, was impenetrable. No remembrances ever enlightened the dark page of memory. What has a selfish man to remember except self? but a weak man cannot be alone; so that he judiciously chose a new set and order of beings, preferring mummers, caperers, theatricals, empyrics, conjurers, and female impures, to gentlemen with genius and feeling, who might eclipse (mentally at least) the animated stature of bronze and gilded matter, which blind fortune had set upon a pillar, and before whom the unhallowed incense of gross flattery was daily burned, and further clouded the cloudy. Frank Freelove's spirit and

heart were nearly broken by daily attendance at the Lord's door, and by incessant application to this living rock; and, it is supposed, that his failure was a further triumph to the ingrate. A good man would scarcely believe that the heart-consumings of the dupes of grandeur are matters of delight to the tumified animal, who contemplates them without a visitation of delicacy or sympathy, just as the ruin of the modest, mildly claiming creditor is the sport of the privileged plunderer, who thrives and fattens on his labours. This last class is more to be pitied than the first. Necessity may have led them into crediting discreditable proud ones; but the companion of stupid consequence, must have been any thing but circumspect; for out of nothing, nothing can come, and he who was a mere counterfeit in early youth, and expectancy, can never be supposed to improve in head or heart, in riches and in riper years. Sensible men will lose their time with such puppets, but the crime carries the punishment with it;

Frank Freelove is now in indigence; with companions of another cast, it had been otherwise with him; however, to heap reproach on suffering, has never been the habit of

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

COME TO NOTHING;

OR,

JOEY GALLON.

"It's pride that puts *down* half the *town*,
So tak your auld cloak about ye."—SCOT'S BALLAD.

COME TO NOTHING;

OR,

JOEY GALLON.

WHAT is pride? is a question involving much perplexity. "It is the departure from simplicity, modesty, and truth," would very naturally answer one acquainted with mankind: true, but it is so multiform that one knows not how to distinguish it. Gilded ambition is pride in capital letters; avarice has a number of shapes, yet is pride; self-conceit may be of the body, or the mind; of dress or address; emulation is the proud race of fools; eccentricity is a species of madness, and may as often be detected through the fissures and loop-holes of raggedness, as under the robe and mantle, the civic

cloak, or a cloak for our sins:—one English lord's pride consists in a beard like a Jew of bad colour, the manners of a coachman, the check-shirt and dress of a common sailor, the breeding of a blackguard, without the dexterity of either of them; another prides himself upon his success in vice; a third upon being the king of his company; a fourth on being anything but what he is. Now every species of pride is likely to bring a man to nothing, and so it was with Joey, whom we call Gallon; because it was his habit to drink that quantity in an incredibly short period of time, and to sip out the rest of his dose, until the close of his eyelids, which scorned every influence of, or connexion with, the operations of the sun, or any other planet. Whenever Joey was in the horizon of his course, or the total darkness of the mind, neither Venus nor Mars, nor any other star were perceptible objects to him. With the *spirit* of the time he sunk, and he rose, in the same manner.

Great neglect of his person was one of Joey's eccentricities; a constant hammering at puny wit, in the form of puns was another; and it might justly be observed of him, that if he now and then made a dead hit, when *dead* drunk, he never made a *clean* hit, whether drunk or sober. This rage for punning is not general amongst the Norlanders. It ill accords with the gravity of their habits. A smart thing is not Sandy's fort; yet a few Edinburgh wits were strongly infected with this disease, of which number was the great Henry Erskine, whose professional and other abilities will long live in the remembrance of the many who esteemed and admired him. Joey's wit, however, was never above par, and generally had more for its object to make his bottle-companions laugh, than to acquire the reputation of a bright man; in this he succeeded, for his friends were generally laughing with him, or at him. The first was his lot, when he kept a hospitable house and table, not a hundred miles from George's-

square, and when his open cash account was as useful to his friends as to himself, and there were plenty of guests to feed Joey's vanity, as long as he fed their hunger; but the latter occurred when he ceased (from compulsion) to draw bills and corks in their favor; for then they ceased to report his puns, jokes, and comical stories; and they, *only then*, discovered that honest Joe was a drunkard, a man without order, and his own enemy.

It may now be but right to inform the reader, that Mr. Gallon was a professional man, and that the law was what he both professed and practised, and that his practice brought him in a very handsome annual revenue, which, if taken care of, might have made him comfortable in the decline of life. His abilities, as a lawyer, were above mediocrity, and no man is better acquainted with Scotch law; but the *spirit* of the laws was his favorite study, and so extensive was his *practice* in this way, that when the *spirit* was strongest, the flesh was weak indeed.

In Joey's flourishing time, he boasted of one Duke, one Marquiss, and about a score of Lords and Baronets, as his acquaintance, and his *dry* humour was welcome at their tables, where he was a laughter-moving companion. Now, as he was very fond of hearing himself talk, he never suspected that change of circumstances would bring with it a change of countenance; nevertheless, this happened; and as soon as his wine-merchant, and other tradesmen, ceased to *credit* his merry tales, it was discovered that his love of liquor, and shabby appearance, excluded him from the mansions of the great, and that his old friend, the whiskey-bottle, was his only resource; so that he did not, as heretofore, wait for the usual time for intoxication, but extinguished his own lights as early as possible, considering that as others made light of him, he had no need to be over-nice himself. Unfortunately he had, by this time, *committed* matrimony, and by daily committing himself, he involved a very deserving woman in his ruin and degradation. At length, a sus-

picion of debt brought Joey down to the sanctuary of Holyrood-house, and there, those whom he had most amused and benefited, left him to solitude, and to his fate: there he drank out his best faculties, and would have pined in want and oblivion, if a not quite extinguished ray of intellect had not pointed out to him the road to England, and suggested the possibility of his getting bread there, by explaining the laws and usages of his own courts of justice.

It is almost incredible that such a remnant of a man should be consulted on knotty points, and that he should, through the haze of liquor, snuff, and uncleanliness, have been able to give clear and important opinions; yet, so it was, and probably is—nay, but for the sinking properties of his deep and continued potations, he might yet rise again to notice and independence.

Whilst he was a resident in the environs of Holyrood-House, a laughable story is told of his having *nonsuited* a tailor, by sallying forth at night, and trying on black dittoes,

which fitted him so well, that he walked them off, with the tailor's shop boy at his heels, hugging his (Mr. Gallon's) bad habits under his arm, which (on crossing the gutter which separates the creditor from the debtor), were his only security for his account. Small as this dirty aqueduct is, yet the stream of *Lethe* is not more powerful in its operations. The oblivion of "I promise to pay," is never failing to those who cross this wonderful piece of water, which is stagnant, and yet has a *running* effect at the same time.

No doubt but, after practising this merry hoax, Joey satisfied the tailor; for it is but justice to say, that he was a man of honest principles, and one "more sinned against than sinning." How the lost Joey may be faring at this present writing is uncertain. When last he was met, his wardrobe seemed not to be of the best description, and he was covered with snuff, his eye filmy and dull, and he appeared to consider the tonsor's occupation as unnecessary. He was no *barefaced* impostor, but just as slovenly as ever.

He had fixed his habitation in the vicinity of the *Banco Regis*, whether to keep it in view, or not, is best known to himself.

If that kind of pride with which he started in life, namely, the being a great man's jester, a dissipated noble's table friend, the bottle-holder (for he never liked to part with it), of a hard-goer, and the putter off of bad puns, betrayed him into excess and difficulties; a want of pride as to dress, delicacy, and sobriety, is not less injurious to him in premature age and debility. That the Scotch are, as a nation, sober, frugal, and prudent, is incontestible; but when once they outstep the bounds of discretion, they are self-devoted martyrs to the vice of intemperance. Of this number, young Honeycomb, whose family figured in the law in acquired title, and in a *silent* seat in Parliament, was a melancholy example. This youth, after annihilating his circumscribed intellect, gave himself up to liquor; married ————, but here we owe to the living silence respecting the dead, —suffice it to say, that the victim fell in the season of youth, and yet survived his respect-

ability, his first situation in society, and his reputation.

Of this stamp, too, was the son of a Colonel in the army, bred to the bar, heir to a fine estate, and of superior appearance and education; yet who passed through all the degrading and disgusting vicissitudes of life; was a spectre of disease, inlisted repeatedly as a private soldier, next became a beggar, and subsisted for years on charity. These are aweful examples of drunkenness, and far below the level to which poor Joey has reduced himself. The first could be tolerated in no decent society, the latter has only put himself out, and possesses the power, although not the will of returning to his place, amongst rational beings. Should that ever occur, it will be a rare example; but one which will very much astonish and delight

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE KING'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

" Edina ! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sovereign pow'rs !

O'er him thy arms extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince, and friend,
God save the King."

Sheridan's addition to the National Anthem.

THE KING'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

WHEREVER George the Fourth may journey, by sea, or land: whether to the warm bosom of Green Erin, to the stern climate where grows the purple heather,

"Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lonely unseen;"

to the gay soil of France, or to his heavy Hanoverian dominions, this prayer, on my part, will follow him; I am a Scot, and I hope and believe that the same sentiments filled every bosom on our monarch's arrival in the *guid toyne;* but Sandy has a little wintry

frost about his heart, which takes time to warm, and he has a stiffness of limb and muscle, which produces an awkward unpliability of neck and knee: not that he is *chary* in bendings and genuflexions for his interest, but that he is not over nimble, or graceful in performing them, and he was dazzled and taken by surprise on this eventful occasion: one which was calculated to be enrolled in the brightest characters amongst the chronicled fasti (or days of rejoicing) of Scotland. His majesty's visit to Old Holyrood, had a powerful effect; could the ancient walls have spoken, they must have exulted in the royal presence; it was long since they had been honoured by a regal inmate; the bankrupt, and the broken heart; the exile and fugitive had tenanted the gothic palace's halls for a great lapse of time; what delight then must have risen in the bosoms of the young; what strange associations must have rushed upon the minds of the old! The sanctuary and refuge of the unfortunate, from the prince to the private gentleman, or trader, was now become the

temporary home of, an amiable reigning sovereign; the roses were here blended in suavity of union; those roses, entwined with the thistle, shamrock, and oak, were now become a column of strength and security; the jubilee year had arrived, and there could be but one cause and one feeling; but what a fuss and pucker there was in adjusting kilts or philabegs, in reviving dormant dignity, in brushing up of beavers, and settling petticoats; in attempting at revived *politesse*, and in practising ease and courtliness. What constraint in reining in the organ of speech, and in aping the euphony of our brethren of the South! National costume was a prime object on this occasion, and inundated the town with the knights of the thimble, now become men milliners:—many a jest and jeer came from sly Donald, on beholding St. James's Highlanders, and such *city* mountaineers as Sir Billy Blubberchaps, the fidus Achates of the hero of modern romance; for the descendants of the *Scuthai*, Scythians, or Scoti, were now all knights of romance, and fancied

themselves into the days of chivalry, the jest was promoted by the great personage, who had constant cause of mirth in contemplating the grotesque appearance of this aldermanic attendant, who was pretty nearly as much at home in his Gaelic trappings as a sick turtle in a wash-hand basin, or an oyster crossed in love on *terra firma*, and who still shines caricature as nearly to the life, as the print-seller can make him without falling into the clutches of that praise-worthy body, the Society for the Suppression of Vice; his salutations in character to the Lord Provost, previous to the civic feast, will never be forgotten! It could not be supposed that this scene of gorgeous festivity and splendid pageantry could pass without contests and strifes, where so many strivings and emulations, such vieings and exertions existed, nor did it pass without disputes and bickerings, contests and lawsuits; but they were not of the complexion of the *olden* times the dirk and broadsword, the battle-axe and highland were not appealed to, but the courts of justice

instead of the field of fight became the place of dispute; and instead of half a score of clansmen, with a chieftain or two at their head, becoming food for the worms, this important cause was kept alive by the gentry of the long robe, and was food for them and for all their hungry black-coated followers and assistants. This mighty matter was no other than a dispute between two noted chieftains, then become rivals, and ever since at loggerheads on account of one of them, very presumptuously and incautiously displaying one hair, or smeller more in the rampant lion's beard, on his family banner, than the other; this celebrated cause is still pending, and promises a further harvest to the wordy mouth-pieces of justice, and to the minor limbs* of the law,

By *limbs* of the law, no inurbane personality is intended towards Johnny Crookedleg, whose name rhymes with dark; Justice is painted blind, Fortune is blind, and Love is blind; then why may not Justice, or Fame, or Fortune be lame? We have a great poet who is lame in person, but not in intellect; the same remark applies to Johny, but the

attached to that great body, and looking up to the head of it. One party, after written condescendances of proof, statements supported by argument, and assumptions on either side; after joinders and rejoinders, long petitions and reclaiming petitions, together with replies and duplies, was found by the ordinary wig (the wisdom of which is great) in the outer-house, entitled to wear the additional or supernumerary hair in the beard, or crinose fringe of his lion, either as whisker, or smeller, exhibited on his coat of arms; but the other party made a *hair-breadth* escape,

term *limb* is descriptive of a dependant on the body of the law, a remote branch of the trunk, a crooked shoot from the lofty tree, a thing which if lopped off, would not be missed, but, on the contrary, would render the tree more stately; and becoming of itself clearer and less encumbered, more luminous and obvious, easier perceived and understood, an object of terror to the guilty, of shade and protection to the oppressed; the term *limb*, in Scotland, is one of reproach; it may indicate deformity, or contemptuous comparison; in short, it may be a limb of the law, or a limb of the devil.

and carried his cause into the inner-house, where, after mature deliberation, weighty argument of counsel, learned in law, before the sixteen wigs, the majority reversed the decision!! But the adverse party, not paying due respect to the decision of the sixteen full-bottomed wigs, nor considering them as infallible, listened to the advice of Jemmy Giblets, already notorious and far-famed, (and Fame, according to the celebrated French author, has two trumpets, applied to the obverse and reverse) who counselled him to appeal to the House of Lords, to the "*Rerum Dominos, gentemque tagatam;*" now Jemmy Giblets was for killing two dogs with one stone, (he would kill any thing which his sledge-hammer fist, stone head, or stone heart could master) and, as he left no stone unturned where his client's interests and his own were combined, he beheld, in perspective, the cause of litigation going on, whilst he might travel, on his employer's purse, to pay his respects to his old party; (*friends* cannot belong to the man who is without any friendship or feeling except

that of the palm contracting on the pressure of coin, or of the clenched shoulder-of-mutton fist, assaulting the defenceless. By his party is meant the Whigs, to whom he clung as vermin may to hair either real or artificial, and from *which* (the party) he expected to *stamp* a higher character, than what he at present is considered to possess; by stamps as productive of weight added to his high and exclusive opinion of himself, in the brief reign of the talents, a promise (he says) was positively made to him, and he will not be backward in claiming the pledge, if ever an opportunity should occur: talents of gold and silver are the objects of his idolatry, all other talents are only known to him by name, unless the blowing the coals of discord and party fury be considered as such, and *even* in that event the spark and the blower must be very different, the one having some brilliancy and fire in it, the other being a mere wind machine, coarse and ill-fashioned in appearance, and only fit for kitchen furniture, or a blacksmith's forge; but, to return to the clan-

nish quarrel; how happy it was that the elements of Highlanders should be so changed, so sublimated, since the days of yore, since the feudal times, when a chieftain's opinion was an oracle, his *fiat* a law; but this subject is too grand to treat in common with such materials as Jemmy Giblets, and as unworthy of being mixed up with him, as venison and turtle is to figure on the same board with tripe and garbage, cat's meat and dog's meat; it shall therefore have its separate attention from

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

THE KING'S VISIT.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

" Il fut un tems ——————————,

" What mighty contests rise from trivial things!"

THE KING'S VISIT.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

THERE was a time, in the annals of feodality, when such a dispute would not have been a *wordy one*, much less the subject of written papers, and of legal proceedings; the Andrea Ferrara would have leaped out of its sheath; spear and buckler would have met each other; broken *crania* would have evinced the organ of *destructiveness*, and blood would have flowed, instead of the black tide of ink, to settle the matter of contention; but Highland habits are on the decline, and the dominion of the law narrows the power of the war-

like people, so that, were it not for the thrilling descriptions of Sir Walter—

"The helmet and hawberk of glittering mail"

would be a dead letter, and entirely forgotten. In those days, when the power of life and death was vested in the chief over his vassals, when Donald was summoned, by his faithful wife, to come out of his hiding-place to be *hanged*, and *no* to anger the laird by his disobedience, which might be the ruin of his *familie*, the courts of justice would not have been troubled with the feuds and broils of clans, the heads of which (and very hot heads too) would have taken the law in their own hands, as seems evident, from a number of family mottoes: the

"Furth fortune, and fill the fetters"

of the Murrays, indicating the command to their followers, to make predatory excursions, and to bring in prisoners; the

"Touch not the cat *but* a glove"

of the M'Intoshes, warning the unwary *no* to *anger* the laird—not to come within his claws: *but* (*without*) a glove, *id est*, the cat and the laird; with many emblems and devices to the same purpose, supported by lions, wild cats, bears, savages, &c. These are purely Alpine or Highland, whilst the bearings and quarterings of other families have crusadical allusions, such as pilgrim's shells, the double cross of the M'Donnels, the Robertson's hand supporting the crown, &c. &c. But we repeat it again,—the rock and mountain spirit is on the decline; and but for the minstrel and the pageantry occasioned by royal presence, might dwindle into nothing. There is, it is true, one chieftain who holds such authority over his vassals, that he has nothing to do but to frown upon an enemy, or to point him out with his finger, and he is certain to be devoted to severe chastisement, to pounding and pummelling, to mauling and contusion; and whenever this chief considers his man beneath the trouble of personal attack, he has a thousand proxies ready to do the dirty work for him.

However, so degenerate is the present race, so altered the times, that the laird's pocket was made to bleed as copiously as the nose and other features of the victim of a not far distant instance of Highland revenge.

There remains yet a dull peer and gloomy chief (in one and the same person), who fancies himself into something regal, and signs papers "Given at our palace of ——;" and another overgrown head of a clan, who talks of his *people* (whom he takes all possible means of recruiting and increasing,) and of his castle, of his *fore-bearers*, and his burial-place, of the red scar, and the grey cairn, the border and the pass, with all the importance of primitive ages; but, alas! the one is laughed at, and the other is not listened to; and if matters go on this way much longer, we shall only see genuine Highland costume and manners on the stage and in novels, except when the idea is awakened by the loud bagpipe, or the merry strathspey, but which will sink again into oblivion, and be as little attended to as the boastings of the

sister kingdom, and their stories of a Brian Boru, the Knights of the Red Branch, the Chieftain of the Golden Shields, and all the knight-errantry feats of the Os and the Macs, the indigenous monarchs and petty princes of the Green Isle, richly embroidered with superstitions and priestcrafts, with domestic battles and pilgrimages to the Holy Land. And here it is but justice to say that these animating themes might repose in the sleep of the grave, and be forgotten with the wrongs of the soil, were it not for the Hibernian bard, Moore, whose delicate and warm finger so gracefully, so warmly, and impressively, has awakened the mute harp of his country, and whose feeling has revived that plaintive harmony so characteristic, so natural to his country. Albyn, however, seems to gain the day in fashion, and in popularity, from various existing circumstances; the cause, however, certainly is *not* that a more masterly hand is exerted in her favour. But I am straying from my subject, and must return to and conclude it.

The degeneracy of a race is caused by its mingling with the pleasurable, the vain, and effeminate—just as the vitiation of a profession depends, in great measure, on the worthlessness and duplicity which it meets with in the course of its practice. The hordes of the north, which formerly overran and conquered the southern states, have long since ceased to be dreaded exclusively: they only tell in the battle-field, when mixed up with their brethren of the east, west, and south. So it is with the Highlander, now aggregated with his Lowland neighbours; yet, however interwoven with primitive ruggedness, the Highlander and his propensities will always find a place in my affections: if I blame his irascibility and pride, I find generosity and hospitality by their side, as redeeming virtues: if I mark his distant and scowling brow, I recollect his causes for suspicion, and how often he has been the victim, for trusting to the artful and designing. But the daylight is declining, and I must conclude. The ill-natured critic will, probably, be so vastly clever as to discover

that I have repeated this subject, and have already touched on His Majesty's visit to Scotland. I thank him for his trouble—I have done so: repetition is the failing of age; but there are things of which it may be said *(individually)*

"———— decies repetita placebit."

So says old Horace, so also may say the old

HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

RECAPITULATION.

" Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus."—HORAT.

" Thus fore and aft having abused them
All for my fancy and gig,
If any one was to ill-use them,
—— me, but I'd tickle his wig."—SONG BY DIBDIN.

RECAPITULATION.

ERE I close these brief and imperfect sketches, drawn from real original matter, it behoves me to say a few words. In the first place, I have written them in perfect good temper with all mankind, in peace and charity with friend or foe, (if such I shall have made by telling the truth.) Those who have visited Edinburgh will have no hesitation in allowing it many local and national beauties; to those who have not visited it, these pages will give him or her some idea of the place, of the country, and of the Scotch character; they will see all of them impartially described, and they will, at the same time, be aware of

the extensive improvement in a city which is not the richest in the three kingdoms, but which, from a spirit of laudable emulation and industry, has effected very much in the last few years, and this spirit of exertion has gone forth to the country at large, and will accomplish many desirable objects with the aid of a few years more of peace.

Cold as the climate of Scotland is, it has brought forth its due proportion of talent, just as the laborious northern gardener will effect by diligence and toil, what a warmer climate could scarcely produce. The arts, the sciences, literature, arms, and commerce, have had to boast of many Scotch names standing at the head of their list of the celebrated and well-deserving; whilst *facts* can prove that the scale is rising in their favour in these modern times, when compared to the years which are gone by. It is still in the memory of many old people that there was a time when an Edinburgher *rode* up to London as the safest mode of travelling, when the time taken for such a

journey was frightful: when it was considered as prudent for a man to make his will previous to his undertaking this *Herculean* enterprize. In the present day, a trip to Paris and back again is performed in considerably less time. The same ancients can recollect the building of the two bridges, the want of which must have greatly disfigured the city. In those days, the intercourse with Edinburgh was nearly as limited from the south to the north, as from the north to the south, so few persons frequented the Caledonian capital from mere curiosity or for pleasure; at present it is an object of high interest, not only to the English, but also to foreigners; the lovers of literature, of romance, and of the *picturesque*, have great delight in examining the peculiarities of Edinburgh; and in proceeding to the lakes and to the other parts of the country abounding in romantic scenery, and owing high celebrity to the pens of the Scottish bards and other native authors; nor are these scenes of romance, these enchanted or fairy

haunts, confined to the lakes, the cataracts, and to the highlands:—lowland Scotland is full of them; nay, even the very environs of the city present them to our view, whilst others are to be found within half a day's journey from the northern metropolis. Roslin Castle, for instance, Melrose Abbey, the Pease Bridge, Loch Lomond, and the Falls of the Clyde, all of which are beautiful objects to a sentimental, reflective, and tasteful mind. Then, again, the whole of the country immediately round Edinburgh, the sea prospect, the Pentlands, the views from Arthur's seat and elsewhere, together with the noble mansions and country seats—as Dalkeith Palace, New Battle Abbey, Duddingston House, and many other stately edifices.

Amongst the improvements which blend comfort with good appearance, are the progress made and making in the College, the new superb approach to the city, which formerly was through the vilest and most disgusting part of the town, and the *very gently*

proceeding cleanliness of certain parts of the town, together with the getting rid of customs the most abominable. There are no carriers of a vehicle called "wha wants me?" nor is the danger so great as of yore to the uncautious stranger venturing through a wynd, or a close, of having an *epaulette* on his coat of a most horrible conformation, nor of his being drenched in filth whilst listening to the *gardes des l'eau*, or *gardes la haut*, from which the Canongate and old town *caution* was derived, and which was so unlike the ordinary *cation* of the nation, which is slow and steady, that it seemed more like the caution to a recruit of ready—present—fire. Lucky stars defend us from such a *present* and *fire!!!*

The same spirit of melioration has crept into our language, our table, and our amusements. Importations of taste are incessantly made from the mother country and from the continent; pure English (which our ancestors called *high English*) is much oftener heard in the streets and in society; all the younger people converse in it, unless the

males be kept too long at the High School, and are sent too late south, when the accent is spoiled for ever; powerful instances of which we meet daily in Scotchmen who have passed half their lives abroad, yet produce the unsophisticated vernacular of auld Reekie in conversing with you at St. Petersburgh, at Kingston, in Jamaica, at Constantinople, Madras, or Bengal. Nay, there are individuals who are even proud of this unconquered habit; the very highest classes, however, send their sons to the English universities, and thence to the continent for education. The progress of Greek also at college is another great *desideratum* obtained:—in that particular it was not long ago very much behind hand. In addition to all these attractions, advantages, and improvements, fashion, and a turn of the wheel of fortune, have done a great deal in favor of Edina in particular, and Scotia in general. The tartan robe (which has got into vogue in France and Flanders) adorns the London fair ones; the border and other minstrelsy delight the

lovers of literature; the Scottish novels turn the heads of the readers of light matter, and even those of the second class are found to amuse their perusers; the stage teems with imitations and representations from the former. Who would have thought some years back of the Heart of Mid *Loudon*,* (Mid Lothian) becoming a popular subject, or of an Italian translation (much less representation) of the Lady of the Lake—"*La Donna del Lago*!" Yet thus far has national talent reached.

In a reign, not very remote, Scotia played *at least* her part in the cabinet; and in later

The Heart of Mid Lothian is none other than the Tolbooth, answering to the Newgate of London, and a wretched prison it is. From criminal causes, however, and from justiciary trials, a great deal of matter has been raked: the subject does not appear to me as grateful to the ear and eye, it is certainly a *very confined* one; yet polished Paris even treats us with her modern trials, a remoter date would be less revolting, and much indeed might be collected from "*Les Causes Celebres*."

years she figured most becomingly in the field in Flanders, where circumstances are recent in memory; all honor is given not *merely* to Caledonia, but to the Highlanders exclusively; the garb of old Gaul, which "*Dag Myneer*" calls the soldiers in petticoats, is the decided favourite; the English and Irish, (certainly superior in number, and it is to be presumed equal in desert) are scarcely thought of, and the white-horsed regiment is the only one named, unless you put them in mind of the Life Guards, when they will condescend to reply "*O! oui ces beaux hommes.*"—"Oh! yes, those handsome men." But costume and national distinction are not without their agency on the mind; and very often it has a most powerful effect; a primitive people appears to the imagination; and where that idea is borne out by good conduct, it will eclipse the equality of a neighbour, differing so little from mankind in general. Thus far for externals. As for myself, I regret daily to perceive the wearing off of the Highland character, which

now consists more in the kilt and bonnet, in the eagle's wing and claymore, in the purse and tartan hose representing the sandal of former times than in the single-hearted character, the hospitable landlord, the intrepid warrior, and hunter. Free from guile of the olden times, the Highlander now comes south; he disguises his habits, borrows (in all ways) from the lowland men, his estate gets into the market, and with all the talk about

"Clann Nan Gadhael Ann Guailibh Acheile."

Clan and country, kin and property, are all left to go to ruin, and the tie is broken for life; it is true that you will find him when transplanted, what is called clanish; and if he get into power, he will be partial and even prejudiced. But this service comes too late, and is moreover an act of injustice; in like manner the lowlander and Scottish borderer are national and even the favourer of a parish or a town; for the Highland and border animosities are now nearly rubbed off, nor am

I sure that this friction and polishing, this collision and mingling have taken place without impairing some of the pristine virtues of the character, without a loss in weight and in purity, and without an increase of alloy, and of what the French calls *faux brillant*, produced by a foil.

I had almost forgotten that the field of criticism is greatly occupied by the Scotch, and that there are those who observe that there is no small degree of severity amongst them; so that it may be said of them—

"Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer et ultra
Legem tendere opus."

They have not however enjoyed this power quite undisturbed, witness Lord Byron's attack and others of less note. To establish a fair balance in the republic of letters, to maintain an honest give and take, live and let live principle, is what would be most pleasing to me, and was the object I had in view in giving to the public this my imperfect work. It appears to me that the laurel and

are the common property of the hero and the poet, and that any monopoly or favoritism ought to be inadmissible on Parnassus or in the field of honour. There is as much fair play as humour in Peter Pindar's lines, which runs thus:—

"I am no cormorant of fame d'ye see,
I want not *all* the laurel but a *sprig*;
Then hear me guardians of the sacred tree,
And stick a leaf or two about my wig:"

and I recommend them to my countryman's notice; and should I come under the powerful lash of the reviewers for this opinion, I shall submit with the utmost humility, and (with all due respect to their merit and utility) be content with the pot-luck fare of other authors. We Scotchmen have as great a right to bear the criticisms, and particularly the jokes of others, as we have to share in those against them; and whilst Jack Roastbeef, John Bull, *Milord Anglais*, &c. cause the jests of our continental neighbours, and

whilst we, *per contra*, balance the account with *Mounseer Soupe e Maigre*, frogs and wooden-shoes; and poor Pat runs the gauntlet for his bulls, and his brogue, and his blarney; for his own hair and a wig, and his coat buttoned behind (a thing we never saw) to keep his stomach warm; we cannot grumble at our Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, and Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant; at the cottagers of Glenburnie; nor at any other strictures which only serve to awaken our national pride, and to rouse us from the sloth, the rust, and the want of cleanliness of less enlightened days. With these reflections it is time to end, nor shall I delay to release my reader from his present occupation: if his intercourse with Scotland and Scotchmen has been extensive, I think he will not have much to complain of them; and if perchance he be now running over these pages at a Scotch breakfast, he need not wish to change it for a *dejeuner à la fourchette* in the Palais Royale; the lights and shades of every national character are only to be remarked in proportion as they preponderate,



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